BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4 No. 5.

MAY

1932

WITH AUTOGRAPHED PRESENTATION PORTRAIT OF CLARK GABLE

1/-

GEOFFREY MOSS BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

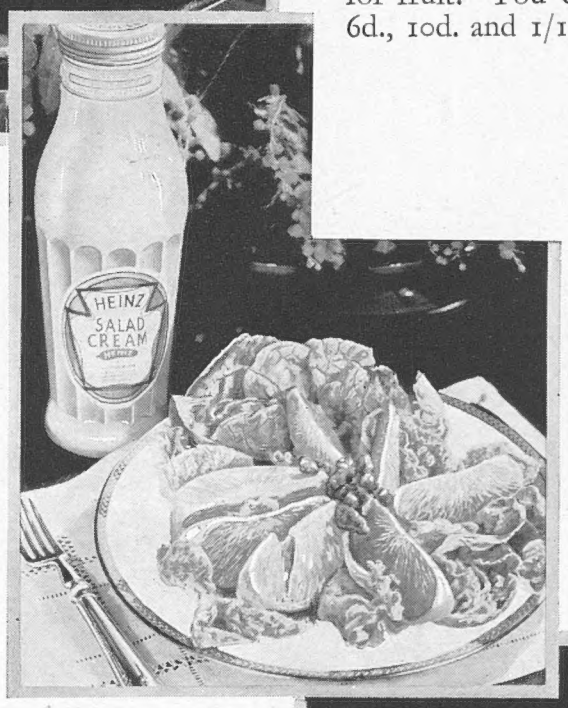
HANNEN SWAFFER MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES OWEN ARCHER

"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" by F. MATANIA R.I.

These fashionable *and* fascinating Salads!

—*health experts, for once, say: "be à la mode."*

THESE, indeed, are "salad days," and modern women agree with modern dietitians that it is a *salad* a day that keeps the doctor away. The new salads, to be sure, are very different from the old-fashioned variety. You find the most unexpected ingredients—apples and lettuce, nuts and grape-fruit, celery and pineapple, even chopped meat and grated cheese, intermingling in the happiest of harmonies and combinations. And with these new health-salads of vegetables and fruit it was sheer genius that first started the vogue of using HEINZ SALAD CREAM—the one dressing with just the right "tang" for fruit. You can buy it at any grocer's at 6d., 10d. and 1/1½ a bottle.



Asparagus in aspic

Aspic Jelly White Grapes
Asparagus Heinz Salad Cream

Cook asparagus in usual way and allow to cool. Fill border mould with aspic jelly and in it place the best asparagus heads (upside down of course). Chop the rest of the asparagus, skin and seed the grapes and mix both thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream. Turn out mould when cold and fill centre with this preparation (as in photograph above).

Grape-fruit, lettuce and walnut salad

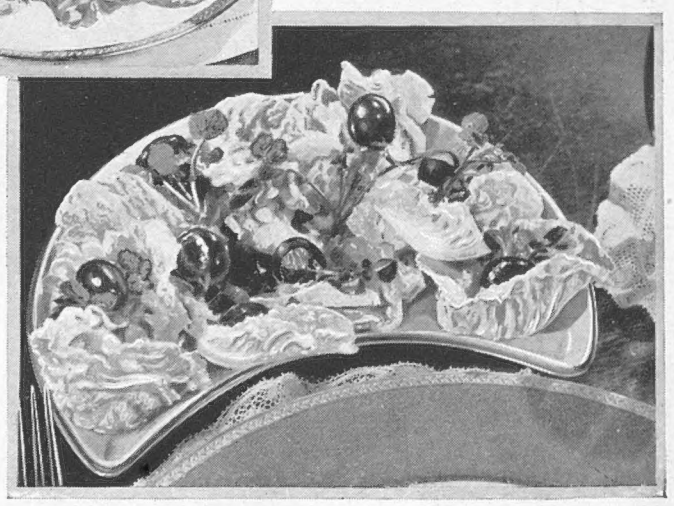
Lettuce Walnuts
Grape-fruit Heinz Salad Cream

Separate and arrange lettuce leaves on plates. Peel grape-fruit as orange, removing white pith. Cut into rounds and arrange pieces like the petals of a flower on the lettuce. Pour Heinz Salad Cream over grape-fruit and place shelled walnuts in centre, as in photograph on left.

Cherry, lettuce and walnut salad—

Ripe Cherries Lettuce Hearts Chopped Walnuts
Crystallised Ginger Watercress Heinz Salad Cream

Stone the cherries. Wash the lettuce, separate the leaves, dry them in a clean cloth or salad basket and arrange on salad plates. Mix the cherries and chopped walnuts with the Salad Cream and arrange on the lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with a very little finely chopped crystallised ginger and decorate with the watercress.



ENJOY YOUR SALAD DAYS THESE THREE NEW WAYS!

corot models by instalments

shop in bond street the practical way . . . open an account with corot and pay for your new spring and summer outfit by monthly instalments without any extra charge whatever. call at the showrooms and choose a corot model ensemble, costume, coat, afternoon or evening gown, or post the coupon below for the corot spring and summer fashion guide, and full particulars of this system.

"thinking of you"
an empire evening gown that effectively allies supple satin with a yoke of lace and finishes the unusual decolletage with two tone flowers. the slight porched effect of the bodice in front is most enchanting. in new shades.
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly

"pendant le jour"
this particularly effective little frock is modelled in black silk crepe with the draped collar in two shades of green. diagonal lines give slimness to the hips, while well-placed flares give an easy, graceful swing to the skirt. may be copied in other shades.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly

"the cinema"
of a distinctive and dignified design, is this gown of heavy black morocain, most cunningly trimmed with black braid on white. note the cut of the sleeves and the tunic effect that is both new and becoming. may also be copied in one or two other shades.
cash 6½ gns. **19/6** monthly

"the wedding guest"
ost the type of frock that will grace many formal and informal occasions this season, is this model in morocain with its cowl yoke collar and balloon sleeves in printed chiffon to tone. the upward line of the bodice and the slim hip-line are definite style trends. in several shades.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly

"tout ensemble"
here is the ideal outfit for a summer day, or even late spring. it comprises a trim frock in printed crepe in newest shades, and a woollen coat in a matching colour. simple in line, these will prove both smart and practical. several prints available, with coat in toning shades.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly

"all afternoon"
if you seek the type of ensemble that will be correct from luncheon to cocktail time, this model in a novelty printed crepe will be your choice. it comprises a frock that is slightly tailored in line, complemented by a jacket that boasts the new cape sleeve. the plain pipings pick up the colour note. in several shades.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly

"arlington"
"the" coat for country or travel is this in tweed mixture. the collar stands high and the way in which it joins the revers is particularly noteworthy. how do you like the new "peg-top" pockets? lined throughout.
cash 7½ gns **13/6** monthly

"carry on"
costume tailored in black diagonal suiting. coat, in a single breasted style, is a perfect fit. three buttons fastening the coat are the counterpart of the trimming on the sleeve. the hip yoke of the skirt is shaped, while the flat pleats serve but to emphasise the slim lines.
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly

"lucky charm"
youthful, very new and practical three-piece suit. the chic little eton jacket is unusually strapped with self and button trimmed, while below it appears the sleeveless blouse of suede crepe that contrasts so cleverly with the novelty woollen weave of the jacket and skirt. flat stitched pleats retain the slim silhouette of the skirt. any one of several new shades.
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly

"dans le style"
pale beige wool georgette coat for daytime dress occasions. the back is very interesting by reason of the "v" shaped rows of pin tucks and the small flat bow at the back of the collar. low at the sides are diagonal rows of tucks, and the sleeves have been carefully shaped and trimmed. this coat is lined throughout and obtainable in other colours.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly

"marche militaire"
a trim coat that shows the feminised military lines of this season. is made of a novelty black coating. shoulder cape with metal buttons, and stand-up collar of leopard seal. the tie in front may be used as a cravat. lined throughout, also in other shades.
cash 6½ gns. **19/6** monthly

"vanity fair"
contrast is the first note of this ensemble for the coat of coffee brown is worn over a frock in the new rusty orange—in a novelty woollen weave. both coat and frock echo ever so slightly the basque influence at the hip line, and the low edging flounce of the skirt is not to be overlooked.
cash 12 gns. **36/-** monthly

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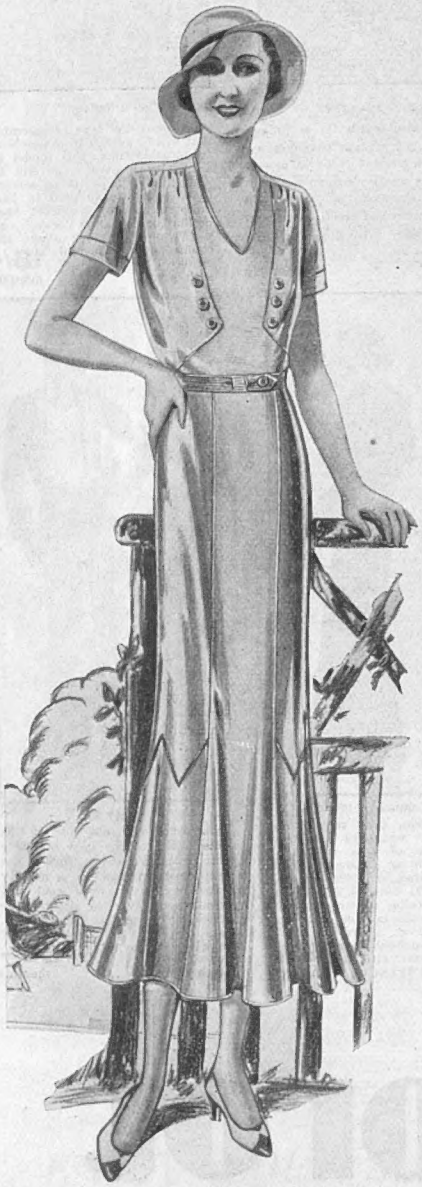
(*Below*)
"Amazon" Washing Crêpe is used for this charming frock, with its novel bolero bodice, its smart short sleeve, and its low skirt-fulness, cleverly applied. Blue, yellow, green, and cherry; hip fittings 38, 40, 42.

98/6



For the slightly fuller figure—a very well-cut gown in "Amazon" Washing Crêpe, with becoming revers and a cleverly slimming hip-line. Note the generous shoulder-fulness. Beige, blue, grey, green, black/white; hip-fittings 40, 42, 44.

98/6

Youthful and gay—a sleeveless frock of British Washing Silk, with neckline and border of satin-stripe in contrasting shade. The skirt has box-pleats, and an inverted pleat at the back. In white, blue, beige, and green.

52/6

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The Model is in black and white, and can be supplied in any size, also in green and grey, saxe and brown, red and black, brown and orange, navy and saxe, or copper and brown.

806 E. "The Cathlyn" Pretty Shady Hat, in fine biscuit coloured woven hemp, with the new snug fitting bandeau to raise on the left side, finished with pleated brown ribbon and dainty spray of mixed flowers. **25/-**

This hat can be supplied in any size or colour to order in 4 days.

For Summer Wear . . .

Cut on slim tailored lines, this entirely new Tengol model has a slightly military air which is very chic and becoming. With its smart box pleats, its cleverly contrived waistcoat effect deftly emphasised by the single large rever of contrasting colour, and natural belted waistline, it is a dress with a "character of its own" which can be worn successfully for many summer occasions.

Macclesfield crêpe of fine check design is the material used, and it can be had in many attractive colour combinations.

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The world-famous—non-greasy—Icilma Vanishing Cream has never been equalled. It alone contains the wonderful Icilma Natural Spring Water from the Icilma Spring, and its regular use will make and keep your complexion fresh and clear—your hands and arms smooth and lovely.

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have you considered this easy way of buying the latest bond street models? day or evening gowns, winter coats, ensembles, and costumes may be paid for by convenient monthly instalments without extra charge.

these are designs specially created by corot, and include the latest trends of fashion's dictates. post the coupon below for full particulars and the latest corot fashion guide, or call personally at the showrooms and choose a corot model for yourself.

"matinee"

the combination of green and white in which this charming suit is made stamps it at once as being new, and when one considers that it shows the very latest corselet skirt and the delightful short bolero jacket, its smartness cannot be denied. the scarf collar, and tuck-in blouse in white suede crepe must also be noted. of art. morocain, this may also be copied in other shades.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly

"loveliness"

should you seek a gown for formal summer afternoon occasions, or for summer dances, this model in filmy printed chiffon will surely find a place in your wardrobe. rows of graduated frills are the main feature while its sash of velvet ribbon is a demure note that is well allied to the quaint puffed sleeves. in new prints
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly

"la petite cousine"

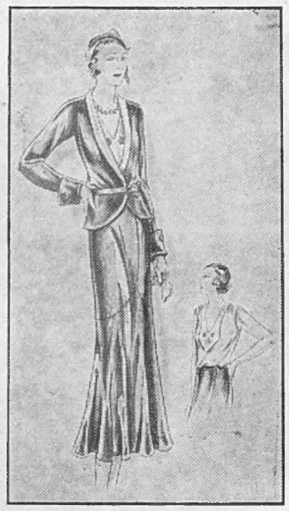
the pinafore frock is certainly one that must be chosen for this season, and here is a model that shows art faille with a short sleeved blouse in printed crepe in the newest of spot designs. note the low placed flares. in new shades.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly

"come along"

tweed coat is in fawn mixture and the military touch may be detected in the wide revers and trim belted waistline. it can be chosen in several mixture shades.
cash 4½ guineas. **13/6** monthly

"follow through"

"general wear" coat, made in a novelty tweed weave woollen cloth, has used leather trimming in a most distinctive manner on collar, pockets and belt. in one or two new shades
cash 7 gns **21/-** monthly



"sometime soon"

three-piece suit fashioned of a heavy quality suede crepe. fitted jacket and the flared skirt in a deep brown, with the sleeveless blouse in beige to contrast. contrast is shown on the collar and cuffs of the jacket. many other new shades.
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly

"honours easy"

luxurious wool georgette coat that will be most effective for formal summer occasions has its slim line topped by cape sleeves. the foxaline banding the capelets extends up and around the neck in a caressing and becoming manner. lined throughout. a few exclusive colours, or the original black.
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly

"bitter-sweet"

a picturesque version of the new afternoon frock shows an adaptation of the large puffed sleeves. the trimming of white vandyke braid on the bodice is another unusual touch, and the flared skirt is both becoming and graceful. obtainable in a few colours.
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly

"see you later"

a cardigan type of suit, made of a fine woollen material, departs from the ordinary with its effective stand-up collar and wide revers, and shows a skirt with stitched wrap. many new shades available.
cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly

"engaged"

when one combines filmy thread lace and net in the softest of palma violet shades, there surely could be no lovelier choice for an evening gown. and as a perfect finish we have posed contrast flowers at the corsage. the tiny sleeves are the hall-mark of this season. obtainable also in other shades
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly

sunday afternoon"

or any other afternoon will find you looking your smart best if you should be wearing this black satin frock delicately trimmed with pink on the bodice. belt is finished with a pink lined bow and the black elbow cuffs are turned back at the corners to show the pink lining underneath. may be modelled in other shades.
cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly

"ideal"

the "little" frock that will be much worn has a worthy exponent in this model of silk crepe de chine printed in a galaxy of the latest prints the choice of georgette as the inset vest and to make the uncommon plaitings was a novel touch.
cash 3½ gns **10/6** monthly

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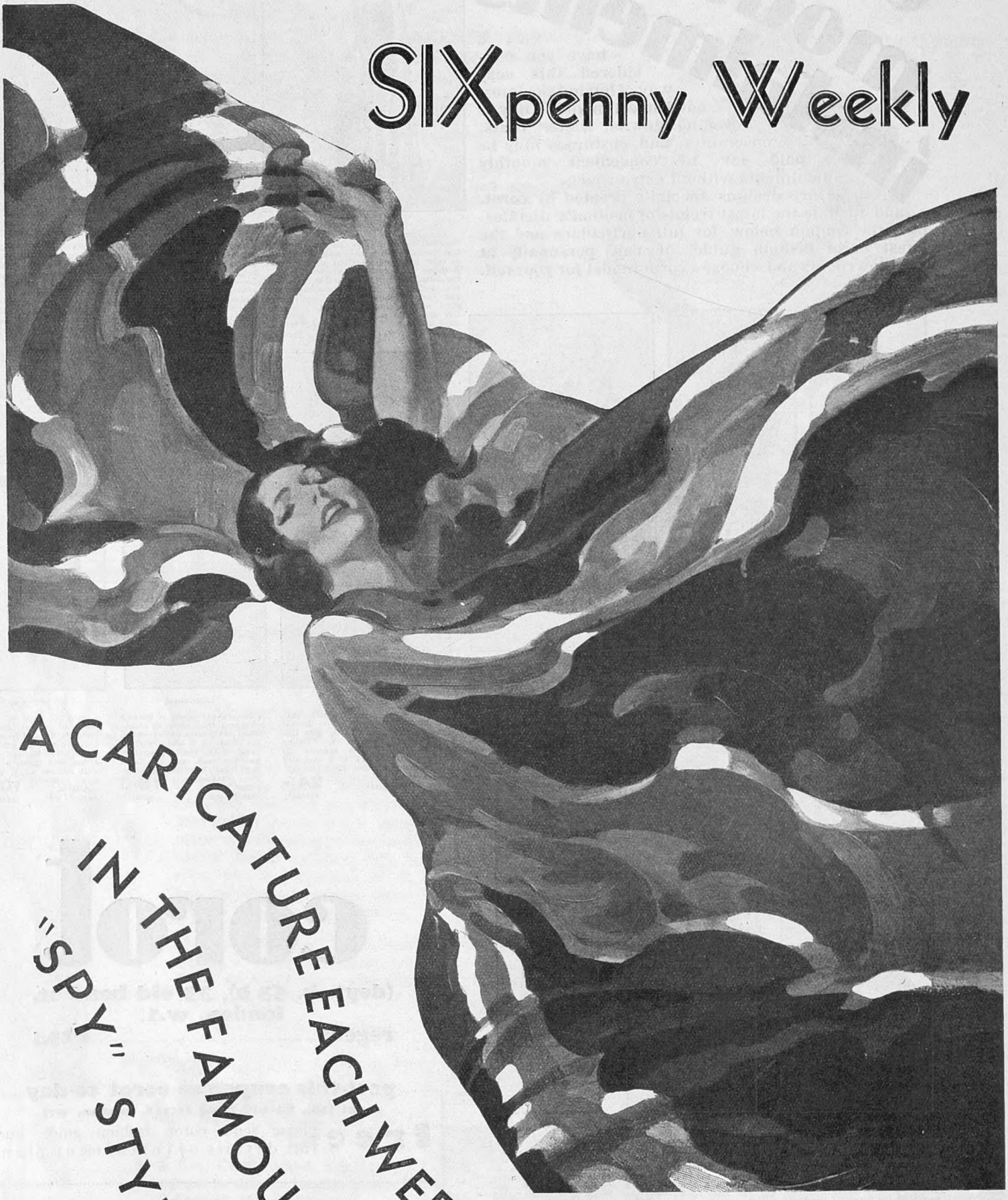

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"WAS HE A LIAR"? Short story *by Michael Arlen*

"THE FAILURE OF SCOTLAND YARD" *by our Special Commissioner*

SECRET HISTORY OF THE WEEK

FASHION: New ideas for the season, in pictures specially posed by well-known society leaders. *Authoritative information by Jane Gordon*

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Both

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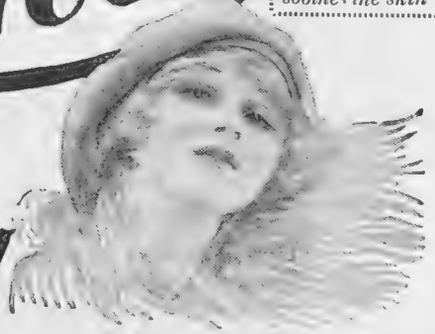

Now that Spring is calling you into the open air, remember that your skin requires protection from sun and wind. Neglect can only lead to soreness and roughness. Don't let your complexion belie your natural beauty. If you would always look your best . . . clear-skinned with soft white hands, use Larola—the ideal skin tonic for all seasons. It refreshes, beautifies, and forms a perfect powder base. Ask your chemist to-day for a bottle of Larola.

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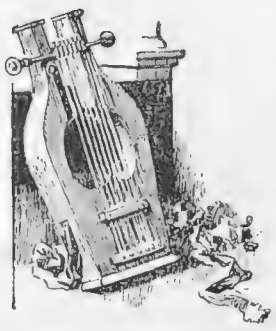
Enjoy sound sleep every night by taking a cup of delicious "Ovaltine" before you go to bed. Wake refreshed and invigorated.



It is only possible to supply this supreme tonic food beverage at the present low prices because of the world-wide sale it enjoys. There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing "just as good."

'OVALTINE'

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

P. 818.

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4: No. 5 May, 1932

About OURSELVES . . .

By The Editor

FOR many years it has been a pleasant trait of the British nation to be reticent about its own virtues and achievements: to-day, however, we are beginning to realise that reticence is a luxury which we can ill afford. Therefore this opening page, since its inception devoted to an editorial of public interest, this month is given over —quite frankly and unashamedly—to a little talk about Ourselves.

Inevitably a monthly magazine of standing is its own advertisement; its goods are displayed in the shop window for the approval of the public. If the public do not approve, they do not buy. In the case of BRITANNIA AND EVE they have *always* bought—last month to such effect that the April issue, published on the 1st of the month, was actually out of print on the 6th, and this despite that the printing order for this particular issue had been very materially increased.

A very few of last month's Presentation Portraits of Greta Garbo are still available at ninepence each, post free

We *anticipated* this enhanced demand, but, apparently, we were not optimistic enough. We shall not repeat the mistake this month of not being able to fulfil the increased orders which, from the 6th onwards, streamed into this office from booksellers and bookstalls throughout the country.

. . . And now for the reasons which have impelled this increased demand for what we, in our arrogance, have hitherto considered a satisfyingly successful production. Our glazed cover is a wholly original feature. Its introduction excited a vast amount of favourable comment both from the general reader and the expert in magazine production. This distinctive feature will, of course, be retained.

More important still was the presentation of an autographed portrait of Greta Garbo—the first of a series which we hope all our readers will want to secure. With this issue we are presenting a second portrait—of Clark Gable. . . . And the general level of the magazine has not deteriorated in order to pay for these costly innovations.

Incidentally, a very few of the Greta Garbo portraits which we gave away last month are still available, and may be obtained on application to the Editor. The charge made, ninepence, includes the cost of postage.

The things we are telling here about Ourselves are, in reality, echoes of the pleasant things others are saying about us. And this is our excuse for this short venture into the realm of the publicity agent.

Last month every copy of "Britannia & Eve" contained an Autographed Presentation Portrait of Greta Garbo. With this issue we give our readers a signed portrait of Clark Gable. Subsequent issues will contain similar autographed portraits of equally famous Film Stars

Cupid, "Cuties"

A bewildered *Britisher* engulfs himself *in the* American *Vortex* of Pep *and* Pleasure *and* sees Life—and *other* things—with *the* Lid off

I ONCE saw a bunch of wicked women in Paris at the *Bal Tabarin.* I thought, and hoped, that they represented the limit of wickedness. I believed, with a faith more ardent and certainly more impassioned than that of any Plymouth Brother, that Paris was the antechamber to the Pit.

Then I discovered America.

No, it was not Columbus. Columbus knew nothing of Cupid so far as the historians inform us, though there was something funny about that room in the Alhambra where the two met ostensibly for Isabella to give to him his letters of marque, and which I visited a few months ago. "Cuties" and cuticle, those only remaining articles for which there is steady demand in these days of depression in the Land of Hope and Glory, Columbus never knew. And as for Paris, that bedizened old Jezebel has "nothing on" New York—New York herself, that very tired virgin, often having less than nothing.

Thirteen years have I studied Pilgrim Fathers, Pilgrim Mothers (now "red-hot Mommas"), Anthony Comstocks, "leg-shows," Salvation Army shelters, ball-rooms of the "Four Hundred," ditto of the hundred millions where you touch the light fantastic with the hostess at ten cents a go, professional pet-preachers, chorus girls, gangster queens, semi-demi-mondaines, and "three-quarter virgins."

And I have paid the price—oh, my God! how have I not paid!

I ENTER the wickedly snug bachelor quarters of the little wild-eyed man who is perhaps the world's first dramatic critic. Does he boast to me of his power to make or mar any Broadway production that never was but always hoped it would be? Not on your life.

Instead, he coyly produces from out a cabinet full of treasures a pair of lady's . . . well, not to put too fine a point on them . . . a lady's legs. Only that and nothing more. Not even a body. As ethereal as a disembodied spirit and as haunting.

Now I have no rooted objection to the legs of any lady—within reason. That is to say, clothed and in their right mind. But these legs are *not* clothed. (Where, indeed, gentle reader of either sex, I propose to leave it.)

Pride in his port, defiance in his eye, my little friend says in the sort of voice I have heard Benito Mussolini use in the Palazzo Chigi in Rome when he told me of his conquering of a world: "Those delightful articles of use and *vertu*" (I had thought him to mean "virtue," but like most Irishmen I always am a hopeless optimist) "because of my services in defence of woman's chief ornaments admit me free into any leg-show in America."

and Cuticle!

By *Shaw* Desmond

Illustrated by Illingworth

After which, he and I reverently replacing the "itching treasure" (I quote my friend), entered into a little disquisition upon its subject.

It seemed to be the opinion of my friend that the American leg of the female species, more or less divine, has a curve, a *verve*, and a nerve denied to the English correlative, the latter being, I gather, flatter and fatter. But the rest of that scientific dissertation and the multitude of shins which it covered, I prefer to keep to myself.

There are things too sacred to be displayed to the vulgar gaze.

MY general impression of the cities of New York, Chicago, Detroit, Palm Beach, and a score of others may be put in the fleeting form of a cinema reel. That is to say:

Widows more than merry—giddy young grandmothers of 35 to 45 (they start very young) lisping: "I've just given birth to my third grandchild"—Wrigley's chewing gum on twenty-foot coruscating letters—two devils dancing an electric hornpipe five hundred feet up—solemn appeals by solemn senators and senatoresses to be "Dry! Dry! Dry!"—"Honeymoon Lanes" at 25 cents a time with "the world's most lovely dancing partners"—Gideon bibles in the hotel bedrooms side by side with empty hootch bottles—"Prepare to meet thy God!" carried on posters by wicked looking charmers—electric appeals by fanatic Tabernacles to "Make That Million Dollars or Bust!"—chorus girls driving up to stage doors in Rolls-Royces purchased out of their hard-earned savings . . . oh yeah! (American for "airy badinage")—the Florida tango with couples so inextricably enswathed that no surgical operation with which I am acquainted could un-swathe them—Park Avenue *luxus* apartment houses where you meet things unsuspected and rare—being vomited forth by a lift directly into a bedroom in which your host, a fat man of three hundred pounds, is engaged in trying to circumnavigate his globe with a striped towel—leg-shows again—chorus girls again—Wrigley's again . . .

May the good Lord help me! For deliver me he won't.

When I first came to New York City, I was an innocent boy—that is, comparatively—for all things go by comparison. I believed in the essential purity of the Pilgrim Fathers—and especially of the Mothers. I thought that dancing was a graceful and stimulating art. Uncle Sam I always called "Uncle Samuel," and wondered with his powers of inhibition where all the little Samuels came from. Comstockery and Babbitry I regarded as the heavenly twins.

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Piccadilly—but I do not believe any of these things now.

I BELIEVE that some of the Pilgrim Mothers are slightly more combustible than blasting powder. Dancing I still find to be "stimulating" but I also find it to be disgraceful. Anthony Comstock esquire keeps a "cutie" on the side (oh, Saint Anthony!). And as for Babbit, Mr. Sinclair Lewis forgot to tell us that he is often to be found amongst the other bald-headed, bald-faced ballyhooers in the nearest "burlesque"—which is not a burlesque at all, but the burlesque of a burlesque.

The dreadful truth is that Sam has gone not only sanctimonious but sinful. Mrs. Sam has thrown her cap over the windmill long ago. New York makes Paris look like a Quakers' Sunday School—and Philadelphia (oh, shades of William Penn!) has gone gay.

O tempora! O mores!

HERE are two little pictures from to-day's America taken from life—one of high life, the other of low.

I am swaying on a highly polished but slightly powdered sunken floor with one hundred and seven pounds of loveliness in my arms (I know, for she told me, having just finished a "*redoocing course*"). Above the head of my scented burden and my own poor palpitating noddle great golden stars loom low. Beyond the fringe of palms, a sea of lapis lazuli gleams like a dark-blue mirror.

The Billion Dollar Jazz Orchestra behind the palms are playing discreetly, "Let me lose myself in your scented hair!" what time the malignant drummer tickles the parchment with his wire brush and at intervals sends his drumsticks spinning upwards to the stars, only to catch them unerringly within an inch of the ground.

The air is magic-filled. The brains, such as they are inside those lovely masks, air-filled. And the hearts—if they exist—are seeking to burst out of those *corsages*—again, such as they are.

"I pray to my God," my partner murmurs, as though she were in church, "that when I die I may meet death here on this floor dancing out of time to the measure of *that* band—out of time into Nirvana."

"Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Ten cents a time. The time of your life for ten cents. Only a dime a time! A dime a time!"

The turnstiles click-click. The smashing, crashing brass and Afric's drum strike up. "Ten cents a time." You pay your dime and you enter paradise, with the little lady on your arm—employed in the daytime at Macy's—or is it Woolworth's?—who you happen to know is wearing her only suit of underclothing in this world, and that made of the purest silk!

(When Maisie washes her "things" before she goes to her comparatively virtuous couch at night, she hopes they may be dry by the morning, for if they are not, then she just goes out without 'em.)

The smash and the crash has yielded to the song that is setting all New York by the ears and toes. Krooning Karso's "Tickle-tickle-tickle, bow-wow-wow!" It puts the devil into Maisie . . . and into you. "Tickle-tickle-tickle. . . ."

Maisie clings tighter and tighter; throws back that lovely throat; lets those long lashes fall . . . she is in another world—you are in another world—there is the *frush-frush* of—is it angel's?—wings.

"Tickle-tickle-tickle . . ."

And then, like your ancient progenitors, the band stops; there is a raucous "Get out!" You are ejected from the Garden of Love.

"Honey—only one more hop. Only *one* more!"

The little hungry face is looking upwards. The tiny rounded arm presses yours. Out with another dime! The turnstiles click. "Paradise Regained."

The first of those vignettes is from the most luxurious club in America—that is to say, the most luxurious on earth—the famous Everglades at Palm Beach. The second is from a Seventh Avenue dance-hall in New York—just fourteen hundred miles from the other in distance and social standing.

I have had both. My life has not been lived in vain!

Maisie is a "cutie." What that word embraces, of delight and devilment and delirium and disappointment, it is not for any solitary novelist to say. It would take a William Shakespeare, plus a Sinclair Lewis, a Kipling, and a gentleman named Khayyam, to say it . . . and then it would only be the shadow of a shadow.

It is not for this poor scribe to point any moral or disappoint any moralist. It is but for him to relate.

BLETHERUM the banker, father of his country, member of the number umpteenth Presbyterian church, churchwarden and councillor, invites you to meet Mrs. Bletherum, the Misses Bletherums, and Master Bletherum—the last-named, alas! with a tendency to "hitting the high spots," and certainly not "following in father's footsteps," for father always covers his tracks.

You spend a "brownstone evening," in one of those severely proper brownstone houses of the 'sixties and 'seventies. The butler is genuine antique English and the cocktails innocuous.

After dinner, the gents, the ladies having retired into those secret labyrinths of their sex, discuss politics, poker and the weather. Having done which and smoked your Belvedere Corona, you join the ladies, have a little inconsequent chitter-chatter about nothing at all, receive glasses of water from the "genuine antique," are shaken hands with by the urbane and portly Mr. Bletherum, and find yourself in the cold street sober and in your right mind, without exactly knowing how you have got there, having spent a pleasant and instructive evening.

A few nights later you are invited by Gideon Giddyums, the highly respectable and prosperous insurance man, and a very distant relative of the "Gideon bible," to "a little gathering on Park"—that is to say, on the street which is New York's most exclusive.

There is mystery and conjecture in Giddyums's "only a little gathering."

You hie yourself to "38,342 XZ Park." (One can't be too careful about numbers.) You find yourself in a hall of ebony and silver such as Aladdin never dreamed. You are translated to supernal regions in a posh lift, or "elevator," which makes Elijah's fiery chariot look like a Ford of the year before last, by a posh attendant in a posh livery. You are flung out into the white-shirted bosom of Giddyums, and, as you rebound, you find yourself gazing into a vast expanse of whited sepulchre—none other than our dear old friend Bletherum.

Bletherum is coy. Bletherum is roguish. Bletherum is twinkling.

"Not a word to the wife!" Why, of course not—of *course* not!

But why not?

For everything is ultra-decorous. Of course, the tiny shaded lights and the tiny card tables and the Oriental cushioned luxury of the place makes you wonder. Just a dozen or so "reg'lar fellows" and yourself—more or less in that nicely groomed and manicured company—irregular.

A tall, angular Mephistophelian sort of individual ejects himself noiselessly from the crack of the elevator door. On his lantern jaws is a seemingly three days' growth of black scrub, in his hand a long, black leather case. Bletherum and Giddyums and the other "reg'lars" seem to stiffen. You stiffen yourself.

A hold-up?

Only two days before a similar gentleman with a similar case had walked into a chemist's shop on 23rd street, had opened it, had taken from it two pieces of shining metal, which, piecing together, he had set up on a tripod as calmly as though he were a dentist about to do *his* dirty work, what time he advised the chemist "not to bat an eyelash if he wanted to kiss his wife good-night." Then, pointing the dinky little instrument, actually a Tomkins sub-machine gun, at the door of the telephone booth in that chemist's shop, what time the sale of sugar-coateds and *cascara sagrada* was indefinitely postponed, the lantern-jawed gent had proceeded to turn a little handle or to press a little trigger and had neatly cut another gent in two who happened to be in the telephone box at the time—a gent of the name of McCall.

And here was the very identical hold-up man!

He opens the case. He takes out . . . not a gleaming machine gun, but a

A TALL, angular Mephistophelian sort of individual ejects himself noiselessly from the crack of the elevator door

gleaming cocktail-shaker, and at once proceeds to play on it like an accordion virtuoso, as Bletherum and Giddyums cheer.

Saved!

. . . And then—and then . . .

There is the discreet rumble of an elevator. The sliding back of its door. And then . . .

Why, then *they* are on to and over you. Such a billowing, wind - blown smother of frills and furbelows, with wave on wave of that "dry" pungency which is New York's latest perfume—"Thousand and One Nights"—anæsthetising into forgetfulness and acquiescence . . .

"They" are a bewildering collection of little blonde beauties; for, indeed, you realise once more, with a certain solemnity, that "Gents do, indeed, prefer blondes." Even Bletherum prefers 'em.

At least, the little lady sitting on what is left of his lap is a platinum blonde . . . though God knows what she was last year—perhaps a Titian red or an "alligator pink."

You think of your prayers. You think of your little evening hymn: "Now I lay me down to sleep"—and however absurd it may read, it happens to be that and only that of which you think.

You fight 'em off as well as you can, for the sake of the Anglo-Saxon phlegm and for the honour of Ireland, as you happen to be Irish. You ask them about their mothers, and the adorable little "platinum" who, slightly chilled by your continence, has, most incontinently, begun to pout and even to cry, you comfort by saying that you have a sister yourself—which, indeed, is a damned lie, for you have never had brother or sister.

And so, as Pepys would say, to bed—and let us hope it to be a virtuous one.

INTO the privately owned automobiles of which one of its grave and revered signieurs had recently been poking his electric torch, to make discoveries which have shocked the readers of one of the gravest and steadiest newspapers in America

AND if you think that little scene exaggerated, I might say that my very first introduction to New York life was in an exclusive restaurant with its *cabinets particuliers* much esteemed by "pillars of their church" and by estimable fathers of families.

Prior to my party entering the restaurant, popularly known as "The Abode of Love," we had been taken by the sober millionaire (millionaires never get drunk, that is why they make their millions), who is the particular adornment of the Baptist church which he affects, to a musical-comedy *revue*, as he put it in poesy: "to get the blood on the teeth."

There we sat in the stage box, into which he had ushered us as solemnly as if it had been a pew, and were invited deviously to make our selection from the stage beauties who were prancing and pirouetting and, alas! platitudinising, within a few feet of our august countenances. One gathered that if there were any piece of frailty there that one was anxious to convert, or any *hetaira* who, like her Greek prototypes, had anything intellectual to communicate, we had only to say the word.

In the restaurant, where there was a mad banjoist, a disorganised wee-wee trumpeter, and a lunatic conductor, we found ourselves (*Continued on page* 120)

Across *the* Western

Trans-*Atlantic* Travel of Yesterday *and* To-day

MAKING her look spick-and-span. Painting one of the funnels of a giant liner after crossing the Atlantic

"THE liner she's a lady." The vessel, undergoing an overhaul

VERY few people, probably, look on an Atlantic passage nowadays as anything in the nature of a maritime adventure. A diversion, possibly. An unmitigated bore, perhaps. Most often, a quite everyday part of business routine. It all depends on the point of view. But an adventure—oh dear, no! Nothing of that sort!

True, the convention still prevails of seeing and being seen off on ocean trips, just for the fun of the thing, and so as to have a "look-see" at the very latest in floating hotels. And, when the last mooring rope is cast loose and the great vessel is backing away from the landing stage, shepherded by her attendant tugs, always there comes that inevitable sense of emptiness and desolation—a remnant of ancient inherited instinct, it may be, handed down from the days when ocean travel was an adventure indeed. The sea—that inherited memory tells us—is still the place where the Unexpected may happen, just as in the days of the fisherman's prayer: "Lord, help me, for the sea is very large and my boat very small." And that is a fact of which old Atlantic now and then elects to remind one of our modern leviathans, by getting up and fetching her a resounding smack on her broad beam, with a resulting bill for smashed crockery, and even, it may be, a broken limb or two.

Strange, how soon the marvels of one generation become the commonplaces of the next! How long since people sat with head-phones glued to their ears, listening to the first stumbling efforts of the wireless to reproduce human speech and song? Now, they switch on the radio for a moment, say: "I don't think much of that!"—and promptly turn it off again.

So, too, with the luxury, security, and punctuality for which the Atlantic Ferry stands to-day. They are, after all, of a surprisingly recent growth, reckoned in terms (say) of the growth of an oak-tree. Even twenty years ago, the ocean traveller never dreamed of the accessories which even the third-class passenger of to-day looks for as a matter of course; while the majority of the grandparents of American citizens of more than two generations' standing travelled to the country of their adoption under conditions of such acute discomfort that it is little wonder they made it their permanent home.

THE first-class packet-ship "Yorkshire," of New York, en route for Liverpool in 1844. (By courtesy of the Parker Gallery)

"THE British Queen" crossing the Atlantic on her maiden voyage. Built at Blackwall, London, in 1838. This vessel was 275 feet long and 41 feet wide. (By courtesy of the Parker Gallery)

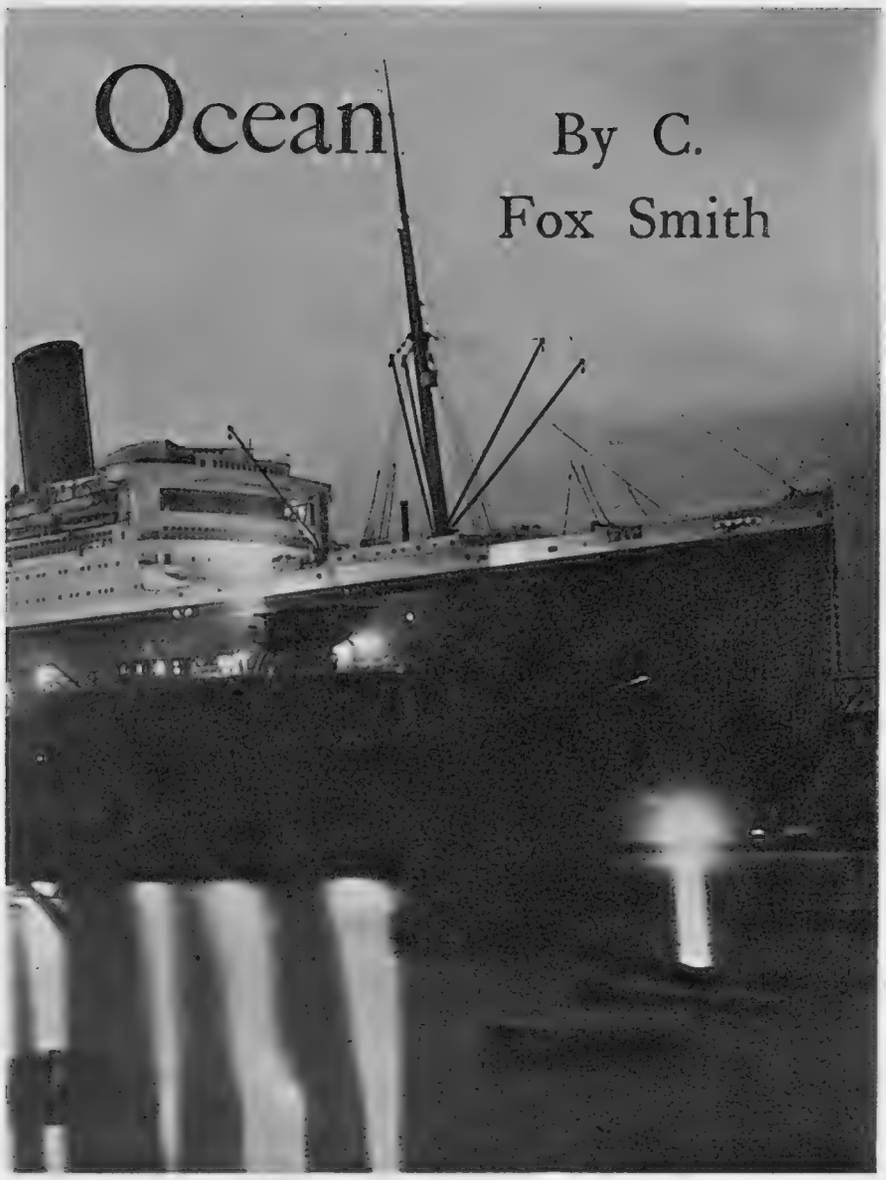
It must have taken a good deal to make them screw up courage for the return passage.

CONDITIONS in the North Atlantic passenger trade were for many years a good deal more backward than in ships on the East Indies run, and a young divinity student who took passage to Europe in the seventeen-sixties has left a lurid account of his experiences.

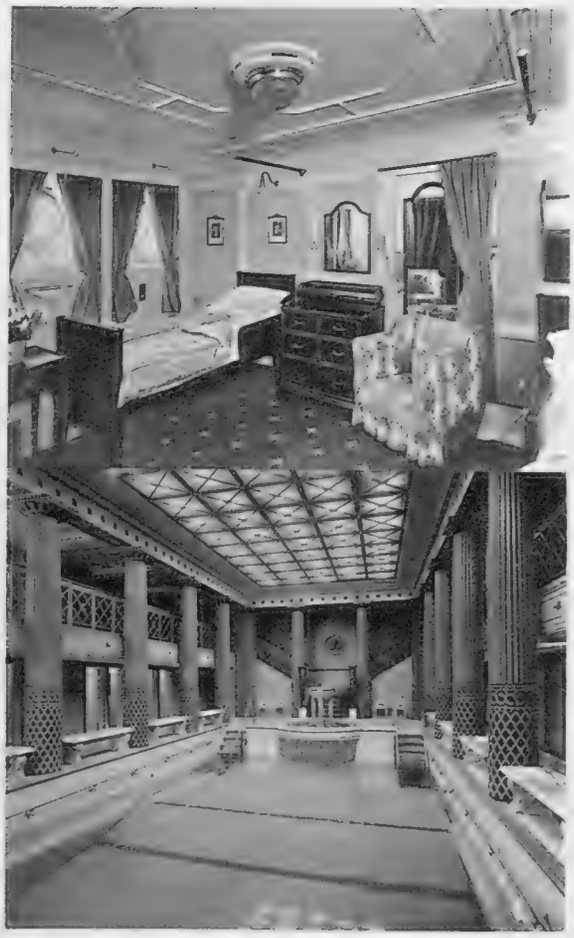
When he arrived on board the brig in which he had taken his passage, he was directed "into a dark and dismal region where" (he writes) "the fumes of pitch, bilge-water, and other kinds of nastiness almost suffocated me in a minute. We had not proceeded far before we entered a small apartment hung round with damp and greasy canvas, which made a most frightful and gloomy appearance. In the middle stood a table of pine, varnished over with nasty slime, furnished with a bottle of rum and an old tin mug, with a hundred and fifty bruises and several holes, through which the liquor poured in as many streams. This detestable apartment was to be my place of

Ocean

By C. Fox Smith



White Star Liner "Majestic," the world's largest in the huge floating dock at Southampton



THE luxury afforded to Atlantic passengers to-day. (Top) A first-class bedroom on the "Mauretania," and the beautiful swimming - bath on the "Berengaria"

habitation during the voyage." The company was waited on by a ragged lad, filthy and verminous, who served up their meals of "lobscouse," this being made of "beef and onions, bread and potatoes stewed in their own gravy," and dished up in what the divinity student calls half a cask, known to seamen as a "kid."

Small wonder that the luckless passenger was thankful to change his quarters for half the hammock of a "gentleman's gentleman" who was also making the passage.

BY the eighteen-twenties conditions had improved a great deal. A regular passenger service was then in operation, and it is interesting to note that the term "floating palace" had already come into vogue, a phrase, however, which allowed for a good deal of journalistic licence.

An advertisement of the ships of the famous Black Ball Line, celebrated in song and shanty, describes their accommodation as follows:

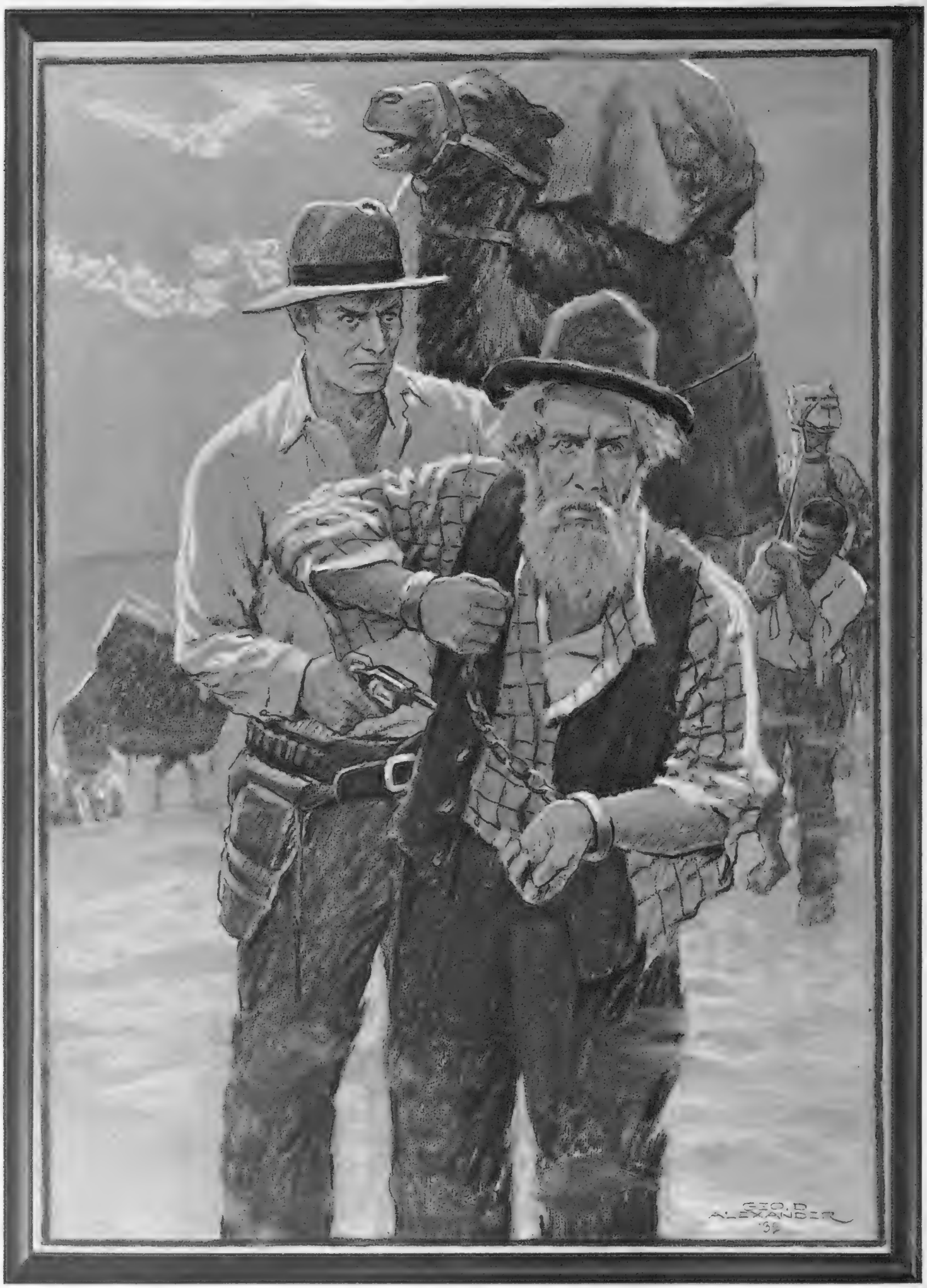
"The width of these ships gives each stateroom ample space *even for luggage.* The cabins are fitted up with great elegance, and the fare is invariably 35 guineas for each adult, which includes wine and everything necessary on the voyage."

Mrs. Basil Hall, wife of Captain Basil Hall, the traveller, crossed in one of these ships, the *Florida*, in 1827, but she does not seem to have been greatly impressed by the "elegance" of her surroundings. In her recently published letters, she complains grievously of the hardness both of the beds and of the horsehair sofas, which made her bones so sore that she could hardly walk; "while as for the smell in the cabin," she "could not encounter it"! Incidentally, it may be mentioned that it was quite a novelty at that time for mattresses and bedding to be provided even for saloon passengers, who up to that date had been obliged to furnish their own staterooms, down to the equivalent of the seaman's "donkey's breakfast."

THE Cunard Royal Mail Ship "Britannia" leaving her dock at Boston, February 3rd, 1844, bound for Liverpool. A canal 7 miles long and 100 feet wide was cut to allow the ship a passage to the open sea. Charles Dickens crossed the Atlantic in this vessel. (By courtesy of the Parker Gallery)

Mrs. Hall had a fairly fast passage for those days—about a month from Liverpool to New York—but by the time the vessel berthed the supply of such things as soda-water had given out, and there was

(*Continued on p.* 128)



"GET on," the trooper insisted, thrusting him with the muzzle of his revolver. "I can't stand here all day arguing with an old crank. Get on."

HANDCUFFS

A Drama of the Australian Bush

By Louis Kaye

Illustrated by George D. Alexander

THEY trekked across a saltbush plain toward the settlement lying at the foot of a low tumble of barren hills shimmering in the heat haze. In front of the file of camels marched the trooper and his prisoner. Halfway back along the file marched the trooper's black tracker.

The man-hunt had been long. For two months the trooper and the black tracker had trailed the prisoner over hill and plain and desert, through bush of stunted mallee and mulga, from water to water and along dry beds of desert rivers that ended in nothingness, tapering out in the sand. But the tracks had never ceased.

It had been a tedious, lengthy business, successful in the end because of cunning tracking and the trooper's stubborn inexorableness. There had been no let up. And very likely it was excusable that the trooper should be angered when, upon the completion of this masterpiece in the art of man-hunting, the prisoner had denied its merit, asserting a flaw in the fact that the trooper had got the wrong man.

"No," the trooper had sneered. "I haven't trailed you half over Australia for nothing. You're the man I want. You're coming in."

In the end the prisoner had shrugged. "All right. I reckon it won't hurt me since I'm innocent. I'll come quiet. All I ask is that you don't handcuff me."

"Not if you don't try any tricks."

"That's a promise?"

"A promise—yes," the trooper agreed grudgingly.

So they had trekked day after day, the prisoner with nothing to show that he was a prisoner except that the trooper marched at his side, that of nights at any hour there was always significantly awake either the trooper or the black tracker.

Steadily they continued to file on through the heat toward the distant settlement. Gurney knew the place. He knew most of the settlements in this desert tract of West Australia beyond the headreaches of the Murchison. It was Wimpiri, a little mushroom mining camp ten days' camel ride from Meekatharra. The trooper was stationed there.

Gurney sighed. He was a man of sixty, bearded, gaunt. His deep-set eyes were mild. Thoughts moved slowly behind them. He was not much given to pondering upon the complexities of life. A gold prospector of the old school, his mind had vegetated in a few well-worn grooves. He had been surprised by the appearance of the trooper, his arrest. But he was not greatly troubled. He was innocent. He was merely puzzled the trooper could make such a mistake as to believe him guilty of stealing cattle. He was not a stockman. He knew nothing about cattle. He was interested only in gold. So even if he had been a crook, he argued, the trooper would have made a mistake; if he had been capable of stealing anything at all, he would have stolen gold. But the trooper was a fool. It was no use trying to argue with him. He kept reverting to the fact that he hadn't hunted him so far for nothing. He hadn't made any mistake, the trooper would aver dogmatically.

IF Gurney had been anything of a psychologist he would have seen that the trooper was earnestly trying to reassure himself on this point. The trooper had a sneaking suspicion he had made a mistake. Still, he didn't like the thought that all his labour might be for nothing. He was a swarthy, lean figure of a man, about thirty-five, with ill-tempered eyes. Once he had had three stripes on his sleeve. He had worn his uniform more often in those days than he did now the three stripes were missing. Now he wore plain clothes, the wide-brimmed hat and grey cotton shirt of the prospector or desert trekker. But he still had the power to arrest. And he loved arresting men. He had the instinct of the man-hunter; beyond and apart from this he had a love of the authority he exercised over the men he captured. He was known as a bad trooper. His stripes had not been taken from him for nothing. His streak of meanness and of the bully had not been compensated for by his success as a man-hunter.

The little cluster of roofs and tents swung nearer through the dazzle. The three men and the twelve camels swung on through the sand and knee-high saltbush. The saltbush had sprung up under the caress of an unseasonal rain; now was stunted and perishing under the days of parching sun and the hot winds that were beginning to sweep the plains, driving sandstorms before them.

The trooper looked ahead at the settlement. When he had left it two months ago, the mining camp had begun to worry about the menace of the dry season. The water was not expected to last till the next rains.

It was the prisoner who said: "I reckon Wimpiri is pretty dry."

The trooper nodded, but said nothing. The prisoner looked at the camels. Five of them were the trooper's, seven formed his own outfit. After all, he wasn't so troubled now about being taken in. At first, it had annoyed him to be taken from that pocket he had located in the mulga. Now, with the dry spell closing in, it didn't matter so much. He would soon have had to head for a settlement for stores, anyway. And in Wimpiri the mistake would be explained. There were men in Wimpiri who would know he wasn't a cattle thief.

Half an hour out from the settlement the trooper halted. He looked at the prisoner. The prisoner looked back at him enquiringly.

"What's up? What are you stopping for?" In the back of his mind was the thought that perhaps even now the trooper was going to admit his error. But the trooper produced handcuffs.

"I'll put these on."

Gurney looked at him from mild, perplexed eyes, behind which a sudden anger flamed.

"You said you wouldn't do it," he protested. "You promised not to manacle me."

"I don't remember."

Gurney said after a tense moment: "You're one hell of a liar, trooper. You remember all right. It's just—just that you want to show off your prisoner by marchin' me in with the irons on."

"I'll put them on," the trooper insisted. "Damn it, Gurney, they won't bite you."

"I come peaceful this far on the trek," Gurney told him, "on account of the promise you made not to handcuff me. If I'd thought you'd break that promise you wouldn't 'a' got me. No, innocent as I am, you wouldn't 'a' brought me in. Trooper, you don't know what it means to a man used to livin' free in the desert to be jammed in irons and marched into a settlement. The idea of them handcuffs on my wrists—that's worse than jail to me. Everybody seein' me marched in like that. . . . But I'm not pleadin', trooper. I'm an old man alongside you, but you don't do it. Not if ——"

SO quick that the action was almost unseen, the trooper thrust his revolver muzzle against Gurney's ribs while his other hand cunningly snapped on the handcuffs. At the first feel of the metal, the prisoner started as though struck, and then shook with rage. The trooper laughed.

"Well—the cuffs are on you now. No use trying to get them off."

The prisoner looked at him, loathing his complacent smile. When the trooper said, "Don't stand there gawping like a goat; get on," Gurney, his slow brain mulling over the other's betrayal of his promise, was swept by a swift, trembling fury.

"I reckon I was a fool to trust you. I oughta knowed. I oughta fought it out with you, innocent as I was. What use was there in lyin' to me, when all the time you mean to manacle me before you took me into the settlement? Yes, laugh,

damn you! It's maybe your kind of joke. There ain't nothin' funny in breakin' a promise. But I oughta knowed. You're a crook trooper. I reckon they knew it when they took your stripes back, an' when they sent you to Wimpiri. It was your last chance, this camp. I reckon you won't last much longer with the police before they bump you right out."

The trooper's face darkened angrily. "Any more of that talk, and I'll deal with you, see?"

"Now," Gurney jeered, "I reckon you can—when I got handcuffs on. You wouldn't face me two minutes with 'em off, older'n you though I am."

"Get on," the trooper insisted, thrusting him with the muzzle of his revolver. "I can't stand here all day arguing with an old crank. Get on."

Gurney's quivering rage passed as he trudged on in the heat. But resentment lingered, a glowering resentment; and the bitterness of it sharpened as they neared the settlement.

When they entered the single sandy street and passed between the tents and unpainted shacks, the handcuffs were like bands of fire on his wrists. He saw men he knew looking at him curiously, their greeting halted on their hesitant tongues. He bowed his head in the humiliation and shame of a free plainsman "in irons." On entering the gold camp he had meant to call up friends and lightly comment on his arrest—treat it as a joke as he knew they would treat it. But the handcuffs made him evade men's eyes. He could bring no speech to his tongue, as the trooper marched him the length of the sandy street to the jail.

The trooper followed him into the cell and closed the door. He brought forth the key to the handcuffs and unlocked them.

"Now," he said, as the handcuffs slipped from Gurney's wrists, "you're all right."

The prisoner looked into his face with infinite loathing. "You swine," he quivered, "you swine, you didn't need to do it. . . ."

HE waited in jail while the life of the mining camp went on beyond the walls about him. Humiliated by the handcuffs, he was now chaffed by the walls. Still, he would get out, his slow, troubled brain decided. There were men in the camp who knew he wouldn't steal cattle, who would repair the error.

But though one or two men of his acquaintance dropped in to see him, they appeared too preoccupied with their own troubles to do more than console with him. True, they would try to explain to this new fool of a trooper that he had made a mistake; they would do their best, but if they failed for the moment he mustn't worry. When he was taken to Meekatharra for trial, things would all come right. He wouldn't even have to stand trial. The mistake would be discovered before that. They would be in Meekatharra themselves to stand by him, for the whole camp was moving out on account of the dry spell. Water failing. . .

He listened with a sense of hopelessness, that merged into apathy and resignation. It was no use trying to do anything. If his friends couldn't do anything for him now. . . . He wondered if, after all, they believed him guilty? But that was unbelievable. It was just that they were worried and all fussed-up about having to leave the camp.

Word of the exodus came to him in the cells from stray visitors and the man, half-warder and half-rouseabout at that little jail, who brought him his meals. The water had almost completely failed. Half the population had already evacuated to wait for the rains. The rest would be taking the trail in the morning, so rapidly was the water going.

In the morning two of Gurney's friends came in to say good-bye.

"Don't you fret, old-timer. We'll be in Meekatharra to help you through. I reckon you'll be close on the track behind us. The trooper'll make a start with you tomorrow"

But on the morrow there was no outgoing on the pad to Meekatharra for Gurney He waited three days, asking the man who brought his food when they would leave, asking, when the latter confessed ignorance, for the trooper. But it was not till the fourth day that the trooper appeared.

"Say, Gurney, you've got to stop here awhile longer. I've been out on a job, and I've gotto go out on it again. Black feller's run amuck and done some killing. Have to bring him in."

"Then," Gurney said dully, "I've got to wait here till you get back? Why, it might be weeks before you get that nigger."

"It might be," the trooper agreed. "But I'm going to get him. I'm starting out in the morning."

He went out and closed the cell door. Gurney, all his blood of the free plainsman rising, felt an angry impulse to fling himself at the door, to smash it with the weight and rage of his body. But actually he stood there, staring at the closed door, the look of a trapped animal in his aged desert eyes.

THERE was nobody in the settlement now save the prisoners in the jail. So said the man who brought Gurney his food. And he was a troubled man, as Gurney could see. There was water to last a fortnight; it might be a month before the trooper returned and they took the trail to Meekatharra. There was neither telegraph nor telephone connecting the mining camp with that settlement, and if the water failed before the trooper returned . . . the warder shrugged.

"There's two days' trekkin' on the Meekatharra pad before water's struck, so it wouldn't do to wait too long. Have to have enough water left to carry us over the dry stage." He looked at Gurney; perhaps he was the one prisoner he felt disposed to trust, or to share his betroublement with. "It looks to me," he concluded, "as though I might have to take you prisoners through myself."

Cognisance of the situation spread through Wimpiri jail. During the day the cells were opened and the prisoners were let out into a high-walled yard for exercise. Formerly they had been allowed this exercise in body; now the warder was afraid

"I'LL blast ye into eternity," The trooper yielded. Dis-

of an attempted escape, and so let only one prisoner out at a time. There were six prisoners in the jail. Gurney was the only white man. Of the others, two were "yellow boys" or half-castes, three were blacks. They were all restless. There was the fear of the dwindling water supply; there was the knowledge that the solitary warder could not be for ever on guard.

Gurney thought: "There's going to be a break out of here. What am I go'ner do? Help the warder or the prisoners?"

HE was irked by the confinement. Also, he was resentful. Even if he'd been guilty, he told himself, the trooper wasn't justified in leaving him there in prison. He should have been taken on, as the others should have been taken on, to Meekatharra for trial. There was no magistrate here. On the other hand, he had got to like the warder. He didn't want to increase his troubles.

And maybe the trooper would get back in time. From his cell window he watched the trail into the desert. Yet even as he watched, he shrugged. Nobody could say when the trooper would get in. He knew that the trooper himself, when he started out, hadn't known. But he would keep to the trail.

It was the second day after the trooper had gone that the warder came to him jubilant.

"I reckon I don't have to wait for the trooper, anyway. A rider's just come in on a fast camel with a message from Sergeant Kerslake. The sergeant's on the trail and ought to arrive here by sundown."

Gurney nodded, but in his eyes was not the relief that was in the other's. A sergeant coming from Meekatharra—he would go back with the sergeant to Meekatharra, unless he could make the sergeant understand that he was innocent, that there'd been a mistake. But there was a sudden fear with him, like the panicky fear that had come along with his rage when the trooper had snapped the handcuffs on his wrists. He felt trapped, beaten. Was it that in the last day or two there had grown a half-hope of freedom, a half-resolve to escape? Had he been considering it, almost unconsciously, despite his desire to help the harassed warder against a possible jailbreak? At any rate, now the hunger for liberty increased, as increased his sense of impotence against the law, his hopelessness of making the law understand. Maybe the sergeant would take him to Meekatharra to stand trial; maybe the blunder would extend to a long period in prison. Yes, the law made mistakes, as well as the troopers who were the minions of the law. He was afraid.

Suddenly the key of his cell door turned, and the warder reappeared. His face held a restrained excitement.

"Listen," he said, "all the time we've been waitin' here thinkin' there was nobody else in the camp, *there's been a man lyin' dead in his hut.* Old Crazy McKean—you know 'im. The feller that's been hoardin' up his gold instead of sendin' it through to the bank. And—*the gold's gone.*"

Gurney stared at him dumbly. The man's excitement, the momentousness of what he had to tell, broke slowly through his tangled thoughts of escape.

Gurney promised. "Don't try no tricks." armed, he stood in the sand before Gurney

"Come on along with me, old-timer," the warder commanded. "You come along to old Crazy McKean's shack."

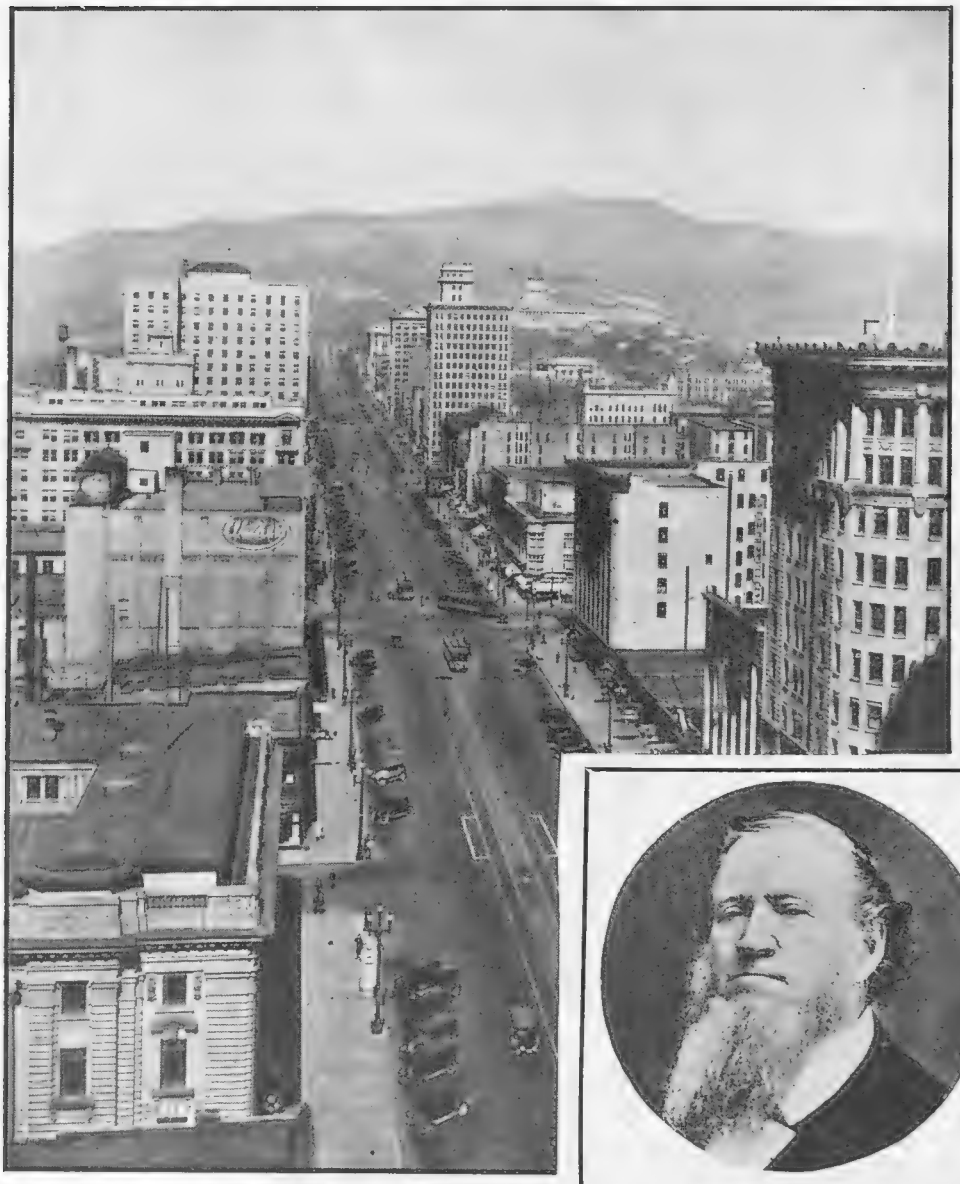
Gurney shook his head. "I don't want to see. I've seen dead men before. There ain't nothin' I can do, is there?"

"Nothin'," the warder agreed. "But here's the point, so far as you're concerned. A week or two after the trooper started out to get you, a man passed through here with a mob of cattle. A couple of days before the camp pulled out, I saw him around again. I didn't like the look of him. You've been protestin' your innocence all the time. If you're innocent, maybe that feller lifted them cattle, an' followed it by takin' old Crazy McKean's gold. Anyway, you come along with me. It's not in order, but I'll take the responsibility of freein' you for the time bein'."

Gurney followed the warder out into the sun glare. The man who had come in on a fast riding camel ahead of the sergeant from Meekatharra, was waiting and joined them.

The three went along to the hut where the dead man lay. He had been attacked from behind, killed not with a noisy weapon but (*Contd. on page* 91)

Among the Mormons in Salt



MAIN Street, the principal business thoroughfare of Salt Lake City. It is the only American town to-day that has ample room for modern motor traffic. Its streets are 132 feet across with pavements 25 feet wide.

"SALT LAKE!" That was the cry that greeted me as our train drew up at Salt Lake City, the home of the Mormons and the Zion of the Latter Day Saints. I quickly discovered that I was in no ordinary city. The Mormon Mecca has an atmosphere of its own. It grips and fascinates you. There is its lovely climate, its beautiful situation, its spacious boulevards, stately edifices and beautiful homes.

There is no adventure to-day in sojourning in the City of the Saints. It is one of the most open towns in the whole of America, catering to every class and taste. True, it bears the imprint of that remarkable figure Brigham Young, its founder, and therein lies its chief attraction. Salt Lake City is the result of one of the most remarkable sociological experiments of the past century. It reflects all that is best in the religious, cultural, and economic concepts of the Mormon people. It was the desire to preserve and develop these principles in their original purity that led to the founding of the city. Of necessity they were modified. Impracticabilities in the system, differences among its followers and the influx of a "gentile" population irreconcilable to the Mormon policies operated to that end. In the building of Salt Lake City each of these forces played a part. It is something that this formative struggle came to end a generation back to the satisfaction of all concerned; that those once discordant elements wore finally to civic harmony, and Salt Lake City is the ultimate refinement of that process.

THE Mormon Leader, Brigham Young. Born of humble parents, he became, on the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, President of the Mormon Church, Governor of the State of Utah and Indian Agent for the Territory. He led the people across the wilderness, conquered the desert and founded Salt Lake City. He died on August 29, 1877, in his 77th year

THERE are some 2,000 Mormons in Great Britain, and they are to erect a church in London and make it their European headquarters. This gives added interest to the accompanying picturesque description of Salt Lake City, founded by Brigham Young in the deserts of Utah. It is declared to be the best planned city in America, is certainly open and free, and the only town that can satisfactorily handle modern motor traffic. Wonders of the Temple Block—The Tabernacle and Temple—Strange Mormon beliefs and ceremonies—Marriages for Eternity—A million baptisms a year for the dead—The Lion House where Brigham Young lived with his many wives

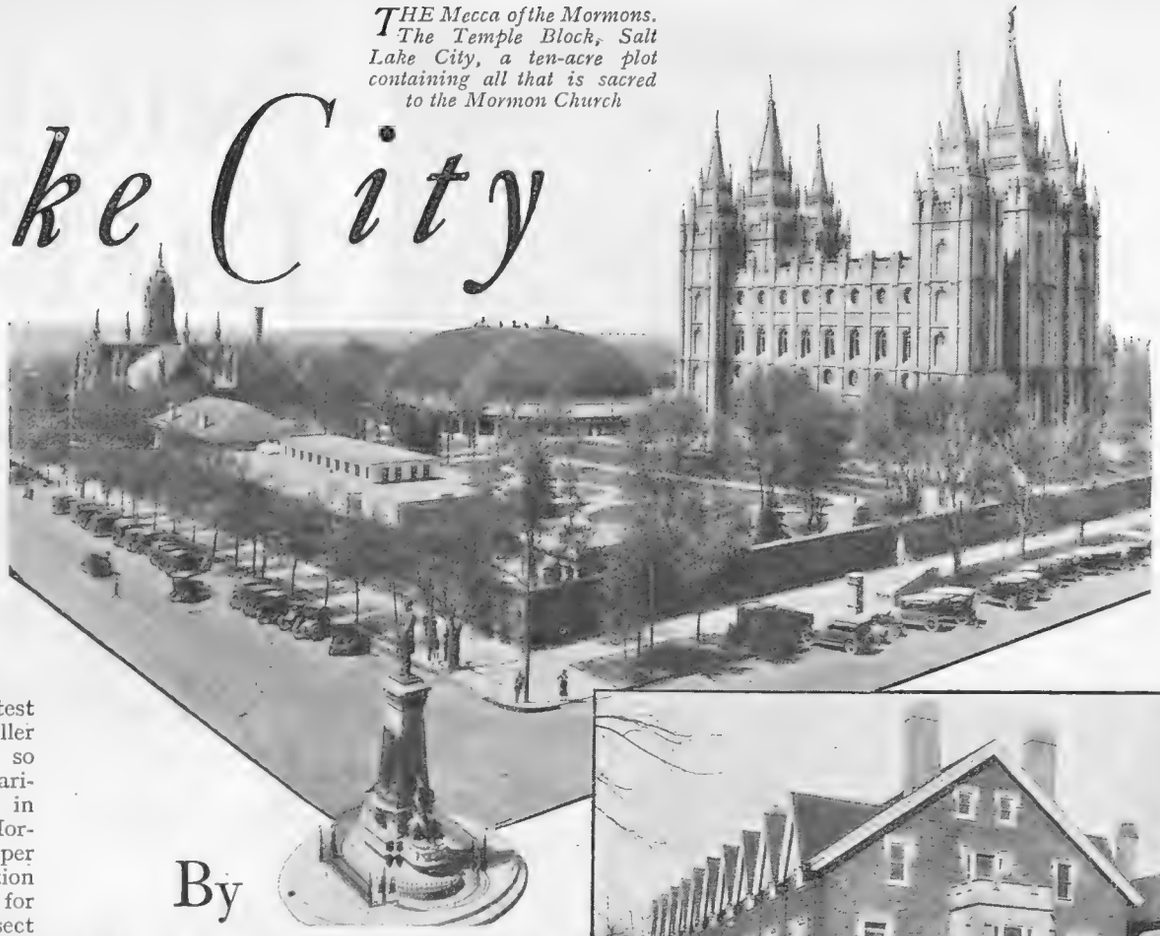
IMAGINE a city of 150,000 inhabitants, dumped down in a valley amidst a forest of trees and surrounded by picturesque mountains, many of them snow-capped, and you have a faint idea of Salt Lake City, beautiful indeed for situation.

It is difficult to realise that this modern metropolis stands on what, eighty-five years ago, was a desert. When Brigham Young and his followers entered the valley on July 24th, 1847, there was only one tree, a stunted cedar, visible. The stump of this tree, entwined with vines, is guarded by an iron fence at the corner of Broadway and Sixth Street.

Brigham Young laid out his city in squares, or blocks, of ten acres each, with streets 132 feet across from curb to curb and pavements 25 feet in width; hence Salt Lake City is the only American town to-day that has ample room for modern motor traffic. Except in the business section, all the streets are lined with trees, and these, together with the well-kept lawns and gardens that front the dwellings of its citizens, give the city a park-like appearance. On hot and dusty days the authorities resort to an excellent method of cleansing the gutters, which are wide, deep channels. At intervals they are flooded with clear water turned on from the street standards. Sanitary experts have pronounced this system of flooding the curbs as most beneficial in purifying and cleansing the air. Then at almost every street corner there are fountains bubbling over with the purest cold drinking water.

I certainly did not find Salt Lake City a dull or a solemn place. In fact, I found it much more lively than many cities in the Eastern States. In the old Salt Lake Theatre, which dates back to the days of Brigham Young, and is a replica of London's old Drury Lane in design, a modern revue from Paris was being given, a type of performance which would have shocked many of our Puritan forefathers. Yet I noticed it received favourable comment in the *Deseret News*, which is the recognised organ of the Mormon Church, and probably the only daily newspaper in the world

Lake City



THE Mecca of the Mormons. The Temple Block, Salt Lake City, a ten-acre plot containing all that is sacred to the Mormon Church

By Harold J. Shepstone

that refuses advertisements of tobacco, tea, and coffee; for your true Mormon does not smoke, partake of alcoholic drinks, or even tea or coffee, and fasts on the first Sunday of every month.

Probably the greatest surprise to the traveller is the discovery of so many churches of various denominations in the very heart of Mormonism, but only 45 per cent. of the population to-day are Mormons, for this much-talked-of sect are now outnumbered in their own city. No fewer than eighteen religious denominations are represented, including Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Christian Scientist, etc. Not only

THE Lion House, Salt Lake City, designed and built by Brigham Young to accommodate his many wives and children

Right:
THE baptismal font in the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City. This font has a capacity of over four hundred gallons and is the largest in the world

THE Holy of Holies in the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City. It is reserved for the higher ordinances of the Priesthood

does religious tolerance exist in the heart of Mormonism, but its educational system is rightly regarded as a model, and the poorest child can reach and pass through its university.

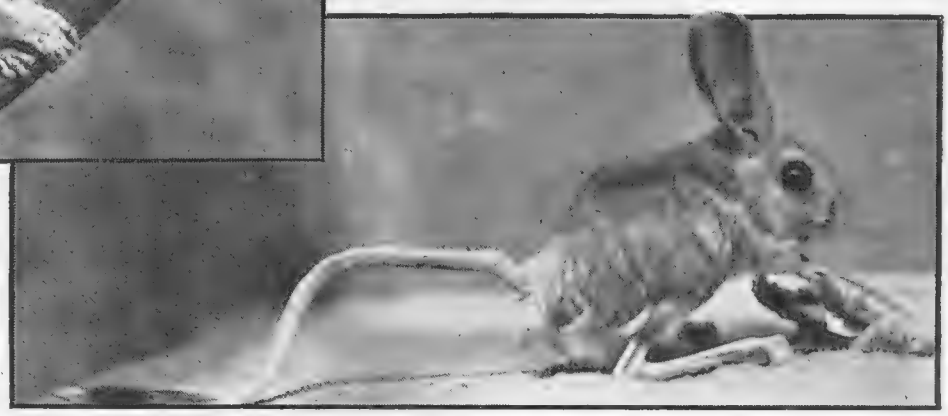
The crowning glory of the city is the Temple block, a ten-acre plot, containing all that is most sacred to the Mormon Church—the Temple, Tabernacle, Assembly Hall, statues and monuments, set amid grass lawns and trees, the whole surrounded by a high wall, entrance to which is gained through a wide gateway. Visitors are conducted over this historic enclosure by guides, invariably city business men who give up their time to this work. Once I noticed a Judge taking a party round, another time a well-known banker.

Just inside the gate is the Sea Gull Monument, the only one known to have been erected in honour of bird life. It commemorates an early incident in the life of the pioneers. The story goes that the crops of the community were visited by a plague of insects, which rolled in black legions over the grain, destroying every green blade. Fire and water failed to check them, and the settlers were in despair, when great flocks of sea gulls came over the mountains and preyed on the insects, and the crops were saved. Near by is the Assembly Hall, a pretty Gothic structure of white granite, with seating accommodation for 2,500 people. It is frequently used for public lectures on non-sectarian subjects, though its chief use is for Mormon religious services in foreign languages, particularly Swedish, Norwegian and German. A German delegation was entertained here during my stay in the city.

THE Tabernacle is an architectural curio, without a counterpart anywhere. It has the appearance of a colossal egg-shell, cut in half, and set down lengthwise. It is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, 80 feet high, and capable of holding 8,000 worshippers. No nails or iron were used in the erection of this building, which took seven years to build and cost £60,000. The building is famed for its wonderful acoustic properties, and it is possible to sit at one end of the great structure and hear a pin drop at the other. It has one of the (*Continued on page* 104)

NIGHT LIFE AT

THE slender Loris, an animal believed to have an influence for good or evil



THE four-toed Jerboa. This animal shuns the light of day but is a champion long jumper, clearing at a bound a distance of ten times its own length

By E. G. BOULENGER

(Director of the Zoological Society's Aquarium)

WHEN the exit turnstiles of the Zoo click behind the last visitor, the Gardens are left very much to themselves, undisturbed by any save the night-watchman, whose echoing tread never fails to awaken the lions to thunderous protest. The Lion House is one of the many surprises which await the visitor privileged to see the Zoo after dark. A large number of mammals are nocturnal, and at the Regent's Park menagerie many are so conservative that they resolutely refuse to show themselves except at night. The lions are exceptions. They should be chief of the night walkers, but ever since the Zoo's inception they have been fed—for the public's edification—by daylight, and the process has brought about a strange reversal of the natural order. By night, unless the inmates are disturbed, the Lion House is almost the quietest in the Gardens.

Not so the Small Mammal House, where every inmate without exception is nocturnal. Soon after dusk the sleeping boxes yield up their tenants, and the darkness is pierced by many flashing eyes, red, green and yellow. Famous night walkers are the prehensile-tailed kinkajous, or honey bears, from Brazil. Though nearly akin to the racoons, these animals have a quaint superficial resemblance to both bears and monkeys. In the wild they use their very long prehensile tails for climbing trees and their tongues for rifling beehives. The kinkajou is highly intelligent and filled with a devouring curiosity. A pair recently segregated in the Sanatorium—the Zoo's Ellis Island where all new arrivals undergo a period of quarantine—made nightly raids upon anything movable, overturning cages and destroying everything within reach. Their piracies were undetected for some time owing to their knack of returning to their cage before dawn and squeezing through the door without unfastening the catch. In the morning outraged authority saw only the havoc wrought, nor were the offenders brought to book until secret watch was kept and they were caught literally red-handed, amusing themselves with a pot of scarlet paint, which they calmly bowled up and down a previously spotless floor.

AUSTRALIAN short-headed flying Phalanger, with young born at the Zoo

MANY of the small cats, and also such half-cats as the panda and the binturong, are fully nocturnal, but the American agoutis, or snookum bears, as they are sometimes called, animals combining feline and ursine features, appear to spend night and day in shifts, sleeping and foraging alternately a few hours at a time.

Some of the strangest members of the Zoo night-club are found in the Rodent House. As soon as darkness falls the place echoes with eerie cries and becomes alive with weird shapes. Here are the big Indian fruit bats, with dog-like heads and a five-foot span of wing. Fruit bats abound in the East and do immense damage to orchards. By day their sleeping forms load the trees as with enormous fruit, and with the first hint of dusk they fly heavily to their chosen feeding grounds. Though strong on the wing, most of their time is spent climbing about branches, their hooklike thumbs being employed as climbing irons, and their feet used as hands to convey the food to the mouth. It may be some consolation to the outraged farmer that these bats are excellent eating, the flesh somewhat resembling chicken.

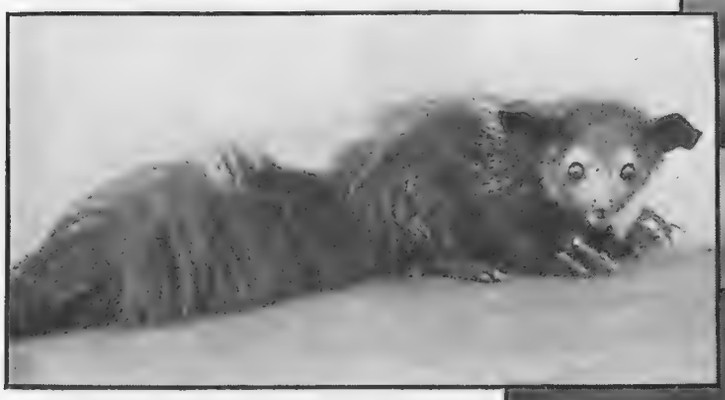
Equally active on the tree tops is that remarkable half-monkey the Aye-aye of Madagascar, which has a fox-like head and simian fingers. The latter are drawn out to immense length, the straight digit almost suggesting a piece of wire. With these it picks grubs from crevices and extracts larvæ from the pith. Like many arboreal animals, it relies for water on such as collects on the axles of big leaves, and this meagre supply is conveyed to the mouth by the fingers in a series of lightning "sips," of about eighty to the minute.

Most of the lemurs proper are diurnal, but the slow Loris, an "almost lemur," like the Aye-aye, is a night walker, and shares with many nocturnal animals a host of eerie but unfounded superstitions. In Malaya, its native habitat, it is associated with almost every human activity, and is said in a hundred ways to affect human destinies for good or evil—mostly the latter. Its immense eyes are made into a love potion, and its habit of covering these large and sensitive organs with its hands in daylight is attributed to an uncomfortable penchant for seeing ghosts. Like the douracoulis, or night monkeys, it varies a fruit diet with insects, small reptiles and birds' eggs.

On the ground floor of this house one may see on a moonlight night the little Egyptian jerboas—literally rats on stilts, whose leaping powers are prodigious. These animals are champion long jumpers, clearing at a bound a distance of ten times their own length,

AUSTRALIAN Frogmouth. A highflyer that sleeps so soundly during the daytime that it can be lifted off its perch without showing the slightest resistance

THE ZOO



THE Aye-aye of Madagascar. A night walker and shares with many nocturnal animals a host of eerie but unfounded superstitions

and if put to it can hold their own against a greyhound for a short distance. Normally they shun encounters in the open, spending the day hidden in burrows dug deep beneath the desert sand.

The clumsy echidnas, or porcupine ant-eaters, are amongst the Zoo's most distinguished boarders. They likewise make a habit of turning day into night. These uncouth creatures mark a turning of the ways, for they have much in common with the birds, and still more with the reptiles. Like birds, the echidna lays eggs, and its circulation is much slower and its temperature lower than that of any other mammal. Its brain shows little advance, if any, upon that of a typical reptile. Two eggs are retained in the mother's pouch until hatched, when the young are suckled in a typically mammalian fashion. The adults' food consists entirely of ants, nests being dug out by the powerful fore-claws. At the Zoo, however, an acceptable substitute for this diet is found in minced beef and raw eggs. "Daydream," a large specimen weighing about 60 lb., has been in the Zoo for twenty years, and is one of the oldest inhabitants.

The big, burrowing ant-bears of South Africa, often exhibited in Regent's Park, have similar nocturnal habits. A large specimen is as big as a St. Bernard, and its enormously powerful fore limbs make it a formidable antagonist. So rapidly can it dig that several men armed with picks and shovels can scarcely keep pace with it, especially if the soil is tolerably loose. Like the rest of its tribe, it lives solely on ants, and is a great benefit to man in a country where such insects constitute a considerable scourge.

Numerous flying mammals frequently adorn this house. Asiatic flying squirrels and flying phalangers or opossums from Australia are regular exhibits. None of these creatures actually fly, but by means of large sheets of skin stretched from ankle to elbow they can plane downwards for a considerable distance. Young flying opossums are at first carried by the parent in an abdominal pouch, and at birth their parachute-like membranes are only very feebly developed. One of these animals arrived at the Zoo in a curious manner, being captured on the roof of a house in Brook Street, Mayfair. It was taken to Marlborough Street Police Court, where it was remanded while the authorities attempted to discover its history. Failing to find its owner, the animal was removed to the Regent's Park menagerie.

The elephants would seem to need the minimum of sleep, only a few hours being spent lying on their sides, the rest of the night passing in restless rocking to and fro, or shuffling backwards and forwards.

THE Sloth is a nocturnal inhabitant of the Zoo. In the wild it will calmly slumber on although companions on either side are shot down

Above: A CAPE Jumping Hare, an animal only active by night

THE strictly diurnal birds are very few in number. Most of the owls hunt by night, and in the morning the remains of their repasts litter the cages in the form of hard, dried pellets. Family cares may prompt the owl to hunt by day as well as by night, and one species at least, the northern harrier owl, habitually forages in daylight. Closely allied to the owls are those quaint night birds, the frogmouths or night-jars. The largest is the Australian Podargus. Whereas the English night-jar feeds principally upon insects, engulfing large numbers in its capacious mouth whilst on the wing, Podargus lives on small rodents and reptiles. The owl's proverbial sleepiness by day is easily eclipsed by this bird. So profound is its slumber that a rifle may be let off quite near it without causing the sleeper the slightest disturbance, and it will even suffer itself to be lifted from its perch without offering any protest.

A number of herons, known as night herons, hunt chiefly after dusk. A striking example is a boat-billed heron of tropical America, which has an immense canoe-shaped beak, in which it quickly engulfs fish and frogs.

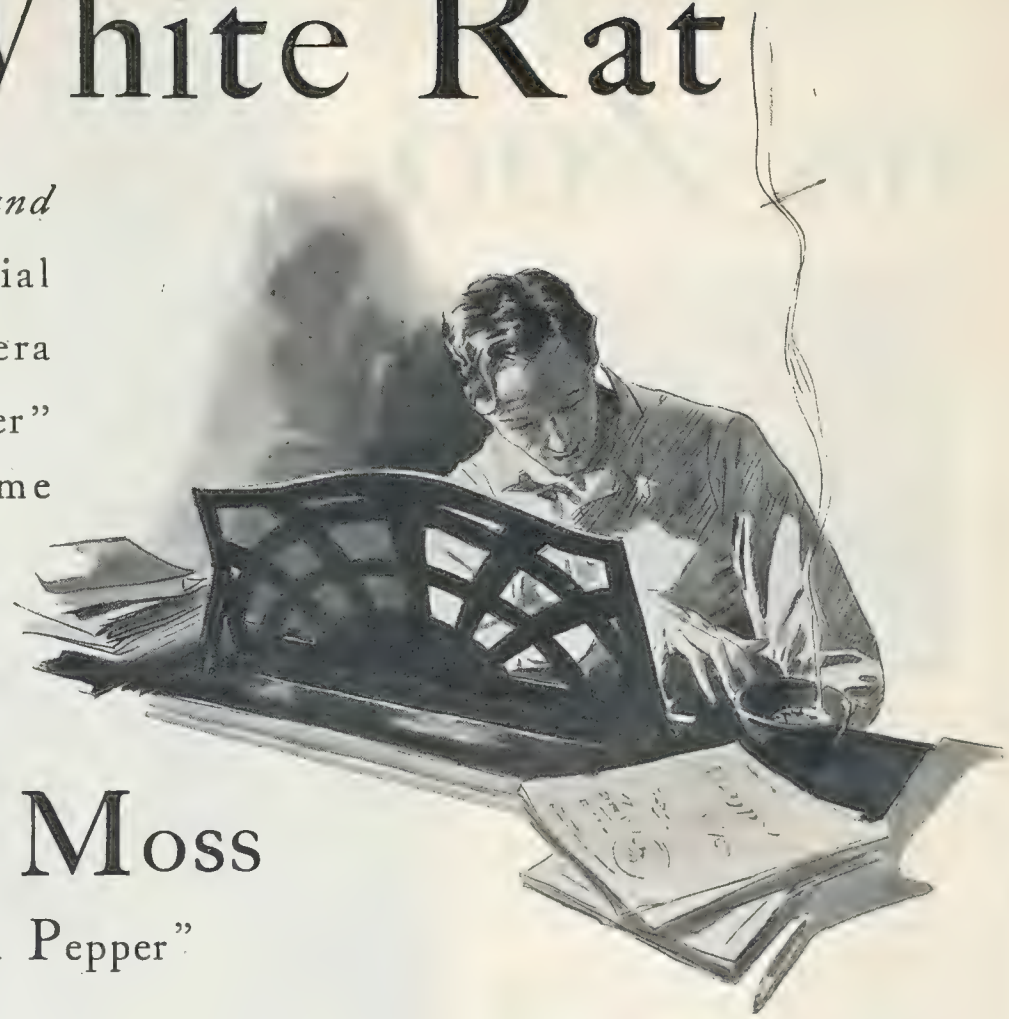
Equally bizarre in a different way are the small flightless kiwis of New Zealand. They are nearly related to the ostrich, though not much larger than a domestic goose, and having long slender bills with the nostrils situated at the extreme tip. The beak is remarkably delicate, and probes the ground for the earthworms which form its staple diet. In order to obtain their favourite food these birds are said to tap on the ground with their beaks in order to simulate rain and encourage the worms to rise to the surface. Long persecution has done much to reduce the numbers of kiwis, though they are now happily afforded rigorous government protection.

(*Continued on page* 102)

The White Rat

Prelude, *Big* Scene *and* Curtain *in a* Social Drama *on the* Riviera in *which* "the Outsider" sees *most* of *the* game

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks



By

Geoffrey Moss

who wrote "Red Pepper"

A WHITE Rat: that was how his host, Colonel Fairbright, thought of him. Clement had realised that on the afternoon of his arrival, and he had realised it without the slightest tinge of resentment. Now, as he lay basking in a canvas chair, he was definitely glad that his host should think of him in just that way.

Colonel Fairbright was so perfect of his type. He was tall, spare and flat-backed. His manner was polite and reserved. He was kindly without understanding. He was always at his ease. He seemed unquestionably of the upper class; yet, as was common enough in such cases, his family had emerged, by means of industrialism, only some two or three generations ago. His dignity was obviously natural. Everything about him was natural. But none of it would have been natural, nor could have been, in anyone of the world which had been Clement's own.

To Clement, little more than half the age of his host, a playwright almost from earliest manhood, and therefore of necessity interested in human beings, Colonel Fairbright was a permanent delight. He had known the type, of course. He had known it first from stage versions. He had come, as he rose on the bubble of success, to meet it in the houses to which he was invited. But this was the first time he had had the chance to watch it over any length of time, and at his ease.

Now, without indeed being very conscious of doing so, he was taking in Colonel Fairbright. Soon he would be able to reproduce portraits of the Colonel Fairbrights of the world. Soon he would be able, should he care to exhibit that ability of his, to mimic them: to copy their neat reserved movements, their attitudes, their nods of comprehension, their slow, deep, halting speech, their rare but pleasant smiles. Inevitably his own success would mean nothing to such a man; and had he not, in kindly heart, regarded the Clements of the world as so many white rats, he would, Clement himself realised, have been to that extent untrue to his type.

Colonel Fairbright was always considerate, without appearing to be at much pains to do so; now for example.

"Comfortable?"

"Perfectly, thanks."

"Splendid. Jolly coast this? Jolly weather."

"Yes." To be monosyllabic when possible put them at their ease, Clement had decided long ago.

"Find you can write here?"

"To be perfectly exact, I'm not putting anything on to paper just now."

"Quite."

"The actual manual writing of a play doesn't take very long."

"No. Suppose not."

"One lies fallow till an idea approaches. One captures it. At first it is only an idea. Then the cast mysteriously choose themselves. They step into the situation one has arranged. One lets the thing simmer."

"Finding any characters here for your next play?"

"I shouldn't be surprised." Clement smiled his pale smile, which had by now freed itself from the nervousness of his earliest days.

Colonel Fairbright sat sideways on the parapet of the terrace. The sun was dazzling, and under his forward-tilted straw hat his face was in dark shadow. Behind him the Mediterranean glittered under an August breeze.

"Most perfect weather, I must say." He yawned. "Um?" He reached for the silver cigarette box and offered it to Clement.

"Thanks . . . Colonel."

The older man chose a cigarette and lit it with melancholy deliberation. "All find ourselves in the next play, shall we?"

"I wonder." His host was not greatly interested, Clement understood. Indeed, probably he had asked the question to make his guest feel that he was being appreciated.

Now he rose leisurely and stretched. He wore a polo shirt. His arms were bare, long, muscular, walnut-brown.

"You for another bathe before lunch?"

"I don't think so."

"I am."

"I'll watch."

"Good . . . good. Well . . . well." His cigarette in the corner of his mouth, he took his way across the terrace and into the villa.

CLEMENT closed his eyes and with his hands behind his head lay basking in his chair, waiting. Waiting? he thought; waiting for what? It was all too stagey for words. What a party! He had accepted the invitation Maisie Fairbright—Maisie Daventry that had been—had given him, partly because he did not know "South," but principally because he wanted a rest. He had come, determined not to think of plays and players; to forget situations and the stage. But he had found himself thrown into the thick

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"YOU will, darling?" she demanded.
"Maisie, look here. Is it safe? Is it worth it?"

of a domestic drama, into a house party in which everyone except himself had a part to play.

Now he lay waiting. Colonel Fairbright had made his exit, well timed, perfectly natural; and the stage was empty. He rolled over in his chair and drew at his cigarette with leisurely enjoyment. The sun was splendid. He lay waiting. The tension was increasing. Then, just when he had expected it, he heard a woman tripping out on to the terrace. It might be Maisie Fairbright, his hostess. It might be any woman of the house party, except Mrs. Weatherby, who was middle-aged and had a North Country stride. He did not look up.

"Darling." It was his hostess. "Darling" meant nothing to Maisie.

"Yes?"

"I thought you were asleep."

"And as I'm not?"

"Nothing special."

"That's not true, Maisie. You made the entry of a conspirator in a melodrama."

"Well, I do want something, as it happens."

"Ah?" She was swinging her hat, he supposed. Down here she seemed always to be carrying a straw hat, and to be swinging it.

"I want you to come out in my car this afternoon."

"How flattering! Alone?"

"No, of course not. Dickie and I want to talk and we want you to come."

His cigarette was out. He tossed it away, over the parapet of the terrace out on to the rocks below. "We start with you and me in front. Then, once round the first bend, Dickie takes my place and I sit behind, trying to shelter under the hood, while . . ."

"Must you . . .?"

He lay still.

"You will, darling?" she demanded.

"Maisie, look here. Is it safe? Is it worth it?"

"A thousand times."

"As much as that? He seems to me an ordinary young man; though I shouldn't imagine you were the first wife whose best friend he'd been."

"He's a darling."

"I dare say. Stick to your husband."

"You! You say that!"

"Yes. It's getting rather fashionable to be on the side of virtue."

"What about your plays?"

"You'd find they are, too. Only

you've never troubled to read them. Your husband has—one of them."

"Ah – – – h . . ." She was swinging that hat again. This time he watched her. Her hair glittered in the sun. Her back was the brown of antique mahogany. . . . "He only read it because you were coming."

"I know."

"And so that's why you like him."

Clement folded his thin arms. "Maisie, you're not nearly as quick as you think. I like him for a hundred reasons."

"Such as ?"

"I like the balance he keeps between his own principles and his reluctance to hurt anyone."

"You, for example."

"Yes—me, for example. For him I'm a white rat; that is what his type is bound to think of me. But, as it was his Maisie who has invited the white rat, he does all in his power to be nice to the rat and put it at its ease. That's good, you know. That is what our generation wouldn't do. His will; and he puts up with me without ever showing it."

She repented, a trifle ashamed.

"Darling, don't be silly. Of course he doesn't think of you a bit like that. Why should he ?"

"Why shouldn't he ? I am pale. I am rather a rat. I don't mind. He is charming, a good fellow, and (Oh, this is fearfully important) a type."

She stood frowning. Over his head a drooping swag of bougainvillæa glowed drowsily.

Clement sat up. "Have a cigarette? One of your own. I shall anyhow. Yes, I find your husband almost perfect. In fact, I've only one thing against him."

"What ?"

"He won't take me fishing."

"Why on earth do you want to go ?"

"I never have."

"Do you always want to do everything you haven't done ?"

"Usually. Once. Tell me, why won't he take me ? He goes out every morning, and I've asked him to take me."

She fidgeted with the ribbon of the hat. "How shall I put it ?"

"I'll take it without an anæsthetic. Go on."

"You see, sport is sacred to him; any sort; even this fishing for potential *bouillabaisse* with snails on a bent pin. And . . . well, darling, you're not the sort that's entitled to that kind of invitation."

"I see that." He sat up, drawing at his cigarette, smiling his thin smile, feeling a sudden sympathy for this man of moors and swift chilly rivers held by the love of Maisie to these limpid shores.

"Poor devil! His angling for sticklebacks, or whatever they catch here, is pretty pathetic."

"He'd have been in Scotland, only he won't leave me here alone."

"Do you blame him ?"

Maisie sat herself on the parapet. "And is your fondness for my husband going to prevent your helping me this afternoon ?"

"It looks like that."

She frowned.

"You oughtn't to wear pink when you're going to sulk," he remarked. "Blues and greens are the accepted colours for it."

She watched over the shimmering sea that horizon as glittering but as hard to concentrate upon as her own future. "This isn't just a flutter, as you choose to think it," she said without turning.

"So much the worse."

"Wilfrid's beginning to suspect. That's why I must have you with us this afternoon. Dickie's going to-morrow. People are coming to dinner. We must have our last afternoon together."

"You're very tragic."

"I care for him."

"My education was haphazard; in the wings, almost. But wasn't there something one learnt called a recurring decimal ? Isn't your 'caring' for someone tending to become . . ."

"Oh, need you ? . . . Clement, it's our last chance."

"Isn't that rather lucky ?" He got up and began pacing the terrace delicately, stepping lightly, and only on alternate ones of the white stone-like tiles. He paused. "You're playing the fool, Maisie. This Dickie-man isn't worth

COLONEL FAIRward, but Clement isn't any good, you know.

anything. He'd never stick to anyone, and that's a terrible disadvantage, especially in a co-respondent."

"You're wrong," she said, "dead wrong. Dickie and I . . . " She checked suddenly.

Her husband, ready to bathe, came lankily out through a window of the *salon*. They watched him.

"You won't bathe before lunch, Maisie?"

"No."

"Wonderful, isn't it?" he remarked dispiritedly. For a moment he paused, conscious, Clement felt, that he had interrupted a conversation not for his ears. "Wonderful," he repeated, and took his way down one of the little sloping paths which led down to the little private bathing beach.

Clement watched him. "He's suffering, you know. Being jealous is one of the worst tragedies. For his type, which values discretion and self-control, it's doubly bad."

Maisie had turned her back to the sea and was staring at the shadows, purple across the dusty terrace. "Well? Are you going to come this afternoon and save him being jealous?"

Colonel Fairbright was swimming out to the diving raft. From the other side of the garden, and behind the house, came the tinkle of a gramophone. Clement, his hands flat in the pockets of his drill trousers, stepped lightly to the time, too graceful for a man. "Yes, I'm coming; not to help you, though. I'm coming because of . . . " His rhythmic shoulder paused. "I'm on his side, not yours."

"At three, then," said Maisie.

Clement wandered away under the shadows of the villa and presently through one of the open windows into the *salon*. He sat down at the piano and began to play. His fingers flowed lightly on. His sympathy had been moved, his thoughts straying out to that lonely man who must be by now beyond the raft. The piano would reach him. What would please him? Some waltz, Clement decided, and, breaking from what he had been playing, he began one of his own which two years before had filled a theatre on Broadway. And into it Clement, swaying over the keyboard, infused all the sympathy he had lately found for all the Colonel Fairbrights of the world.

The strains of the waltz floated out, through the lofty windows, under the tresses of bougainvillæa, over the oyster whiteness of the terrace, over the rocks and the glittering sea. Clement began to sing, scarcely above his breath. Stagey, he thought. Stagey, stagey! He had come out here to escape from it, but he could not. Nowhere could one escape it . . . Stage . . . stage . . . stage.

THE last glow of sunset had faded behind the mountains when Clement, in white trousers and open shirt, strolled out on to the terrace. Below, the rocks stood dusky. No ripple stirred against them. The gulf, glassy as a pond, reflected the coming of night. From the arbour behind the house came the tinkle of the gramophone. Doubtless the impecunious young couple, who had let their villa in Cannes and were staying with the Fairbrights, were dancing. They were always dancing. To them that was life. But to-night the stillness must have affected them, for they had stuffed a handkerchief into the sound opening. The tune, with its time alone distinct, pattered on trivially. To-night the feeling of suspense was to Clement unbelievably heavy.

He rose on his thin ankles, stretched and lowered himself again on to his sandalled feet. The tom-tom cadence of the gramophone was distasteful to him, yet it supplied the accompaniment without which, so it seemed to him, the tension of the moment would have been unbearable.

Too . . tut . . too. Too . . tut . . too . . . Tut . . tut . . tut . . . Too-tut-too . . . Too . .

He faced the house. It was long, low, and in the twilight its façade showed palely. On the bedroom story the glint of lights showed through the slats of the closed shutters. Behind them people were moving: Maisie; her husband; the hard-bitten, well-groomed Mrs. Weatherby; the unpowdered O'Shea girl; the two married couples who had driven from Cap d'Antibes for

BRIGHT started for- caught his jacket. "It No, it's too late now"

dinner. Those four were Maisie's friends; probably they knew. What were they thinking ?

Eight people, each behind a little sheltered window. Two opposing camps. Colonel Fairbright, Mrs. Weatherby, the O'Shea girl, faithful to past and mindful of the future ; Maisie and her Antibes friends considering only the moment's fun. Over all hung this hardly bearable sense of drama. They were waiting, all of them, waiting for what ?

The English butler appeared in one of the long windows of the *salon*. He surveyed the terrace and retired. He had come out to announce dinner and was now put out by having no gong with which to remonstrate.

"WHAT exactly do you mean by that ?" the Dickie-man demanded, coming closer. "Exactly what I say."

Clement strolled across the terrace. Before morning the drama would have reached its climax. Before morning that Dickie-man would have left for Paris. He was over there now, seeing to the stowing of his luggage, in the car. Clement strolled round the hedge of cypresses and into the stableyard.

The Dickie-man looked up. " Hallo . . . hallo."

" Hulloo-hulloo to you."

" Is dinner ready ? "

" Probably. But, of course, no one's down."

" Good ! I want to get my things strapped in before dinner. I'm starting very early."

" So I heard."

" Paris in the day. It'll be a long drive."

" What a pity you haven't anyone going with you ! " The Dickie-man was taken aback, Clement decided.

" But I'm used to that," he said.

" Really ? I should hardly have thought that." Clement's tone was deliberately rude ; and, even in hearing it, he was frightened. " I am rather rat-like," he thought.

" What exactly do you mean by that ?" the Dickie-man demanded, coming closer.

" Exactly what I say."

Clement was trembling. The two of them stood there facing each other. The Dickie-man drew yet another half-pace nearer. Clement backed, instinctively. Then from round the corner of the hedge came a diversion, the gardener with two suitcases. He shuffled through the gloom in invisible felt slippers.

The Dickie-man turned from Clement. " *Ici, ici. Laissez les deux valises là. Je voudrai——*"

The man produced a flash lamp. By the light of it he and Dickie got the suitcases into the little well at the back of the car. Clement hovered by, watching. The suitcases were being carefully stacked, carefully strapped. Why both on one side of the car ? he wondered. And why both on the driver's side at that ?

The gardener shuffled off again and returned presently with a dispatch case. The Dickie-man considered and began strapping it, almost defiantly, on the offside running board. Clement, still frightened, watched with rat-like tenacity. Why on the step ? Why there, when the nearside seat and floor space were empty ? He glanced at the broad-shouldered Dickie. Suddenly he stepped back. He had understood. He would make clear that he had.

" Why, you've stowed it all so well that the seat beside you is empty. Whom are you going to take with you ? "

The Dickie-man turned. " No one. Do you want to come ? " he demanded. It was near an open quarrel now. " Eh?" His arms akimbo, he sauntered towards Clement. But, as he did so, there came from the terrace Maisie's voice.

" Dickie . . . Dickie . . . " and then, as Clement felt, for decency's sake, " Clement . . . Clement . . . Dinner."

The Dickie-man turned and, disregarding Clement, strode off and rounding the cypresses came into the soft, rosy light of the terrace. Clement waited a moment; then, carefully distinct, he followed. A moment before he had been physically afraid, but now his habitual sense of detachment returned, and with it that overpowering sense of the theatre from which he had been trying to escape. It had all been perfectly timed, too perfectly. No sooner had that Dickie finished loading the car, than he (and with him that non-existent audience) had guessed the secret of that other seat, left so carefully free. And no sooner had that become clear than the scene had been broken by that call to dinner. No awkward pause, no over-emphasis on any point. Stagey; stagey; too stagey! He himself would never have dared to set it in anything more naturistic than a revue.

Deep in the thought that life did what art would never dare, he joined the others on the terrace.

DINNER passed in tense periods. Maisie was far too gay. The bright, impecunious married pair who had let their Cannes villa backed her effectively. The four guests from Antibes told stories from that end of the coast. Colonel Fairbright was suave, but silent. The Dickie-man chatted efficiently. He kept his glance carefully from Maisie.

Clement sat a little prim, like a small boy allowed to sit up for late dinner. He held aloof, sensing the atmosphere.

Could a scene ever be electric with suspense? To-night he almost fancied so. No one at his ease; talk without listening; laughter without conviction. Outside the candlelight of the tables the shadows watched, and those three open windows stood like sentinels. And over everything hung that feeling of suspense. Clement leant back in his chair. Who at the table knew? Who guessed? The butler hovered in the gloom.

The service was slow. The courses dragged. Maisie's voice was too high-pitched. The Dickie-man was silent at wrong times.

Colonel Fairbright was speaking, in an aside. "Maisie, dear, where's your maid to-night? She isn't helping."

" She's out to-night. There is a fête in the town."

The meal dragged on. The owners of the villa had not left enough knives and forks for so large a party, and between the courses they were being washed. Clement, without wanting to, guessed that. Now everything was clear. Maisie's maid had been given the evening off and the ground would be clear for Maisie to pack whatever she meant to take with her.

Slowly, with the creaking, unnatural effect of the theatre, dinner drew to its end. Dialogue; course quickly eaten; and again dialogue. Maisie crumbled her bread.

" Dickie, have you got your things into the car yet? "

" Of course." His voice was low, reluctant.

Colonel Fairbright turned a little. " What do you make it, Paris? "

" Nearly six hundred miles."

" A long run to attempt in a day; and alone, too."

Clement looked up from his peach. " He mayn't be going alone."

The Dickie-man gripped the stem of his wine-glass.

Maisie was suddenly still. Was everyone waiting? Clement folded his hands. " Our friend Dickie very kindly said that he had a spare seat, and I've been wondering for a day or two whether I oughtn't really to be going back . . . "

Maisie leant forward. " But you can't leave us."

" I mayn't. Can I leave it like this? That if I feel up to packing (I always do it myself—thanks) I'll take advantage of Dickie's offer. Otherwise . . . You don't mind? "

Maisie's glass was trembling. She put it down and thrust back her chair. " Shall we leave them? "

The women filed out and the men closed in towards their host.

Colonel Fairbright gave Clement the decanter. " We shall really be very sorry if you do leave us."

" I should be very sad to go. And there's one thing I'd wanted to do and haven't done."

" Really? What was that? "

" I've never been fishing with you in the morning."

" Nor you have."

Clement's hand tightened. Still no invitation! It was ridiculous that this should annoy him. His name was known over two continents and he was as yet little more than thirty. He had done what he liked . . . but he had not been asked to go fishing, and such a morning's sport seemed for that reason the most desirable and yet unattainable thing in the world.

The young man from Cannes was talking. Minutes stole slowly by. No one wanted any port. Perhaps the two men from Antibes understood. They were Maisie's friends, so it was possible. The sense of suspense increased. Colonel Fairbright sat behind the decanter, upright, miserable. Presently he made the sign and they rose.

The Dickie-man drew close to Clement. " What the deuce did you mean by saying I'd offered to drive you up to Paris? "

" Didn't you? "

" Did you think I did? " He seemed to grow taller.

Clement, pale and slight, looked up at him. " Won't you call them back and tell them it was a mistake; that you decline to have me sitting beside you in that empty seat? "

" You've got the cheek of the very devil."

They drifted out on to the terrace. The couple from Cannes had separated, but had found like spirits among the visitors from Antibes, and already six were dancing to the gramophone. Maisie's laughter, too shrill, floated over the terrace. Colonel Fairbright had wandered away among the dark paths of the garden.

CLEMENT took his way down to the little stretch of private beach. The sea was utterly still. Even against the rocks it made no sound. The boat which Colonel Fairbright used for fishing lay moored close at hand, her hull pale in the darkness. Overhead her slender yard and furled sail arched, just discernible across the purple sky. Clement stood gazing at the night. Should he go in that car? Yet what would be the use? What was the use of anything? What, for example, would be the use of preventing this planned elopement? If they did not elope to-night, they would to-morrow. Or, even if they did not, what would be the good? Maisie was hopeless. At last she had security. Yet she was quite ready to leave this decent husband who adored her. Clement could make out something moving across the dark water. Once he had found people who lived for the moment diverting. Now he saw through them with a merciless clearness. He had moved on. Now he was on the side of lasting values. He had done with the Maisies and the Dickie-men. From above floated down the rhythm of music and the shuffle of feet. He turned towards the house and climbed the steps to the terrace.

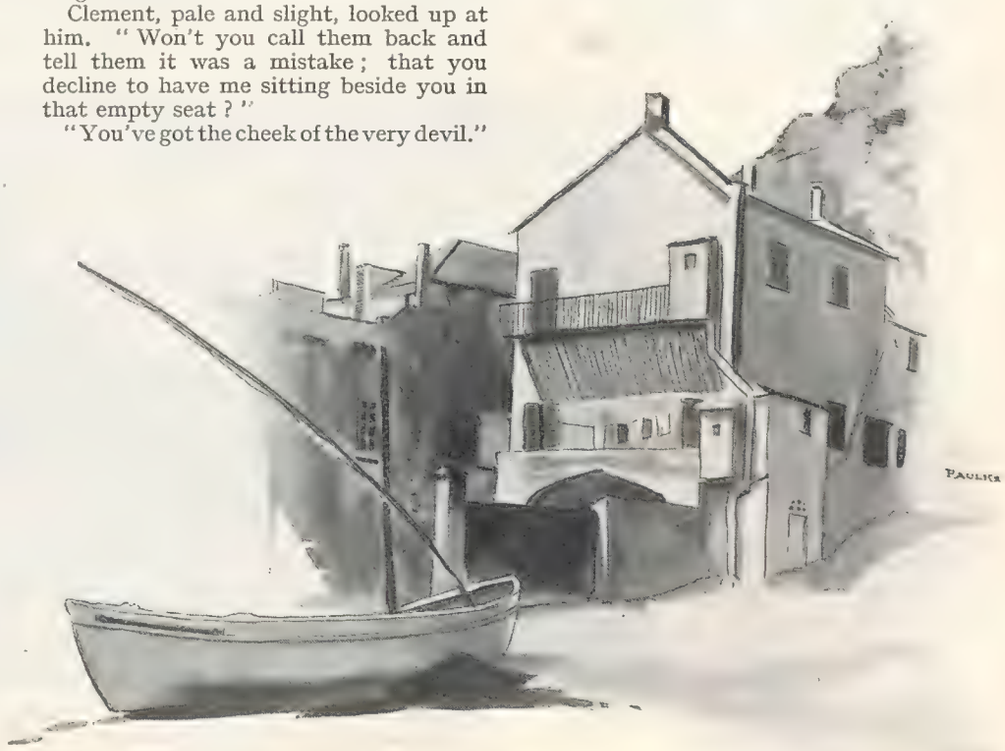
"Are you really going?" asked the young man from Cannes.

" I think so."

" Packed? "

" No. I must."

He went indoors and stood, looking out from the darkened *salon*. Maisie was dancing. If he were to prevent her going with this Dickie it could only be a respite. In the autumn it would be someone else. In the spring yet another. For the husband it would be better probably that she should go now. And yet . . . (*Continued on page* 92)



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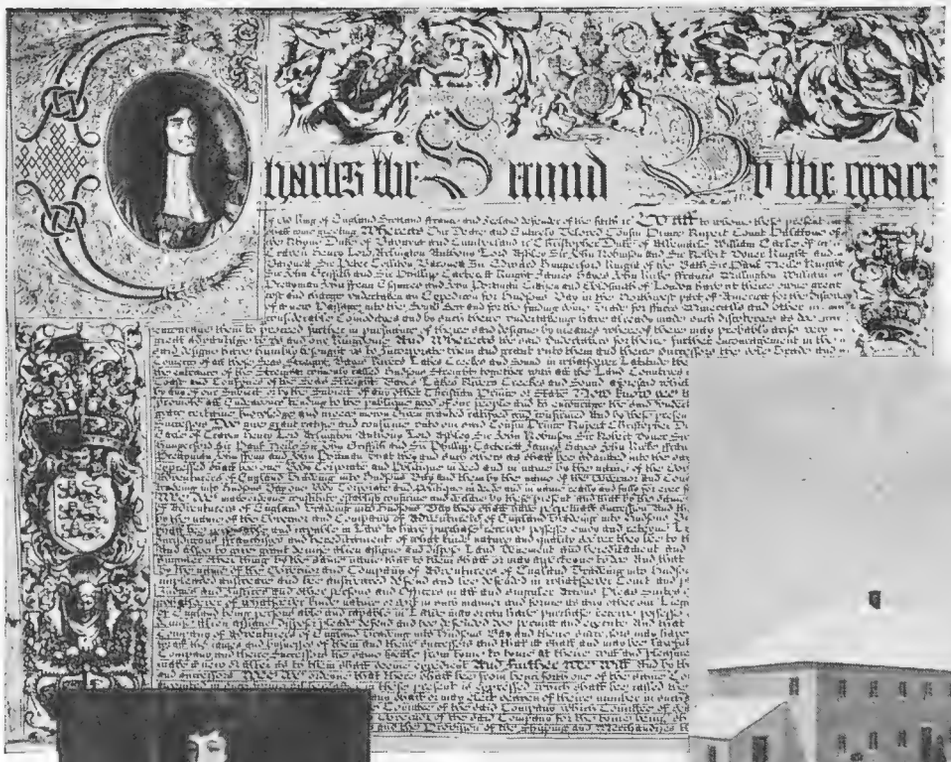
No. 4: The Hudson's Bay Company



A REPRODUCTION of the first page of the original charter granted by Charles II to Prince Rupert

Left: A PORTRAIT of Prince Rupert, who was the first Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Reproduced from the painting by Sir Peter Lely

WHAT one of the Hudson's Bay Company stations used to look like: from a drawing by H. A. Strong and dedicated to the pioneer

A MAN rises to address a meeting of shareholders in a London hotel, and instantly the drab apartment becomes transformed into the historical Court of a Company of Adventurers of England . . .

A pilot, seven thousand miles away, opens up the throttle of his ice-laden airplane for the last lap of dash northward towards perpetual dawn. . . .

A Mackenzie River trapper gazes up wonderingly through the Arctic twilight at the celestial intruder . . .

And a perfumed beauty in a Rue de la Paix salon wraps an ermine coat around her bare shoulders with a grateful sigh . . .

Of such strangely contrasted scenes is formed the vivid pageant of the one great company left in the world which reconciles historical tradition with modern business: the "Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." Nor has this pageant suffered material change during the 260 years of the Company's existence.

For the first Governor's speech in London, made by Prince Rupert after Charles II had granted the Charter, spoke of the same difficulties, adventures and hardships as the present Governor's speech will deal with this year—and next year. Drivers of dog-teams, too, have sped for nearly three centuries across frozen wastes towards the same perpetual dawn; while perfumed beauties, from Nell Gwynn onwards, have wrapped costly furs from the Company's outposts lovingly around them with never a thought of the stories of hardships and adventure that lie behind every costly fur.

The Company was originally formed for the purpose of importing into Europe the furs and skins which it obtained from the Indians in North America. Its first capital was measured in millions, not of sterling, but of square mileage. This is true to-day, and when the new Governor, Mr. Patrick Ashley Cooper, made his first speech to shareholders a few months ago he referred to an item in the balance sheet of 2,381,365 acres of unsold land.

ANCIENT and Modern. Chief Deschamp, Ojibway tribe, contemplates a flight in the white man's giant bird, at St. Charles aviation ground, Winnipeg

THE Company of to-day still has its headquarters in London, which it has made the chief distributing centre of the world's fur trade. It is a combination of big-store owner, land seller and fur importer, with assets estimated at £15,000,000, and a business organisation which stretches from mid-Europe right across North America to the Arctic outposts whose factors—before the introduction of the airplane service last autumn—were visited but once a year by the Company's trading vessel.

Glance at a map of North America, and you

BUSINESS:

Continuing a New Series of the Romance of Great Enterprises, and the Men behind them

By Gordon Beckles

Interior of Fort Garry. Reproduced settlers of the Canadian North-West

THE first sale of furs by the Hudson's Bay Company, at Garraway's Coffee House, London, 1671

NOT quite the Ideal Home. The cabin at Douglas Lodge, (old Fort St. James), on Stuart Lake, where Sir James Stuart took his bride, he being the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Post, Fort St. James, in the year 1806

will see how remote are such places as Fort Herschel, at the northern mouth of the Mackenzie River, to reach which a ship must first penetrate the Behring Straits and then sail south-eastward again. Here, indeed, time has stood still for the Hudson's Bay Company. . . .

It was on May 2nd, 1497, that John Cabot set sail from Bristol on board the *Mathew*, and after fifty-two days at sea, reached the shores of Canada. And it was on May 2nd, 1670, nearly two centuries later, that Charles II granted a Royal Charter to "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay."

Forty years after Cabot's discovery Jacques Cartier, a seaman of St. Malo, sent out by the French King, sailed up the St. Lawrence as far as the spot where Montreal now stands. Then, in the early years of the seventeenth century, de Champlain, the French explorer, began the settlement of Quebec and laid the foundations of France's North American colonies. It is a strange fact that the foundation of the Hudson's Bay Company, which in the course of the next century was to be involved in so many fierce struggles with its French rivals in the New World, was largely the result of the enterprise and pioneering spirit of two Frenchmen.

Pierre Radisson and Medard Chouart des Groseilliers were two bright young men among the French settlers on the St. Lawrence River in the middle of the seventeenth century. They conceived the idea that a wonderful business could be done with the Indians by trading with them on a large scale for fur. Radisson probably knew more about the Indians than any man of his time, for he had been captured by them as a youth and had lived among them for two years. He was a brave and adventurous fellow who had imagination and a passion for exploration.

He and his friend Groseilliers planned an expedition by sea to the shores of Hudson Bay, which they knew to be the best country for furs. Having failed to obtain from their countrymen support for their scheme, the two adventurers travelled to England. Here they were successful, and British capital was forthcoming to defray the cost of the expedition.

(*Continued on page* 106)

THE Hudson's Bay Company owns—quite apart from its fur organisation—large modern department stores. A night view of the famous store at Vancouver

Eight

Illustrated with photographs by
Peter North

SHE rang the bell and the maid came in almost instantly with the tray, her mail, and the crisply folded papers. "Is Mr. Fayre still asleep?" she asked, sitting up in bed

SHE woke slowly, stretched out her beautiful arms high above her head, and began to think with drowsy pleasure of the coming day. The curtains were still drawn; through them filtered a pinkish light that brought a subdued glitter from the crystal and gold fittings of the dressing-table. There was the scent of narcissi in the room. She liked to wake like this, some minutes before the maid came in with her coffee and grapefruit; to lie curled up in the warm bed, yawning and tautening her body until the joints cracked. A-ah! That was good! And again—a-ah! that was good!

Even after all these years she had never lost her naïve, small town amazement at being able to wake up slowly in a room like this, knowing that behind the closed door other people were working so that her coffee would be steaming in the percolator, her grapefruit perfectly chilled. Perhaps, she thought, it was just as well. Where others had lost their heads, she had gone on working hard, never satisfied with herself, always incredulous that the fair-weather spell would last and that the public would continue to rush forward with their money when they saw the name "Adrienne Conway" dancing in red electrics over Broadway. She had even managed to save, in spite of an ermine coat and a sleek imported *coupé de ville* and the expenses of the apartment. They had been such amazing years for her and Sonnie; the successes had rolled in one after the other like a series of vast golden waves. She had never lost a small town thriftiness, either. To her mind, a scarf of silver foxes could not equal the snug, tight little feeling of security that came when she deposited another parcel of bonds at the bank.

Because this was an anniversary, she let herself think back into those amazing years. Amazing! For after all, what assets had she had at the beginning of the struggle? Youth, vitality, a perfect body, plenty of impudence, an unlimited capacity for hard work—that was all. Thousands of girls had as much, or more, stock-in-trade. Yet those were the weapons with which she had fought her way, by sheer force of character and indomitable pluck, to the position of the most popular musical comedy star on Broadway. What was more, she had carried Sonnie with her. That was not the least of her triumphs.

Well, people liked her and

"THAT Mizz Adrienne Fayre? Say, your husband is in a terrible bad way, Mizz Fayre. Will you come over right away?"

Year Limit: *The Story of a Stage Marriage*

By Mollie Panter Downes

said that she was a good sport, a good trouper, because she did not try to forget those hard times. She liked to look back occasionally and remember. It kept her humble. It kept her sense of balance between the subway and an imported *coupé de ville*. . . .

TO-DAY was the eighth anniversary of her marriage to Sonnie Fayre. She smiled, and looking towards the door that connected their two rooms, called, "Are you awake, honey?" There was no answer. She rang the bell, and the maid came in almost instantly with the tray, her mail, and the crisply folded morning papers.

"Is Mr. Fayre still asleep?" she asked, sitting up in bed and yawning again as the ruffled window shades sighed upwards and pale spring sunshine flooded into the room.

"No, madam, he went out very early after a telephone call. Someone wanted to speak to him and said that it was urgent."

"Urgent?"

"Yes, madam. Mr. Fayre seemed in a great hurry when he went out."

"I see."

She frowned, sipped her coffee, and thoughtfully looked at the headlines. Urgent! The word had an unpleasant sound, dropped so suddenly into the morning sunlight and the scent of narcissi. But, she consoled herself swiftly, if it had been anything really serious Sonnie would have called her. He was like that. Dependent. Besides, it was not in her nature to worry; she had taught herself to live happily and completely in the present. She sipped her coffee, attacked the grapefruit with appetite and began to glance through her mail.

They were dull letters; she put them aside to hand over to her secretary, and turned over a little bundle of press-cuttings. The topmost one had been clipped from a gossipy daily column. "Saw the fair Adrienne Conway, radiant in black velvet with white fox trimmings, supping with friend husband Sonnie Fayre. This marriage seems to be going as merrily as ever, in spite of the fact that it is shortly approaching the eight year limit. The genuine article, and no Press agent's gag, either. Adrienne told us that her new show, *Put It There!* is a hot box-office success, and the astute Hollywood scouts have their eye. . . ."

She smiled and laid the clipping aside, curled up once more among her lace-edged pillows. Eight year limit! Yes, she was proud of her marriage and its success. Thinking of it gave her the same snug, tight little feeling of security that came when she deposited another parcel of bonds at the bank. Only once in those eight years had she felt the solid ground of their marriage sliding under her feet, and then the affair had been so slight that even the gossip writers had not got wind of it. The girl, a pretty little redhead in the chorus of Adrienne's show, had been too frightened to give trouble. Adrienne settled the incident swiftly and without making a fuss, and brought a subdued Sonnie well to heel. She could laugh about it now, quite genuinely. There had been no more redheads.

"YES, I'll come right away. Where is it? Yes . . . yes . . . tell him I'm coming right away . . . Who are you?"

LYING in bed, warm and contented, she thought affectionately of Sonnie. He was part of her success. Everyone knew that if he had not married Adrienne Conway he would still be playing juvenile leads in musical comedy; as it was, his name in electrics blazed only slightly smaller than her own. His photograph, taken with her, stood on the dressing-table. He was good looking in a slight dark way, with sulky lashes and an indefinite chin. Adrienne's face, for all its small-boned and exquisite fragility, was the stronger of the two. He knew it, and relied on her for everything; waited for her shrewd, cool judgment before making a decision; said crisply "I'll think it over," and looked appealingly at Adrienne to see what the answer was to be. That was why, if it had been anything really urgent. . . .

Unconsciously the frown had returned between her eyebrows. She picked up a newspaper absently, opened it and absently glanced down a column of lesser news. Well-known clubman seeks divorce . . something happening in Rumania . . . taxi smash on Broadway. . . .

"TAXI SMASH ON BROADWAY.

"The driver was seriously injured and his woman passenger received severe concussion and spinal injuries when a taxi overturned after skidding into a private car, owned by Mrs. Bryant Van Neck, of Park Avenue, in the early hours of yesterday afternoon. The young woman, who is now in a critical condition, was removed instantly to hospital, and was later identified as Ione Marsh, of 172, East . . ."

The things that happened to people! She laid down the paper and with her finger-tips began to massage the worried pucker out of her forehead. Urgent! What could be so urgent that Sonnie, this morning of all mornings, must get up early and go out? She felt all the ridiculous disappointment of a child done out of a promised treat. On the dressing-table was a slender leather case containing a set of onyx and crystal links and studs—her anniversary present to him. Sonnie had plenty already, it was true, but the onyx and crystal had taken her fancy in Tiffany's . . . .

She swept the litter of envelopes and papers irritably aside, and put out a hand for the négligée that lay over the plump taffeta back of a little French armchair. As though hoping to find some clue in Sonnie's room, she opened the connecting door, and stood gazing for a moment, too surprised to move. The room was still in the confusion in which he must have left it. His bed—stern walnut here with a spread of Sheraton green—had all its covers trailing on the floor; every drawer and cupboard in the place was gaping. He seemed to have tugged one tree out of a pair of shoes and then to have discarded them both, impatiently. And this from Sonnie, who made such an impossible fad of neatness that she had often laughed. . . .

She came into the room slowly, her fingers against her lip. Urgent! The word screamed from the confusion in red letters. Urgent, urgent, urgent! And

then she saw something that smoothed the nervous little lines from the corners of her eyes and mouth as though by magic. Among the litter of Sonnie's tortoiseshell brushes and cigarettes and hair lotion was a slender velvet case. She pressed the catch, and stood there smiling at a beautiful brooch —a monogram in diamonds of her initials "A. C." Eighth anniversary. Eight year limit. He had not forgotten. All was well in this beautiful world if he had not forgotten.

She put the case back again and went into her own bedroom, humming a little song. Standing in the thin, ironic sunshine, she stretched her arms high over her head once more and tautened every muscle in her supple body. A-ah, that was good! Life was good! The scent of narcissi made her want to be out of doors, walking briskly through the gay, noisy streets. She still hummed her song, louder now and clearer, as she went through the familiar routine of exercises, bath, shower.

"I'll wear the new dark-green suit from Vionnet," she called above the noise of the shower.

It was so gay and jaunty; it had an absurd little jacket edged with broadtail, and with it went a ridiculous broadtail muff. It made her look young. To-day she had a particular need of looking young.

Ain't got nobody
To tell my dreams to,
Ain't got nobody
To sell my schemes to—hoo-hoo-hoo.

"Is Mr. Fayre back yet?"

"No, madam."

"Well, all right. When he comes in, tell him I couldn't wait. I'm lunching with Mr. Carson at the Algonquin. Is the car here?"

The apartment was still, full of sun and the scent of flowers. She glanced in rapidly at the rooms as she passed on her way to the elevator. Someone with a cynical turn of humour had said that all good interior decorators when they died went to Adrienne Conway's apartment. Only one room had escaped the pervading sleekness, and that belonged to Sonnie. There was a big, bulging sofa in there; a piano littered with music. Every table was scored with the light circles of wet glasses. The smell of cigars clung to the curtains and cushions. Somehow people seemed to like sitting here rather than in the living-room with its Italian brocaded settee and lovely pools of lamplight reflected in smoky old Venetian glass.

Adrienne was swept down in the elevator towards her busy day. She left Joe Carson to his cocktail and rang up from the Algonquin.

"Mr. Fayre home yet? No telephone message? Oh, well . . . I'll be home at five."

She came out of the telephone box with the nervous little frown back again between her eyebrows. It stayed there all the afternoon as she went from her dressmaker's to the photographer's to have a new set of publicity photographs taken, called in at the theatre, kept a tea appointment. Urgent! Why should one word be so frightening? Why hadn't Sonnie telephoned? She tried to climb back into the morning's mood of comfortable, philosophic well-being, but it eluded her. She felt nervous and on edge.

"Turn the head a little more to the right, Miss Conway."

"I'm sorry. I don't seem able to concentrate. Suppose we leave them and I'll come along to-morrow? I've got a terrible headache . . ."

Home again in the swift, silently darting *coupé de ville*. By now her uneasiness was something definite and heart-twisting. Something had happened. *What* had happened? She almost ran the few steps from the elevator to the door of the apartment.

"Mr. Fayre back yet?"

"No, madam, he's not back."

And then the telephone shrilled. She called "Leave it!" and darted over to the screaming instrument, lifted it, crouched down on her bed with her hand cupped over the mouthpiece.

"Yes, yes? Sonnie? What's that? Yes, I am Mrs. Fayre."

A woman's voice said:

HER face was swollen with crying. "I am Mrs. Fayre," said Adrienne, and walked past her

"That Mizz Adrienne Fayre? Say, your husband is in a terrible bad way, Mizz Fayre. Will you come over right away? He keeps askin' for you . . ."

She said mechanically, still crouched over the telephone:

"Yes, I'll come right away. Where is it? Yes . . . yes . . . tell him I'm coming right away." It was only when there was a click and silence at the other end of the line that she remembered to cry ineffectually: "*Who are you?*"

Because the red word jumping about in her brain was "accident," the first thing that she did after getting up quite quietly from the bed was to get a flask filled with Bourbon. With it clasped in her hand, she walked quickly to the elevator, was hurled downwards to the foyer, and walked a few hundred yards up the street to find a taxi. The door slammed. She sat bolt upright, staring out at the heartless, roaring streets. Some minutes later she realised that one of her hands still clasped the ridiculous broadtail muff; she turned it over absently as though it were an absurd toy which did not belong to her at all.

The taxi stopped before a brownstone apartment house. She climbed to the third floor and glanced vaguely at the card over the bell-push. "Ione Marsh." Now where had she——? There was the sound of slow footsteps, and a great, raw-boned girl peered round the edge of the door. Her face was swollen with crying.

"I am Mrs. Fayre," said Adrienne, and walked past her.

In the tiny hall she turned.

"Where is Mr. Fayre?"

The girl opened a door, and Adrienne saw Sonnie sitting on a sofa, staring at the floor. She went in quickly and closed the door in the girl's stupid, tear-stained face.

Her first thought was "Thank God he's all right—nothing has happened after all!" Then she looked at him closely and saw that something terrible had happened. A whole revolution

had taken place in Sonnie's face. It was a ruin, a gutted ruin; the smooth walls of his dapper, clean-shaven good looks seemed to have collapsed. His whole body had collapsed. Shoulders bowed, he sat there. A ruin, a gutted ruin. A flabby balloon out of which all the air had escaped.

He started up when he saw her.

"Addie! I had to send for you. Understand? I had to! I got that girl to telephone and ask you to come. About an hour ago I felt that I was going crazy, and I thought that if you were here—maybe it's yellow of me to drag you into this, honey, but I thought I was going crazy, see? I——"

"Sonnie," she said quietly, "pull yourself together and tell me what's happened."

He was shivering violently.

"All right," he said, "Give me a moment, honey. It's—hard . . ."

She gave him the flask.

"Take a pull at this, there's a boy."

"Thanks, Addie. You're a good sport."

His teeth chattered against the metal. He gulped, sighed, gulped again. Adrienne sat waiting. Her heart was beating violently. She glanced round the room. Buff coloured walls; low, comfortable chairs; a great many books and papers. There were narcissi here, too. Someone had arranged them cleverly in a pitcher of yellow, Italian lustre ware, but they were just a little faded. The room looked unpretentious but friendly. People had read those books, lowered tired bodies gratefully in the deep armchairs, and stretched out their hands companionably towards clinking glasses. The place had a lived-in, comfortable look, like a well-worn glove.

She found herself looking at a large photograph of Sonnie set on top of the low bookshelves next to an absurd spotted china dog. There were several photographs about the room; she got up to look at them. This one was an enlarged snapshot. Sonnie in an old sweater and shirt open at the neck, laughing, leaning against a tree with his arm round a laughing girl.

She looked up quietly.

"Who is this, Sonnie?"

His face twisted a little.

"That's Ione."

"Is this her apartment?"

"Yes."

"I see."

She came back to him, still holding the photograph. This is Ione . . . She wasn't even pretty. Small and slightly built; a short, determined little face framed in dark curls; laughing eyes screwed up at the corners against the sun. There was a jet-black mole on one cheekbone. This is Ione . . . this is . . .

"It's been going on for nearly five years now, Addie."

Five years! For nearly five years she had not noticed, had not even guessed . . . And the girl wasn't even pretty. She wasn't even . . .

"What do you expect me to say about it, Sonnie?"

"Say?" He laughed a little. "Say nothing! There's nothing to say. She's dead."

Something fell from Adrienne's lap to the floor, and rolled over and over. It was the jaunty little broadtail muff. She watched it go.

"How did it happen?"

"An accident—a taxi smash yesterday afternoon. She wouldn't let the hospital people telephone me because she was thinking of my evening show. But early this morning it looked pretty clear that she was going, so they . . . She died this afternoon. I was with her. Then I came straight over to the apartment. It seemed—you'll think I'm crazy, but it seemed as though I would be nearer to her—*here*—than in that great bare place reeking of ether . . . I've (*Continued on page* 114)

"THERE!" she said. "Poor kid—poor baby. Don't think of it, honey. There!"

Queer Tales of Long Ago:

Grim, Curious and Romantic Facets of Adventurous Days

Collected, Painted and Described by

F. MATANIA, R.I.

No. 14. The Disciples of Aesculapius

THE modern man, confronted with the marvels of classic sculpture — the superb marbles of Greece, the sandstone statues of Egypt, the mighty monuments of Assyria—must be impressed with the astonishing knowledge of anatomy they reveal. It comes as even more of a surprise to him, therefore, to learn just how little anatomy—from the viewpoint of medical and surgical science — the ancients possessed, even up to the third century B.C.

In Babylon, for example, physicians were unknown; the curing of the sick was left to the sick themselves! Those seeking aid for their several ailments were legally enjoined to be carried, even in their beds, into the open streets where passers-by were, equally legally, enjoined to stop and learn the symptoms from which they suffered. Should one of the passers-by have been afflicted by a similar complaint, he then informed the patient of the treatment which had effected the previous cure. Thus, equipped solely with empiric knowledge, gleaned either from personal experience or, more often, from hearsay, the Babylonians cured each other.

By the Egyptians, however, illness and death were held to be outside the jurisdiction of Nature. Life, according to them, should be indefinitely prolonged after its inception, and disease and death were the outcome of some evil influence exerted upon the sufferer. Once the body was in its thrall, this influence would manifest itself physically, "breaking the bones, gnawing the organs, and devouring the flesh." According to this work of destruction, the invalid would perish; his only chance of survival lay in his potential liberation from the spell before it had committed irreparable havoc. The physicians of Egypt had, therefore, two functions to fulfil: first, to discover and exorcise the possessive spirit by means of magical incantations; second, to utilise such primitive medicines as they knew to repair the damage already wrought.

Beliefs naturally more akin to the practices of witchcraft than to science were held even with regard to the drugs and herbs in use; some were considered of no avail

CRIMINALS condemned to the ultimate penalty being handed over to the surgeons to be dissected alive

No. 14. The Disciples of Aesculapius

SICK MAN, HEAL THYSELF!

A Babylonian custom illustrated, whereby the afflicted were put in the way of passers-by, from whom they sought advice, from hearsay or experience, whereby their several complaints might be cured

unless culled by the light of the full moon; others lost their value, save in summer. The workers of cures believed that they could diagnose those cases needing only exorcism and those which could be relieved by non-mystical treatment. Toth and Imhotpou, who were subsequently deified into the divinities of medicine in the Egyptian pantheon, composed an important work entitled "The Treatise Upon the Destruction of Pustules Upon the Limbs of Man." For a long time, this book remained in total obscurity, and was discovered, in the centuries following the accession of Menes—the great Pharaoh of Memphis, to whose colossal idea of mortal immortality the first wonder of the world, the Pyramids, are ascribed—beneath the feet of Anubis, the Mercury of Egypt, at Letopolis; subsequently, it was presented to the King Housaphaiti.

The path of the surgeon also has never been a particularly easy one to tread, as lack of suitable material, superstitious fears, social laws, and religious tenets have hampered (*Continued on page* 45)

No. 15. SPARTAN SALT

The Immortal Moral Drawn by

ONE of the phrases that re-echoes down the centuries was spoken after one of the decisive battles of all time. The culmination of the Greek campaign against the Persians—that superb series of battles which numbered Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis in its tale of victory—occurred when a small combined force of Athenians, middle Greeks, and Spartans, under the curiously uninspired leadership of the Spartan general Pausanias, defeated the hosts of Xerxes decisively on the field of Platæa.

The Persian king had retired to his palace in Persepolis or Shushan after his exodus into Greece, and had committed his forces to the command of Mardonius. This noble Persian was out-generalled, his strategy was out-manœuvred, and his army outfought by a considerably inferior force.

The armies lay facing one another. The Greeks, largely under the Spartan influence, lived spare; their camp was bare; their food was scanty. The Persian encampment displayed all the luxury of the Orient which has been seen in every great invasion from the East from the days of Cyrus or Tiglath to the mediæval incursions of the Ottoman. Camp-followers, sutlers, vintners, chefs, eunuchs, women—all ministered to the pleasures of the warriors of Asia.

Of the battle, there is little to be said, for the hosts of the East were

AT A PERSIAN BANQUET

Pausanias after the Battle of Plataea

routed. The tale of casualties tells the story: 257,000 Persians lay on the field, among whom the corpses of 154 Greeks might have been found! Mardonius chose death to dishonour, and perished in the thick of the fighting.

Pausanias, with the Spartan desire to curb the luxurious tendencies of his allies—tendencies which, it may be remarked, conduced to the ultimate fall of Greece—took possession of the Persian camp. He summoned the head chef and ordered him to serve up for the high officers of the conquering force the identical luxurious meal which, had the fortune of the day been reversed, would have been spread for Mardonius. Coincidentally, he ordered his own cooks to prepare the normal rations for the Greek army—Spartan rations literally as well as metaphorically!

On two facing tables the two contrasting meals were spread: the opulence of one, its recondite dishes, its delicate flavours, its gold plate, its esoteric sauces, dimmed to penury the simple fare on which the conquering force was wont to feed. Pausanias pointed to the two tables and said: "Brother officers, I have invited you all that you may see the high folly of the King of the Medes! A man who can afford a daily meal like this turns the world upside down to reach our land, fight our army—for what? To get a dinner so miserable as ours!"

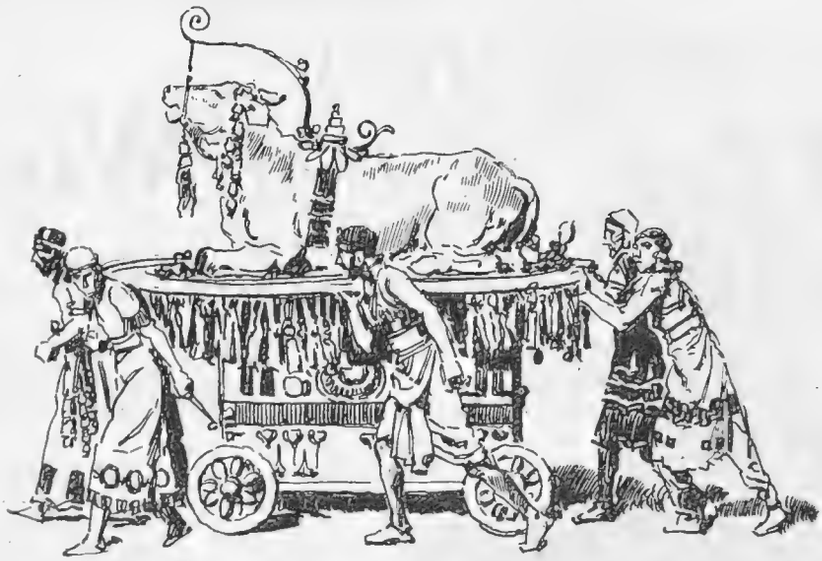
GREEK CUNNING OUTWITS THE PERSIAN CENSORSHIP

No. 16. A Message Through the Locks

THE evasion of espionage has ever taxed the ingenuity of generals, and to pass a message through an impenetrable guard of efficient military forces is a task to puzzle the most acute. Ruse after ruse has been tried; and the problem that confronted Istico of Miletus might well have puzzled a Solomon, a Solon, a da Vinci or a Macchiavel.

For Istico, relieved by the caprice of Darius the Mede, King of Persia, of his governorship of the town of Miletus, was commanded to follow the great king to Susa, where he

was a virtual prisoner. Aristagoras, the friend of Istico, was given the command vacated by the latter, and, proving a failure in various military operations assigned to him by the Mede, conceived a feeling of bitterness, not against his own incompetence but against his benefactor.



As time went on, Istico endeavoured vainly to obtain his reappointment to his governorship of the town for which he had a great affection, and eventually decided to attempt to get into touch with his friend and supplanter and turn to his own account the grudge Aristagoras held against Darius. This, however, was more easily conceived than effected. A message inciting a revolt could scarcely be entrusted to any ordinary man: either verbally, with the chance of betrayal, or in writing with the more than probability of discovery. The difficulty was enhanced by the fact that the Persian censorship was extremely strict and was enforced by military precautions of the most rigorous type. The only people, in fact, who were allowed any freedom were simpletons and yokels—terms, in that era, almost interchangeable!

Istico, however, proved equal to the occasion. He summoned a servant noted for his fidelity, shaved his hair, and wrote in the indelible ink of the day his message to Aristagoras on his scalp. The servant was kept carefully in seclusion until his hair should grow again in all its pristine luxuriance. Then, a simple yokel, he was passed through the guards and made his way unmolested to Miletus.

Arrived at the city, the servant demanded private audience of the governor and gave him the only message he had been told to convey: "Sire, please shave my head!"

Aristagoras, with the acumen of the Middle East, grasped at once the importance of the message, brief though it was. While the envoy's curls fell from the barber's shears, the message was revealed decoded and measures were taken for acting upon it.

By this means, Istico conveyed to Aristagoras news that resulted in a violent uprising against the Persian monarchy.

No. 14: The Disciples of Aesculapius (*continued from page* 41)

his progress throughout the ages. Indeed, for many centuries, death was the penalty imposed upon the bold investigator who attempted to discover the workings of that marvellous machine, the human body.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the theories of Hippocrates, justly named the Father of Medicine, should at times have verged on the fantastic, since they were founded solely upon his observations of animals. In the third century B.C., however, a genuine desire for knowledge appears, temporarily at any rate, to have overcome these scruples in the interests of laying a solid foundation for the science of anatomy. Aulus C. Celsus in his *De Medicina* (first century A.D.) mentions that, in the Alexandria of two centuries before, Herophilus and Erasistratus were given permission by the Pharaohs of the Ptolemaic Dynasty to procure from the prisons criminals condemned to the ultimate penalty—and to dissect them while still alive.

The birth of this new science is not without interest as it reveals an horrific insight into the thought of the time, more especially into the then valuation of human life; for it is clear that, although life might be sacrificed without thought or mercy even in the manner of its curtailment, yet a dead body was hedged about with vetoes and tabus as something whose desecration—as by dissection—would arouse the displeasure of the high gods—a theory investing all classic literature and pagan thought. The epics of Homer are full of this disregard of the living and the scrupulous exaction of due rites to the dead—a type of philosophy of which even the Romish Church (albeit in its days of decadence) has been accused.

What were the motives of these surgeons of antiquity in employing vivisection, it is hard to say. Were they trying to discover that ultimate unknown quantity, that ineffable mystery, that insoluble x—the human soul? Or did they wish to perceive the engine of the human body in all its workings before the final agonised convulsion should bring them to cessation? The past is silent, but whatever knowledge was acquired, a gigantic price was paid therefor. By modern standards, of course, not even the principles of the purist vested in the mantle of all-conquering and all-commanding Science can ever justify this barbaric and barbarous practice; and the healing influence of time is still unable to eradicate the ghastly picture that is conjured up in the mind: on the one hand, the agonised cries of the miserable victim praying for a speedy end; and, on the other, the entranced anatomist revealing the living tissues with the greatest care, not out of any consideration for his subject but in order to observe as much as possible before a merciful death should, with Lethean stillness, terminate at once the torment of the subject and the observations of the experimenter.

References:—*History of Medicine*, Walter Libby; *The History of Medicine*, Cumston; A. C. Celsus, *De Medicina*.

Open Letters to the "Would-be's"

No. 5.—How *to be* an Audience

By Hannen Swafter

DEAR BABY,—As, in due time, you will become either an actor or an audience—for there is, I am afraid, no alternative—and if you want to be an actor, I shall poison you, it is well that, even while you are in your cradle, someone should warn you of the lessons of patience, endurance and self-restraint which will be an essential part of your make-up, if you are to stand the strain.

Mind you, it is not as bad here as it is in China. There, a play lasts for days and days. A woman has been known to go away to have a baby and to come back with it in her arms in time to see the finish.

Yes, you will shortly be starting off on a gallant adventure, one for which you require high courage, a noble mind, and a very kind heart. But they will prepare you. . . .

Shortly, your Uncle will come into your nursery and say "Goo goo" and make faces in your direction. Although your natural instinct will make you want to cry, you will be supposed to smile and make pretty noises. That is the beginning of play-acting. That is the first lesson in being an Audience. If you throw your bottle, you will never make a playgoer.

Uncle is the first actor you will ever see. Then—for play-acting is learned by slow and painful degrees—they will take you to hear the Vicar.

Every now and then, in the parish hall attached to your father's church, there will be what are called "amateur theatricals." The people who live all around you will dress up, or dress down, and be exactly like they are off the stage for three hours. One of them, of course, will be the Vicar. Vicars are the worst actors in the world. That is why they do it. They want to show their congregations there is something worse than sermons.

Then they will try it on you at school, for your school-fellows will insist on acting. And your brothers and sisters will want to do it at home. You will shortly find all around you, wherever you go, that man's chief instinct is not to work, or to plan, or to achieve, but to act.

BY the time you are twenty, you will be tired of it all, bored stiff with merely sitting down while the rest of the world monkeys about in front of you for your boredom. But, by that time, you will be so used to sitting down that even lying down would not be more restful.

The phrase "Taking it lying down" started in the theatre—among the rich. They bought a box, in which they hid themselves away, where no one could look, and then laid themselves down upon the floor and slept all through the performance. That is why boxes are the most expensive parts of the theatre.

You will find, as an Audience, that acting takes place in the most unlikely places of the world.

I have seen it in churches, where the choir does it for a change, and where some bishop has been known to bless it. I have seen it in the Mansion House, in the very heart of the City of London, on board an ocean liner, where we sometimes hoped we should be sea-sick for a change, in garrets in Soho, in village barns in the heart of the country, in cellars in Covent Garden, in open-air auditoriums carved out of stone, on ancient lawns with historic castles as the background, in circus tents next to some farmyard—yes, upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber.

So far, the air has escaped. But, when aeroplanes are a little larger, I am certain they will be used as theatres, for actors will discover, while flying in them, that at last they have found some place from which the audience cannot escape.

The other place, of course, is prison. When, once, I lectured in Wormwood Scrubs to 200 prisoners, who, of course, were locked in the hall, I said to them, "Well, at last I have got an audience which cannot walk out on me."

Some of them laughed. Perhaps, some cried quietly.

Yes, even at Pentonville, actors and actresses have been known to act—they do it at Sing Sing with sing-song, and with scenery and obscenery—although, even for Shakespeare they were in their walking clothes. Prisoners are the only

of the Theatre

Continuing *a* New Series *in which* aspiring Managers, B*ackers*, Authors *and* other Hopefuls *are* offered *a* Guide *to* Knowledge *of the* Stage.

Illustrations by Eric Fraser

Audience who can stand Shakespeare in modern dress.

Now the first thing you must learn, if you are to be a good Audience, is to leave your brains outside the theatre. Otherwise they won't let you in the stalls.

IF you have any intelligence, you are supposed to sit in the gallery, or, at least, the back of the pit, far away from the stage, so that you cannot see it and you won't hear anything. They don't like brains in theatres. Besides, actors should be not seen and not heard.

In the London galleries, a nice, kind L.C.C. has ordered that each member of the audience is entitled to eighteen inches of space in which to sit down. Some theatres employ what are called "packers" —that is, hefty fellows who can say "Move up" with such decision that a playgoer with an eighteen-inch sit-me-down finds it squeezed into fourteen inches.

Now, some gallery girls are so fat that they have been known to take twenty-eight inches. Indeed, a fall in a night's receipts has been explained sometimes by the words, "The gallery was fat to-night."

The President of the Gallery First Nighters' Club, a sort of village Hampden, has been known to take out a foot rule—he is in the decorating business—and measure his particular place. He has sometimes demanded another inch—yes, and measured it!

The Gallery Test is the means by which love of the drama is proved. You boast of it to the world by sitting outside for hours, when you needn't, on chairs, too, for which chairmen charge you. Or you pay a district messenger boy to queue up all alone, sometimes, outside a theatre that will be empty when you go in, in six hours' time.

You wait, and wait, and wait, and you pay and pay and pay. Yes, people have been known to wait for a day and a half before a particular first night! Then you sit in a vitiated atmosphere, at the top of a theatre, jammed in, paying threepence for a programme, which ought to be given you for nothing, over-charged for drinks, bullied to buy chocolates, charged extra, too, if you want to leave your hat, for which they take no legal responsibility.

If Nell Gwyn were still alive, she would throw an orange at you—and charge for it.

When you have been frozen to death outside, and then boiled to death inside, when you have sat through inanity after inanity for months hoping that, at last, you will find a play worth seeing, when you have been patronised by knighted actor-managers, and when you have cheered Tallulah Bankhead till you were blue in somebody's else face, whether she was good or bad, when you have reached the high stage when, one day, you hope you may call Gladys Cooper "Gladys" when she isn't there—then you are a playgoer.

THOSE people who sit in the stalls are not the real stuff. They go in late, and they leave early. They blunder across each other's knees in the dark.

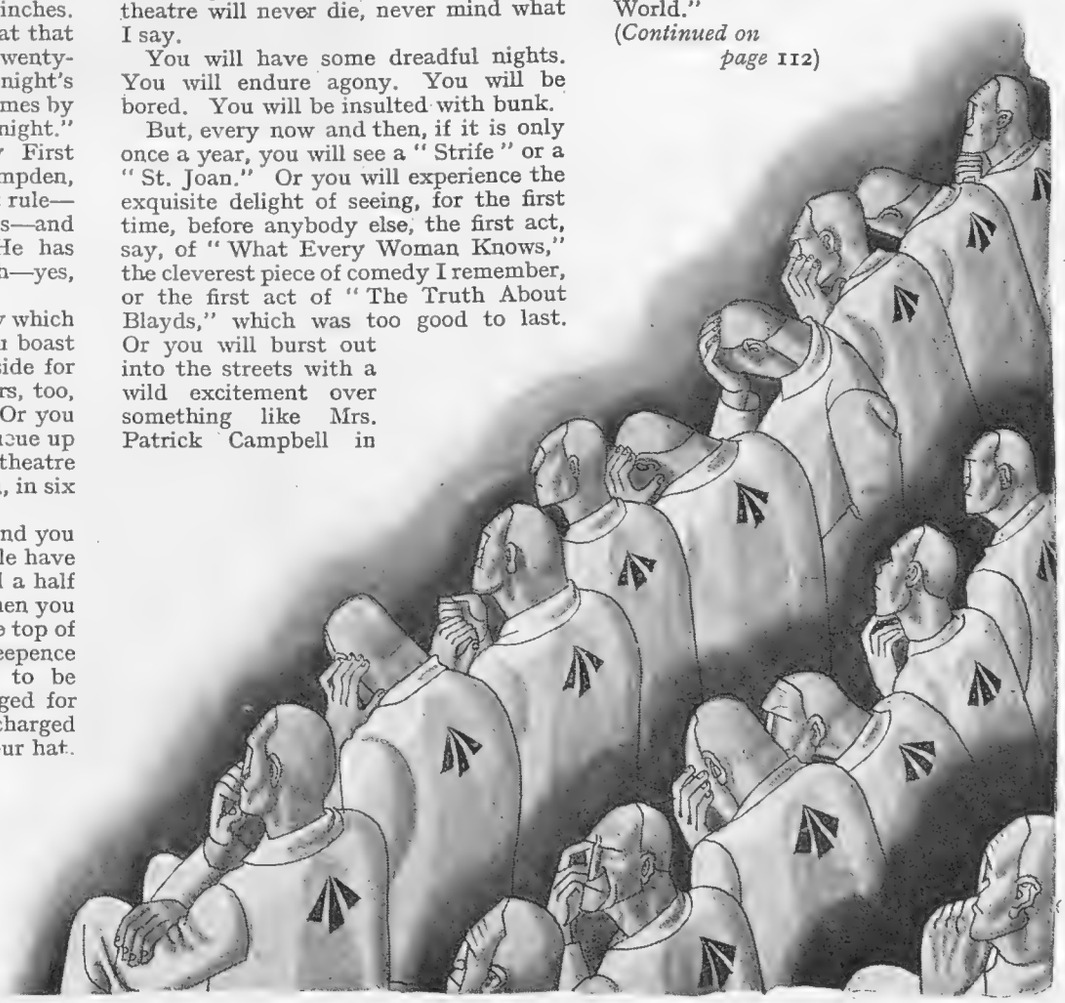
They regard it as something to do after dinner, sometimes, when there is no bridge about. Often, they don't know what theatre they're in.

But you go through the Gallery Test, and if you can stand that—well, the theatre will never die, never mind what I say.

You will have some dreadful nights. You will endure agony. You will be bored. You will be insulted with bunk.

But, every now and then, if it is only once a year, you will see a "Strife" or a "St. Joan." Or you will experience the exquisite delight of seeing, for the first time, before anybody else, the first act, say, of "What Every Woman Knows," the cleverest piece of comedy I remember, or the first act of "The Truth About Blayds," which was too good to last. Or you will burst out into the streets with a wild excitement over something like Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," when an unknown woman showed genius. Or you will see a Sybil Thorndike in "Medea" or "The Trojan Women," or an Edith Evans in "The Way of the World."

(*Continued on page* 112)



BOOKS

Reviewed by
Arnold Palmer

Imported *Novelists*: The Future of *Vicki* Baum

IN every manifestation of the new regime in Russia it is easier to discover what is being denied than what is being affirmed. Its literary manifestations are no exception to this rule. The majority of the new writers are obviously not interested in the old ideals or even in the old technique, but if one tries to go beyond that and to give a positive account of their art, it is difficult to speak with any precision or confidence. Some months ago a very good novel by Panteleimon Romanov made its appearance in English under the title of *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*, and it was easy to appreciate its merits because Romanov, although a young man, was clearly studying and following the accepted literary traditions. In *Bonfire* (Benn, 7s. 6d.) a collection of stories out of Soviet Russia, edited by S. Konovalov, there are two sketches by Romanov which, for reasons already given, seem to me to be much the best things in the book. The one called "White Flowers" I admire particularly—it is a lovely piece of writing. But with most of its companions I confess that I find myself at sea. Some of them seem to me to possess no merit at all; but I cannot altogether dismiss them until I feel a little more sure of the standards by which their authors are working. What makes the stories difficult to understand is, paradoxically, their extreme simplicity. Simplicity is beautiful after a certain point. Before that point is reached, it is merely lack of skill. If you know the pictures of Rouault, the Frenchman, you will see my difficulty. But since many good judges admire them, one must admit that such art is at least a symptom of the world we live in. The Soviet writers seem to me to be nearer to Rouault than to Tolstoi or even to Gorki.

VICKI BAUM, author of "Secret Sentence," could have written nothing better calculated to substantiate her claims to be considered an important writer

Right: MARY GAUNT, whose book on Jamaica will give the reader imperfectly acquainted with the island a wish to visit it

IN spite of what I have just said, I cherish strangeness. Although all novels of merit are now immediately translated into all languages, it is a consolation to note how national their writers, on the whole, remain. Take *The Veil of Veronica*, by the German writer Gertrud von Le Fort (Sheed and Ward, 7s. 6d.). This is an extreme example of the psychological novel. An English writer, attempting such a book, would almost certainly show traces of the influence of Henry James. Whatever faults the author may have, she never suggests the hippopotamus trying to pick up a pea. Her weakness lies in the other direction; her work of dissection is a little too precise and neat. I think the analogy with surgery may be pressed. Leisurely dissection can only be practised on a corpse. This book, for all its spirituality, for all its careful art, does not move.

AS a ready classification, *Sons of Singermann*, by Myron Brinig (Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. 6d.) may be described as an American G. B. Stern. It is the story of a Roumanian-American family in a provincial town, a family with a typical Stern matriarch at its head, several sons—artistic, commercial, and a mixture of the two—and some discontented grandchildren. The novel is planned on a big scale and nearly achieves greatness. But there is something not quite right about it. I can define it only by saying that it is slightly Hollywood. This has nothing to do with the scene being laid in America: it springs

Odd Corners:

"Reflections in Jamaica": *by Mary Gaunt*

(Benn, 8s. 6d.)

AS a writer, Miss Gaunt has many faults. Her observation is superficial, her style seems to be modelled on the smart and snappy methods of the compilers of gossip paragraphs, and she has a belief in her own superiority to other travellers which her book does nothing to corroborate. But she has enthusiasm; and this engaging quality, to which perhaps she owes her popularity, is enough to keep one turning the pages of her book on Jamaica. If, in the end, the reader is imperfectly acquainted with the island, he will at least find himself left with a wish to visit it.

"Fun and Philosophy": *by John Gibbons*

(Sands, 3s. 6d.)

FOR many years Mr. Gibbons was in the habit of making a note of any odd piece of information which struck his fancy. A day came, in the end, when he had so many notes that he felt he must either throw them away or do something with them. He decided to make a book out of his hoardings. He is not the first man to make a book from such material, and his book is a long way from being the worst of all the volumes compiled on this plan. It rambles—like Mr. Gibbons's other books. They rambled through space. This rambles through time, and very agreeably. The reader never knows where he is going, and in the end he gets nowhere in particular. But it is better to travel than to arrive, as Mr. Gibbons's readers know. He is the perfect travelling companion, for he makes all the arrangements and does all the work and then shakes us reverently by the hand, murmuring "What should I have done without your help?" A most flattering man.

from a slight but persistent simplification, or even exaggeration—wilful, sensitive youngsters, for ever being hurt, older men with rough exteriors hiding kindly hearts, and everybody and everything just a little bit more than—well, just a little bit too much. Hollywood, too, the slowness of the story, the making and remaking of each point until it is clear to the meanest intelligence in the audience—a process which still continues although captions have disappeared. They haven't entirely disappeared from Mr. Brinig's production, *e.g.*, "Here, there was a deeper fragrance and the leaves of trees fluttered away from a basic darkness into moving monoliths of silver clouds." To me, and perhaps some other members of the audience, this caption would never become quite clear, however lengthy the exposure; but the style is unmistakable.

CONTINUING to examine imported wares, we now come to a superior article—*Secret Sentence*, by Vicki Baum (Bles, 7s. 6d.). This is the story of a murderer who escapes the legal consequences of his crime; there are other consequences, as the title of the novel suggests. Miss Baum—as always—has written a good book. But the most interesting thing about it is, to me, not its merit, but its un-Baumishness. I can find no trace here of the Vicki Baum of, say, *Result of An Accident*. The new book appears to be the work of a writer brought up in a different school and aiming at different standards. A clear, transparent air suffused her previous novels. The reader seemed to be looking directly at the world presented to him, and was barely conscious of an author. In *Secret Sentence* the air is thick, the movements are slow, life is heavy. Such differences are natural enough in novels by various hands. They are very rare, in my experience, in works by the same hand, for the atmosphere of a story is linked with the essential personality of the writer, and people's essences cannot be varied at will. If I heard music which I thought was Bach and found it was Stravinsky, or gazed at what seemed to be a Rossetti and proved to be a Matisse, I should receive a surprise not much greater than that administered by Miss Baum. I never quite got over this surprise. However, I yielded to the spell which Miss Baum, in any guise, manages to cast. *Secret Sentence* is a fine novel, very serious and unremitting in aim, powerful in effect. I doubt whether, in England, it will enjoy the popularity of her previous books; but admirers of the author should rejoice at this proof of her determination to pursue her art, unmoved by her sales. She could have written nothing better calculated to substantiate her claims to be considered an important writer.

A VERY different kind of murder story is *The Octangle*, by Emanie Sachs (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 6s.). This is one of the mildly highbrow thrillers now so fashionable on the other side of the Atlantic. It is not a particularly good specimen of its kind, there being rather too small a slice of fact and rather too heavy a dollop of psychological sauce. But the story is easily and gracefully written and pleasant to read. Finally, *Which of Them?* by Peter Black (Benn, 7s. 6d.). It would be nice to end by awarding the palm to a British product, but truth compels me to say that, as a mystery murder compound, this novel arouses no ecstasy. If anyone is making a collection of Chapters Containing Improbabilities, the first two chapters of Mr. Black's book should find a place among the gems of the museum. They introduce us to a playwright who cannot attend the première of his new play as he has allowed the date to clash with the first night of his honeymoon. That honeymoon, moreover, he has planned to pass in the country, seeing no reason why he should be in the theatre for the grim and hectic day which invariably succeeds a first performance. His uncle, who has supplied financial backing for the production, makes out his cheques payable to the actress who plays the lead. She, poor lady, is murdered quietly in her own flat within a few hours of the fall of the curtain, but without interrupting the run of the piece for a single performance. "This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod; and there is in this business more than Nature was ever conduct of."

Shop

"Authors and the Book Trade": *by Frank Swinnerton*. (Howe, 5s.)

FRANK SWINNERTON

IT is generally believed that "shop" is boring to the uninstructed listener, but I do not hold this view. Mr. Swinnerton's book will be read by authors, booksellers, publishers and reviewers. At the same time, anyone who ever reads at all will be interested in this light and lucid account of what is going on behind the scenes in the book trade. Mr. Swinnerton has a dry humour which will be relished even by those at whose expense it is employed. I say this with confidence, for it is used very freely against reviewers.

Reviewers are in the limelight. First, there was the crisis at the B.B.C. Lately, the Book Society has been arraigned. It may be that, as Mr. Swinnerton says, there are reviewers of such social activity that they can hardly review a book without finding themselves compelled to comment on a friend, or a friend's friend, or an enemy's friend. Yet I wish he had acknowledged, a little less perfunctorily, the existence of unfeasted and disinterested critics—poor, lustreless, ineffectual souls, they might have been set safely out of danger of a glancing shaft. With publishers, booksellers, editors, authors, and publishers' readers (especially publishers' readers) he is amiability itself. All are honourable men, doing their duty with infinite tact and discrimination, misunderstood yet steadfast, suspected and vilified through a lifetime of altruism and self-sacrifice. Through this nosegay the reviewer crawls, like a worm, feeding on the damask cheek of Literature. Yet even a worm may turn the other cheek. I commend Mr. Swinnerton's book to your notice.

Seeing Life Steadily

"Views and Reviews: First Series 1884-1919": *by Havelock Ellis*. (D. Harmsworth, 10s. 6d.)

THESE hitherto uncollected essays, the fruit of one of the best furnished and most mature minds in the country, make highly satisfying reading. They cover a period of fifty-five years in the life of the author, they touch on every variety of literary and social topic, and their judgments, a mixture of tolerance and shrewdness, are invariably just.

Why is it, then, that Dr. Ellis's reputation has always been greater than his influence? His influence on his age must not be underrated. It has been considerable; but it might, one feels, have been profound. The explanation is to be found, perhaps, in the peculiarities of his style. He writes as one afflicted with a nervous cough. A certain redundancy in his language affects us like a constant clearing of the throat; and then, when the voice emerges, it is so mild and conciliatory that the truth of the ideas it expresses is in danger of being overlooked. Never was there a less spectacular writer. At first, in reading the earlier essays, one is astonished to find how seldom Dr. Ellis's opinions, even when expressed half a century ago, have dated. The explanation, when it occurs to us, is very simple. What Dr. Ellis was saying fifty years ago, we all think to-day. Time, which shows most men to be in the wrong, finds him—happy man!—right.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

Gentlemen prefer Thrills

The FANS *and their*

Women find in Marlene Dietrich the epitome of feminine loveliness and lure. This star has made a supreme success in "Shanghai Express"

Ronald Colman has always been the darling of the goddesses, but in "Arrowsmith" he definitely lost much of his hold on the feminine members of his audience. Helen Hayes plays opposite him in this adaptation of Sinclair Lewis's successful novel

Clive Brook, who stars with Marlene Dietrich in "Shanghai Express"

THE reaction of the public to some of the more important films shown this spring is interesting. When I say the public I do not mean the newspaper reviewers but the audiences themselves. I was struck by the difference in the audiences at two "big" pictures, very unlike each other, which happened to be running in London at the same time: "Hell Divers" and "Shanghai Express." I thereafter and therefore gave some observation to the matter and came to the conclusion that men and women like quite different films and that, contrary to the fairly generally accepted theory that women revel in he-men's manliness on the screen and that men naturally "fall for" the supernal charms of languorous and lovely women stars, it is the other way about: men revel in what I should describe as *male* films, and it is women who form the majority of the fans of the exquisite Dietrich, the brilliant Garbo and the winsome Gaynor.

I will not indulge in a psychological diatribe to prove that the reason for this is the projection of the ego, that men subconsciously take to themselves the heroism and the humours of a "tough guy" like Wallace Beery, the breezy masculinity of Clark Gable, the irresistible domination of Ronald Colman and the romantic ardour of Ramon Novarro, while women, finding in Marlene Dietrich the epitome of feminine loveliness and lure, and in Greta Garbo mystery gorgeously arrayed, find satisfaction and flattery for all their own dreams and ambitions and their secret notion of what Woman (and Woman, no matter how big the W, is always herself to a woman !) is, or could be in more auspicious circumstances.

I will confine myself to describing the reactions of the male and female audiences to the pictures in which the favourites I have mentioned have recently been before the public.

THOSE who had instantly succumbed to Marlene Dietrich's fascinating personality and her beauty in "The Blue Angel" had been disappointed by her subsequent pictures made in Hollywood. In "Morocco" there appeared to be a deplorable attempt at emulation of the inimitable Garbo. The supposed likeness, an invention and an infection, was certainly harmful to Dietrich's reputation. And there were some justifiably ribald criticisms of that final departure, minus high-heeled shoes, in pursuit of the Légionnaire lover, Gary Cooper. "Dishonoured," founded on the Mata Hari story, failed to arouse enthusiasm, but there was no question about Marlene Dietrich's supreme success in "Shanghai Express."

Never has she looked more beautiful or acted more

Ladies like Love, Lingerie and Languor

Fanaticism

By *Sydney* Tremayne

The love scenes in "Mata Hari" lack something of depth and real passion. Greta Garbo and Ramon Navarro

Clark Gable, Marjorie Rambeau and Wallace Beery in a scene from "Hell Divers." The male cast in this film is scintillating, and it held the interest of the men in the audience

Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in a love scene from "Mata Hari." The photography in this film is superlative, but in spite of this the picture depends on Greta Garbo's performance

seductively: never have her voice and intonation been so captivating. She is thinner and her loveliness is etherealised: her clothes are dreams, her every gesture and movement the epitome of subtle, significant grace. No poet has imagined nor artist painted woman more perfect (not morally, of course; we do not expect *that* of Beauty—Venus and Helen set a different fashion.)

But from what portion of the audience came the ecstatic praise? The feminine element. Their "Oohs" and their "Ahs" were audible, and every woman who has spoken to me about "Shanghai Express" has but emphasised this patent enthusiasm. Men thought it a good picture, said Marlene Dietrich acted well, Warner Oland was splendid, Sternberg's direction masterly. The women only knew that Marlene was "divine"!

Well then, what about "Hell Divers"? Here we have what is known as an "epic" of the American Naval Air Force: brilliant photography of aerial stunts, interesting sequences showing the parking of a flying fleet on one of the latest American aircraft carriers, a tale of men's rivalry, hatred, humour and heroism. The feminine interest was, as it generally is in this type of story, incidental. The male cast was scintillating—Wallace Beery, tough and humorous and magnificent, Clark Gable, the perfect type of stalwart hero, as appealing with two days' growth of beard, unkempt and disgruntled as he is handsome in his well-groomed moments, Conrad Nagel, the immaculate young officer, who delivers his lines fluently with crisp masculinity. Men leant forward, bit hard on their pipes or let their cigars go out while the planes roared and zoomed and dived and crashed, and men parachuted into swirling seas to be battered on the rocks. Good, honest male laughter greeted Beery's "cock-eyed" sallies, his unrepentant drolleries and grim, good-natured humour when the fate of the three men, one unconscious, one with a broken leg and none a trained pilot, are lost and marooned on a desolate coast while the rest of the squadron is ordered to abandon the search for them and proceed to the relief of an earthquaked population. And women? Tired, perhaps, by the noise of the engines (*Continued on page* 105)

Red Sunset Land

A Vivid Chapter in a Passionate Adventure of the South-Sea Islands

By Beatrice Grimshaw

HE said, "That's Ted Willis in the corner; the one with the straw hat. He had a millet plantation. He went to Papua; lost up the Mambaré River. The chap with the big moustache is Greenhowe; a fine prospector; when the Waria broke out, he was among the first three to get on good gold. He died in nineteen thirteen; blackwater, I think. The handsome-looking kid next him was Alf Ridgwell; about twenty then. The head-hunters of the Hydrographers' Range got his head three years after that was taken. Jimmy Blake—that one—shot himself. He was quite one of the best, but he couldn't keep off it. Fortescue, this chap in the middle, got a Kukukuku spear through him about the same time, I think, or maybe it was later. Wheeler, in the drill coat, was accidentally drowned off East Cape, they say; but I always thought his boys took him by the legs and held him under. Harvey, the one next the last, was lost with all hands in the Gulf, about Christmas, in nineteen five; the natives said—and maybe they were right—that there were too many cases of 'good luck' on board——"

"What——," I began.

Somebody kicked me. "Native name for whisky. Don't head him off."

Mitchell went on, holding the faded group photograph in his hand: "Fellow in the corner? That's me. I hadn't shaved off my beard when it was taken. Well, that's the lot. What do you want to know?"

We were three Pressmen; we had bailed up Fergus Mitchell in the lounge of the Sydney Metropole, anxious to ask him about the old times in the Western Pacific. Mitchell had struck good gold somewhere on Edie Creek, and was down in Sydney spending it. They said he was a mine of stories. . . .

I CAN see him now: a huge man, hard as teak, with small, pin-point brown eyes that bored through you, and a bloodhound jowl; oldish, but with deep-cut lines in his face that weren't all age; unselfconscious as a forest tree, primitive as water and as wind. Well-dressed, but you hardly noticed that. Something attractive about him, something terrifying, something—I can only use one word for it—innocent. He had been drinking. He had been seen buying jewellery for lights-o'-love. I knew this; it seemed entirely incidental. Fergus Mitchell was—other. You couldn't have classed him socially. The Red Sunset Land had long since wiped out any distinguishing brands. It has a way of doing this. Fergus Mitchell had been living in the western island world—Solomons, New Hebrides, New Guinea—for half of a long lifetime, and the Red Sunset had claimed him for its own.

There were women in the lounge; I noticed how they followed him with their eyes; I saw how Bob Bradley, my mate, pulled up his collar, and pulled down his tie; how Wilmington bristled with hurt sex-pride; knew how I felt myself. To see one's self, twenty something, smart and sharp and good-looking, neglected for an old, nut-crackery fellow of fifty!

"Women!" I thought scornfully, and then, "But they know." And an idea came to me. We hadn't been successful drawing him out. He had produced an old group photograph, some uninteresting pictures of palms and beaches. He was willing to oblige, bored but good-natured. The other fellows were putting up their notebooks. I stayed. When they were gone and I had Mitchell to myself, I asked him, right out, who the eighth man in the photograph was. He'd skipped that one. A dark-eyed, slender fellow, half hidden behind the others. I had a wild idea. . . .

"No, not all dead," said Mitchell to my question. "Will you have another drink? Coffee? So will I. I'm not dead; that's one. And—that other——"

Greatly daring, I pushed my chair closer, glanced once more at the bookstall girl, who was eating him with her eyes; at the station-owner's daughters, who were talking to each other and watching him all the time. And I said, "That other—tell me about *her*."

I expected I don't know what; maybe a punch on the jaw, maybe a cool refusal. Mitchell put more sugar in his coffee, and said easily, "Oh, yes. Zita Lomond. I killed a man for her."

And there, in the lounge, with Sydney society coming and going on its way to dinner, to dance, to theatre, Mitchell drank his coffee in sips, and told me how he had done murder. I am telling it much as he told me. There were interruptions; we had a drink or two, and Mitchell had more coffee after, black as ink and full of sugar—he must have had the stomach of a bear—and people came sidling past and listened, and slipped away when I glared at them. And Mitchell, smoking and drinking, talked.

"I DON'T know if you know how those islands get at you." (I did not; I don't now.) "Tahiti, and the Marquesas, and Samoa; all very well, and the girls near as pretty as they say, and healthy places, and not a snake or a fever mosquito, or a wild cannibal in 'm all. But the West—brandy after tea! Give me the brandy.

"There were six passengers on the old *Tamboro* that trip. They didn't run to tourists then. Nineteen five, it was. You remember that."

I said I would remember. He took no notice, and went on.

"We'd left Norfolk Island behind; pretty, gardeny tea-party kind of place; and things were warming up towards the New Hebrides. When I feel the sun slapping me on the back, when the ship's officers come out in whites and brass buttons, and the wind-shoots are stuck in the cabins, or used to be before they had fans—looking for all the world like big gun-cartridges—and the sea hits you in the eye, sparkling furiously—and there's a light-hearted sort of blue in the water and at night green fire about the bows—well, that's the tropics: another world. Kipling said something about laws of God and man north of fifty-three. He might have said north and south of ten. About the Equator—men and things slacken. As if the big bulge of the earth there had stretched 'm, and they had to go south—or north—again, to get back. There were two missionaries, and a government bloke, and the three of us."

I wanted to ask a question, but didn't dare.

"I was out on a prospecting trip—and you take it from me, in those big islands which no one's crossed yet—damn their incompetence and the white livers of 'm—there's stuff worth prospecting. The missionaries were mishing according to their trade. But he and she, they were just out for thrills. Now, mind you, even now you can get thrills, if you're fool enough to want 'm, all over the western groups. But in nineteen five you didn't have to look. The thrills went looking for you.

"WHAT do you think—one of the first ports we came to, when they anchored for the night in a bay that was just like a stage backcloth in a pantomime, and the residents—eleven altogether—came along for a dance and a shivoo—what do you think, but Zita and her husband went off for the afternoon, fishing, and they came upon a native village where the people were friendly; didn't poke any poisoned arrow at you, or bash you with stone clubs, and Lomond found out that they'd been pearling on their own, and he had bought the makings of a bonzer necklace for her, and paid for it in sporting cartridges which he happened to have, and which would buy anything, pigs or wives or — well, they came back with the pearls; you never saw such a fistful, big as peas, and Lomond didn't show them to anyone on board for fear he'd never get such a bargain again."

Another unspoken question burned within me. It was answered.

Mitchell, smoothing down the short moustache on his upper lip with a significant, unconscious gesture, said, "I could see, even in the moonlight, they were wonderful." There was a blank, in the story and in his speech. Then he went calmly on, leaving me to catch up as I could. "I said, 'Keep the bag round your neck night and day; there's a queer fish aboard.' And she said, 'What queer fish? I haven't seen anyone but the passengers.' 'Yes,' says I. And she thought a bit, and said, 'If you mean the recruiter we took on at Mermaid Bay, he's a very civil, decent man, and I don't think you ought to——' 'No,' I said, 'oughtn't I? And did you ever hear that he tied a native girl behind his sulky with a rope, and galloped the horse till she was almost dead?' 'It's a lie,' she said, sharp as mustard. So I left her there, with that wavy light hair of hers shining something wonderful in the moonlight, like that 'white' gold it was, and her eyes, you can't see 'm in the photo; a man could drown in her eyes, black seas with no bottom to 'm, like her heart—there's some women, a man might run out all the line in the world, and the

"WELL, I was watching it all, sitting on a log as peaceful as you please, with the feeling of the islands running through me like water through a weir"

lead would never touch ground, never bring up so much as a grain of sand or gold to show you what was really there. . . .

"Lomond came along, smoking a cigar. He was English, about a hundred and fifty per cent.; accent you could hang your hat on, wooden face red and shiny with all the good living they used to have in those days; way of half-shutting his eyes and looking at you under the lids; I believe it was a touch of short sight, but it looked like the devil. He was good family, and knew it. Zita—well, they said things about the time she was on the stage, but not one of them was true, not a damned one; he'd no call to be as jealous as he was.

"Well, it was heaven and hell mixed that night, as it mostly is in the Red West, which is what I call that lot of islands past Fiji. Moonlight—you never saw the like, pouring through you like a waterfall—all the palms shining as if they'd been dipped in silver paint; the beaches white, and the iron roofs of the settlement just as if snow was piled on every one, and shadows black like black fur rugs, under the walls, and blue ink-like, about the trees. . . . Have you seen the star a coconut makes under itself on the sand, nights of full moon? Ah—till you have, don't talk."

I was not talking. He went on: "There was that feeling in the air that you get; it's part of it the drum-drumming that comes from the villages, like your heart when you hear it in the night; and part of it's knowing that anything may happen anywhere, and part of it's the gorgeous painting of the whole don't-care place, colours splashed . . . Don't Care——

"Well, Lomond had had one too many that night, I think; not too much, that's another thing, but—he started rousting on her. And before me. He told her she wasn't on the music-hall stage now, and she would please remember she belonged to a decent family. And some more like that. I would have pasted him one, but she got hold of my arm, and that made him worse. So I saw the only thing I could do was to go for a walk, and I went. Anyhow, I wanted to feel the pepper and ginger of that place in my mouth again; Tahiti's treacle compared—I said that before.

"I WENT to the native village; I wanted to watch them dance; it was full moon, y'see, and they always reckon full moon puts the ginger into things. . . . 'Who, me?' Yes, I do believe it. They say nowadays that the moon's radio-active; that accounts for a lot. . . . When I came down to the village they were hard at it; not what you're thinking; native dances aren't all sex-stuff—of course, some of it is, same as the fox-trot you dance with your girl, and maybe not so much. But a lot of it's stuff you could give no name to; something that goes deep—roots down to the wind and the sea and the storms, touches the big power-house that runs the world, whatever it is. That's what catches and holds. I tell you, the Stone Age men that live in those places know a sight of things that you and I forgot a million years ago. Well, I was watching it all, sitting on a log as peaceful as you please, with the feeling of the islands running through me like water through a weir; when all of a sudden the whole thing breaks off; the dancing stops, and the drums give one big roar, and then they're silent. I looked round, and there was Zita coming along in the moonlight, with that rapscallion young recruiter—come to see the dance.

"'You get home as quick as you can,' says I. 'The natives haven't any love to spare for you, Willis, and you know it; and anyhow, what the blazes do you mean bringing a lady down into this shivoo?'

"Willis was looking a bit nervous; grinning and showing his teeth, which he was proud of, and fidgeting with his hands; but I could see, I do'no how, that he wasn't surprised at the ending of the dance, nor at the way the natives were beginning to mill about, like cattle when they start swimmin' round and round one another in a stream. He must have known, before he brought her along, that they'd shut up the dancing. 'Then, what the deuce did he bring her for,' thinks I.

"Zita was half-laughing, half-scared; she'd come out for a thrill, and begad! she'd got it! They were beginning to start that ugly 'woof-woofing' they do when they're working themselves up deliberately for mischief, and nobody can mistake what that means when they hear it. 'What's the matter?' she says to Willis, very quick, and he says, 'Why, I reckon they want back the stuff they sold to your husband.' 'What'll they do if they don't get it?" she says, and he says, 'Take our heads to pay.'

"Now there was just a grain of truth in all that; natives do go back on a bargain pretty often, or rather, they try to get back the goods they've sold, and keep the price—if they can. I heard afterwards that Willis had been trying to get pearls out of them for some time, but they wouldn't have sold him one the size of a pinhead. How he found out about the lot Lomond had secured was simple enough; he'd seen Zita with one—sneaking, I've no doubt. I said to Willis, 'Clear out of it; maybe I can keep them quiet till you're well away; and don't you go bringing——' He didn't hear the rest, because he was legging it up the pathway, with her hand in his, dragging her along. And I reckoned afterwards she didn't hear me at all, or understand if she did.

"I saw Willis take something from her, and stick it in his trousers pocket as they ran; but, you'll understand, I only half saw it; I had my hands full at the moment, quieting down the dancers, who weren't at all pleased at having a woman brought down to look on at them. You see, there's dances that's spoiled by a woman's presence, just as a Masonic meeting would be, and they have to start the whole dashed thing over again, as I suppose the Masons would—I'm not one myself.

"Well, when I had them quietened, I got back to the ship, and I said to the captain, who knew me, 'You'd best make some excuse, and take the ship out before morning, because they're

liable to try and rush you just before dawn, if they get worked up.' 'What about taking away the local whites?' he asks, but I told him, 'They're all right; it's only some of your passengers the head-hunter crowd have got a down on; better get away quietly.' So he took my advice and we cleared for next port before midnight.

"Willis came on with us, and he looked, to my mind, much too like a cat that's got at the cream. I didn't say anything; I thought things would clear up by and by. And at the next port, begad! they did. It was one of the quiet islands, where the natives didn't bother much about the whites; sort of reconciled to let 'm go their way, since they couldn't get rid of 'm, and just keeping on in their own villages, working the gardens and pig-hunting and fishing, and living as peaceable as they could, though I reckon they found things a bit dull, since the head-hunting'd gone out of fashion."

He stopped to finish his whisky and beckoned to the waiter for another—two more, rather; he seemed to expect me to keep level with him, as a pure matter of courtesy, and any faint attempt I made at paying for drinks was simply swept aside. By this time I hardly knew what he was ordering; the big lounge, full of people, was growing curiously bright and distant to me, as I sat, trying to make my glass last out, while Mitchell steadily got through his. It did not seem to affect him any more than the poisonous ink-black coffee he had been drinking a little earlier. "I wonder would anything affect him?" I thought, a little vaguely. "I wonder if I hit him with an axe——"

But he was going on.

"We had a lot of cargo to land and take on there; the captain said we'd stay a couple of days. It was a pretty place, that island; green grass like tennis lawns running right down to the beach, with woods behind, black woods like something in a fairy tale; anything might have come out of 'm—and the smell of the orange trees hit you as you came in, and there were scads of the fruit bobbing about in the water, and windrows of 'm on the sand. I wanted Zita to come ashore and see it all, so I went to her cabin, and knocked on the door. It was very quiet for a minute; there was no answer, so I reckoned she'd gone out, and I was just going to turn away, when——"

He paused for a moment. "You got a girl?" he asked, setting down his empty glass.

"Well, what d'you think?" I answered indignantly. "I can tell you that——"

He hadn't been listening; the question was purely rhetorical. "Just you picture to yourself," he went on, "her crying. Crying like a little drowned cat that's been left out in the rain."

There seemed to be a plum in my throat; a plum that swelled and ached. My hand shut itself tightly round the glass. I pictured myself doing terrible things....

He was going on. "I said through the door, 'Zita.' She didn't answer. The door was locked. I went to the steward and said, 'Where's the key of number ten?' 'Mr. Lomond has it, sir,' he told me. 'Mr. Lomond's gone ashore.' 'You open that cabin,' I told him, and I gave him a quid. I dono how much he knew. He opened it, and cut.

"Zita was lying in her bunk; she'd a

THE Frenchmen made a ring all round us, to look on, and four of them stood inside the ring; I reckon they thought they were seconds, whether we liked it or not

I DIDN'T see Zita till after breakfast next morning; she was sitting up in the bows alongside the anchor chains, well out of earshot of everyone

white wrapper on with lace sleeves, and I could see her arms. I took one look at 'm—and at her neck. 'Do you want me to kill him for you?' I says. 'No,' she says, 'no—he thinks he had an excuse—he thinks——' And with that she began to cry again. I said, 'What excuse? Sit up and tell me; he's gone ashore, but there isn't too much time. And she said, 'Willis'—and I was glad to hear that, because——"

Another of his expressive pauses. He beckoned to the waiter, and went on. "She told me I was right about Willis. Said he was an infernal humbug, and a cursed brute; or rather, that was what she meant by what she did say. Yes, of course, two; my friend's having another. Yes, of course, you are. She said that Willis had been after the pearls all along; that he knew she was carrying them round her neck, and got her down to the village just to scare her and make her give them up, knowing as he did that the natives were sure to go to market about her being there——"

"Excuse me," I put in, "what do you think's the origin——"

He did not let me finish. "Good Australian. Ever heard anyone taking pigs to market? . . . She said that was what he meant all along, and she only found it out when he went ashore with the pearls, and wouldn't give 'm up again. She told me that, sitting up in her berth, with that lacy rag on her, and her hair—women did have hair then—all down and over her; and there were blue shadows under her eyes where she'd been crying, and, by God! I swore he'd pay for every tear in good time. Her husband, I mean. Then she told me more, and I forgot all about Lomond. It seems she had gone for a walk with Willis before she found out about the pearls—I think she was a little attracted by his poisonous sort of good looks; not much, however, she was just amusing herself—and Willis——Well, her husband came up, and he was only just in time.

"Of course, after that she was scared of her life he would find out Willis had got the pearls from her; nothing'd have convinced him then she wasn't guilty; as it was, he'd knocked her about on the mere suspicion. 'What d'you think he'd do if he found out about the pearls?' I said, and she said, 'He wouldn't believe a word I said, and he'd divorce me for certain. And I don't want to go back to the halls, or worse,' she said. 'It makes my heart come up in my throat when I think of it.' 'You're in love with him still,' I said. 'In a way I am,' she says. 'But I'm more afraid of him, and those pearls—if he gets to know I gave them to Willis——' She was scared, and got the wind up properly; silly of her, maybe, but you think of your girl with the wind up about something, and looking at you with eyes—eyes——"

"I know," I told him, unheard.

He went on. "So I said, 'Put some powder on your face, and get into your frock, and look like something; it's going to be all right if you don't give it away.' And then I heard the scroop, scroop of the oars of the ship's whale-boat coming back, so I went. Better have a cigar. They have some here that aren't quite poisonous."

"No, no," I protested feebly, with my head singing, but he did not pay any attention. "Matches," he said, and handed me his box; I don't know how he knew that I could not get mine out. . . . He went on.

"You want to know why I didn't go to the police." I had been wondering; I don't know how he guessed. "I'll tell you that by-and-by. Well, I landed, and went up that grass road that runs off from the sea; like a ride in an English wood it is——"

I wondered how, but he went on.

"Except for the oranges; they were rolling about underfoot, and the air was

like a perfumier's shop, and hot—hot as a greenhouse when they take you through on Sunday afternoons. I went to a pub." He stopped, cut the end off a cigar, and lighted it. I wondered if it was as strong as mine. But I was almost past wondering; a cloud, not all smoke, was gathering between myself and the big room; I could just see the bookstall girl straining her ears to hear, and the squatter's two daughters watching him in a mirror, and laughing unconcernedly with each other, the way girls do when they're trying to attract attention. But they seemed unreal, figures in a dream. Much more real was the scene that Mitchell had painted for me; the hot green alley, with the oranges tumbling down it, and the palms above; the island and the little town and the hotel. . . .

"It was a fair sort of pub—considering. They used to shut some time in the night, sooner or later, and Brock, who was owner and barman, never allowed knifing on the premises. And the gin they sold to the natives—kind that goes 'whiff' when you put a match to it—was never served to whites unless they were past caring." He went on. "Willis was there, with his gear dumped on the floor, getting ready to make a night of it; he hadn't a feather to fly with, but he was setting them all round, and you sh'd have seen the way Brock shovelled up the pearls he was chucking on the counter; only the small ones, though; the rest of 'm——"

"Didn't anybody know?" I broke in, desperately.

"Everyone knew they were stolen."

"Then, why did this Brock—wasn't he an honest——?"

"As honest as you or me. You don't understand—yet. Well, there were a lot of Frenchmen in the bar; the place is mostly French, y'know, and they were lapping up the champagne, and cursing it at the same time; I'll allow it wasn't first cousin to Pommery. The bar was in an uproar, what with quarrelling and singing, and there was an old engine of sorts outside, which Brock kept for his electric light; it went cough, cough, for all the world like a dying man, right through everything, and when the row let up for a minute, as it sometimes did, you could hear the waves bursting on the reef outside, and what they said as plain as anything was, 'Don't care. Don't care.' Only nobody listened.

"I went up to Willis, where he stood like a king in the middle of them, treating and drinking; he wasn't drunk himself—yet—or I'd have had to wait. I was glad about that. When the Frenchies saw me, they stood back, and Brock put one hand under the counter. 'You needn't,' says I. 'It's going to be all right and proper.' And with that he took his hand out, and watched me; he looked like a man in a box at the theatre who thinks he's a bit too near the stage for comfort. . . .

"THEY were all quiet now, and some of them seemed to be sober who weren't before. You could hear the old engine cough, coughing, and the reef was very loud.

"I said to Willis, 'You're going to fight me.' And he says, 'When?' and I says, 'Now.' And he says, 'I'm game, but you're half as heavy again as me.' 'Too right,' I says, 'but you can choose your weapons.' 'Weapons?' says he. 'Yes,' says I. 'This is going to be a duel; not a murder.' 'I can't shoot for nuts,' he says, looking at me nastily. He wasn't afraid, but he was beginning not to like it. 'You needn't,' I said. 'Choose your weapon, anything from boathooks to cannons.' And the Frenchmen raised their glasses at that, and cheered; it did them more good than you could believe, to think that there was going to be a proper duel on the island, and they could all go. So Willis said, 'I choose the only thing I know anything about, and that's a three-foot clearing knife.' 'Correct,' I says, so we all went off to the store to pick the weapons and get them sharpened."

"What is a—— ?" I began.

"It's like the thing they call a machete in South America. Blade like the blade of an oar, three feet of it, and a big wooden handle."

"And had you——?"

"No, never. But I had done a bit of broadsword in my time. Not that that was very much good, with the different balance and all. You never saw brighter moonlight; it was just right for the duel. We fixed up to have it down on the beach, where it was as light as broad day, what with the reflection of the sea and the white sand; you never saw white sand like that. The Frenchmen were in heaven. I could have had fifty seconds, and so could he, but neither of us would bother with that kind of truck, but I said he could have a doctor if he liked, and he told me—both of us being very hot about Zita underneath, though we were talking coolly—that it would (*Continued on p.* 94)

THE gangway was out, but nobody could go ashore. "Captain's orders" was what the quartermaster said, sticking out his arms

HOW much less exacting the demands of Town and enhanced its pleasures if one could escape, at times, to this

A "Place" *in the* Country

Wherein the advantages of a quiet retreat are discussed, and the manner of acquiring it — at the right price

By

Winifred Lewis

ALTHOUGH Town flats offer every advantage but that, perhaps, of swinging the proverbial cat and are an indispensable part of our modern scheme, the fact remains that the true secret of a happy "tabloid" existence lies in the means of occasional escape from it. The pity is that escape becomes increasingly difficult as the country recedes. The only really satisfactory solution, in fact, is a "place" somewhere: a piece of country with your name on it—at your own price!

One must have made a fairly intimate study of the countryside properly to realise how inexpensively a country home can be acquired and maintained. That is to say, a simple retreat which offers the perfect repose of a quiet week-end rather than a country establishment with which to impress one's friends.

Situation is, of course, the ruling factor in the matter of rents, so that if you are bent upon establishing yourself in some well-known beauty spot with "every convenience" at hand you must be prepared to pay accordingly. On the other hand, cottages of reasonable size—say, up to six rooms—in remote but lovely situations are obtainable for as little as seven to eight shillings a week. Ten shillings a week is enough to rent a house of quite generous proportions in some parts of the country if one is content with well water and lamp lighting—all part of the fun to the "country minded."

A point to consider is its situation with regard to others when selecting your cottage. A detached house is better from the point of view of the week-end resident and, in fact, at all times. In semi-detached cottages gardens are seldom divided and domestic arrangements encroach upon each other with a naïve inconsequence not always acceptable to "town folk."

MAINTENANCE of a cottage is small in remote places where rates and taxes are negligible, if any. One has only the cost of some person engaged to air and warm the house at intervals when it is unoccupied, and perhaps to exercise a restraining influence on the garden. There are always village people anxious and ready to adopt work of this kind and to "do" for you at a remuneration far below that of the town domestic. Sixpence an hour is an average charge for the village "help" who evinces the most astonishing prowess in such vital matters as the management of the kitchen range and hand laundering.

Furnishing the cottage can cost just as little as one is prepared to spend, and in any case, for a house that is occupied only at intervals strong, simple furniture is the most practicable of all. Soft upholsteries are too expensive to be left to the mercy of dust and possible insects during one's absence, and costly woods suffer badly from the effects of damp during winter months when the house is less used. There are perfectly adequate substitutes for these things at very small cost if you know where to find them.

Fifty pounds is enough to equip a cottage of four rooms or so, and sixty or seventy provides generously for a bigger house; moreover, there is always the possibility of sub-letting for profit. The secret of furnishing is to buy just enough. Crowding is a great mistake in a small holiday house and detracts from the comfort rather than adds to it.

THE sitting-room of a small cottage is almost sure to be the dining-room as well, so furniture must be chosen with a view to both purposes.

If, as in many cottages, the sitting-room floor is tiled it is wise to avoid linoleum or carpet covering, in view of damp, which is so difficult to exclude entirely from these small places when they are unoccupied. Fibre mats with gay designs are ideal and can be had in sizes as large as 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 8 in. for as little as 25s. Where it is con-

sidered practicable, the plain Indian carpets I have seen with coloured border and centre motif are charming and astonishingly inexpensive. £3 15s. will buy a small carpet measuring 8 ft. by 6 ft. and 39s. 6d. a large rug of 6 ft. by 4 ft.

The furnishing of this room should include one of the plain deal kitchen dressers that cost about 25s., disguised beneath a coat of bright paint and further improved with gay china. Quite apart from its cost, the dresser has advantages over the conventional sideboard in providing accommodation for china and glass as well as other items which command precious space in a house so small. Strong wheelback chairs in deal—costing 8s. 11d. each, unpainted—are attractively shaped and can be coloured to match the dresser, whilst providing adequate seating at the table itself which, for preference, should be of the folding kind.

At a second-hand dealer's I saw the mahogany table illustrated on these pages, an old English flap table of charming proportions, for £4 10s. If I were furnishing my cottage I should choose it to give dignity to the sitting-room and to set off the simple character of the other pieces as well as for its more practical features. A Windsor chair and a wooden rocker, picked up very cheaply from the same source, would complete the furnishing of this room without making heavy demands upon the exchequer.

PAINTED deal for cottage bedrooms is perfectly adequate and lends itself to the invention of charming colour schemes. A small unpainted chest of drawers costs only 19s. 11d., and a tiny kidney-shaped dressing-table which needs merely the addition of a chintz petticoat to complete its charms, 22s. 9d. Beds are more costly items, since comfort is so much a part of one's enjoyment, but for the "extra" rooms divan beds are a sensible choice and occupy less space.

Each bedroom must be equipped with adequate washing arrangements when a bathroom is not available, and there are neat, enclosed washstands to be bought for about 35s. Camp baths of the portable kind are generally found to be most suitable.

Lamp-lighting need not now be regarded as a drawback if incandescent oil lamps are installed, since they are as powerful at least as gas in small rooms. Oil cookers, too, like the lamps, are simple to negotiate and satisfactory in every way if one has been wise enough to purchase the best. The discomfort of inferior apparatus is appalling. Excellent specimens of oil lighting and cooking apparatus are illustrated on these pages and prove themselves to be suitably inexpensive.

Some really attractive designs in pedestal and floor standard oil lamps are now obtainable, as well as hanging lantern fixtures for halls and stairways, so there is no need to be deprived of adequate lighting in the cottage, or of the very valuable means of decoration that lamp lighting provides. Oil candle lamps are excellent for use in the bedrooms, having the appearance of decorative candles and candlesticks, with the obvious advantage that the "candle" is made of metal with a paraffin burning wick. The soft light it sheds is steady, and equal to that of two wax candles, while from a point of view of economy they leave very little to be desired.

Paraffin radiators are also an excellent product of the same company, and are as economical as they are comfortable and safe.

UTTER simplicity should govern the choice of furniture for a small cottage if comfort and cost are to be studied. Furnished in this way the sitting-room above could be equipped for ten pounds

Such equipment as linen and china should be serviceable and gay. In these days of low prices ten pounds should be ample to provide a small house with every extra necessity. Small windows can be furnished prettily at trifling cost with crash linen at 10d. a yard, gaily embroidered with wool and supplemented with coloured net. Cushions and bedspreads can be made in the same way, which only shows that the small touches which transform a habitation into a home are not so much a question of expense as of ingenuity.

In arranging a holiday cottage, one of the snares to be most carefully avoided, perhaps, is the temptation to follow too closely the manner and equipment of a house in which more of one's time is spent. One learns from experience in these ventures that comfort in small quarters depends less upon the quantity of furniture there is than on its capacity. It is foolish to make any demands of a small house which it is obviously not designed to fulfil, and for this reason the wise owner will regulate the size of her parties and the extent of her entertaining accordingly, knowing that through crowding the slight inconveniences of a country cottage are exaggerated out of all proportion to its charms.

COLOURED check dust sheets measuring 3 yds. by 2 yds. (3/11 each) are adaptable as curtains for larger windows and are fadeless to the last thread. A folding dining-table has advantages in a small room, as for instance the one above, which is of real mahogany and cost £4 10s. 0d. From G. Austin & Sons

Util

—and how without

FOR the cottage bedroom there is something cheerful and especially appropriate in painted deal, and nothing could be more modest in price. This chest costs 19/11 unpainted. The mirror to match is 6/11

A TRADITIONAL discomfort of the country cottage has gone with the smoky oil lamp. It is doubtful if the Aladdin incandescent lamp is in any sense behind the electric lamp in efficiency or in appearance. In nickel plate or brass, price 42/–

GONE also the terrors of oil cooking. The modern cooker is clean and absolutely reliable. This Junior Valor Perfection stove costs 39/–, complete. The English china from Gamage's costs 52/6 for 100 pieces

ities

to do them

THE more remote the cottage the less its cost of upkeep and the fewer its utilities, though there are convenient substitutes, as these pages show

Helen Macgregor

A PLAIN kitchen dresser assumes an importance and a certain gaiety in the cottage sitting-room when brightly enamelled. The one shown costs 23/6, and offers all the accommodation of the conventional sideboard and more. The old oak rocking chair is in the right spirit and cost 35/–, while the other chairs were 9/6 each, second-hand. From G. Austin and Sons

BATHROOMS are conspicuously absent from the smaller cottages, but portable camp baths are a substitute not to be despised. Each bedroom, too, must be equipped with a toilet jug and basin. The example shown, in two shades of yellow and brown, is particularly pretty and not at all costly at 9/11. From Gamage's

The Conversion of

A Comedy of Marriage, Manners—featuring a Grand Ola Man, and—of course—Messrs.

By Owen Archer

WHEN he had badgered Genista into accepting him, Lindsay's first thought was how his great-uncle Talbot would react.

Dancing and playing bridge on the Riviera every autumn, in Switzerland every spring, in London during the season, and in county houses in England and Scotland at odd times, a smiling, genial chameleon of a guest, prepared to shine or go out as his hostess desired, Lindsay had passed five happy years since coming down from Oxford. But though such living cost him little beyond clothes and tips and incidentals, it was obvious that he wouldn't be able to earn it once he married Genista.

Would wifeless, childless, great-uncle Talbot, whose nearest relation Lindsay was, publicly accept him on his marriage as his heir, and—well, altogether do the right thing?

Aged eighty-four, living in retirement at Longslade, the family barrack in Bucks, General Sir Talbot Vernon Upton-Keble, K.C.B., D.S.O., had become an almost fabulous creature about whom innumerable stories were told.

For instance, when the Crystal Palace stood in Hyde Park, Talbot, aged three, is said to have escaped the vigilance of his under-nurse, and to have been found placidly picking daisies in a paddock at Longslade under the very horns of Pediment, a peculiarly ferocious short-horn bull.

"Darlin' old moo-cow," Talbot is reported to have said, and it was obvious that Pediment was trying to live up to the child's opinion.

Three years later, when the Light Brigade was making history at Balaclava, Talbot and his nurse, hastening back to Longslade for tea, were met in a secluded lane by Dotty, the village lunatic, malignant with audit ale, who had already battered an unfortunate young woman into insensibility.

Five minutes later the village constable met Talbot and Dotty hand in hand, the aspen nurse fluttering in the rear, and was told by the boy that "Dear old Dotty" had accepted an invitation to tea in the nursery.

Incidents of much the same kind were so numerous in his boyhood that Talbot's possession of a good influence can be looked upon in much the same light as the power of attraction in a magnet or any other manifestation of a natural law.

His reputation having preceded him into the Army, which he entered as one of the very last of the ensigns, Talbot rose in the 'nineties to the command of the Cherwell Foresters, and many a subaltern amended his ways after dining *tête-à-tête* with his colonel and hearing Talbot's persuasive dissertation from the alpha of "My dear fellow, I know exactly how you feel . . ." to the omega of "Nobody would have a young soldier be a saint; but when you drink, remember your wind; when you gamble, ask yourself if it's your own money or your creditors' that you're risking; and if you feel you must play the fool with a woman, think first of the day when you'll have a wife and a son, and then, perhaps, you'll box half a dozen rounds instead."

Talbot's first intimation of Lindsay's engagement was contained in a letter which he read at breakfast.

"Darling Great-Uncle,

"You'll say 'Who's this?' and 'What a scrawl! Who's it from?' and turn to the end and cry 'Genista! Never heard of her! Must be some mistake.' But there isn't. Lindsay and me are engaged (I know 'me' ought to be 'I,' but 'I' sounds so formal and insincere, doesn't it?).

That's why I call you 'great-uncle' and 'darling' because you are going to be one and I feel sure you're the other. D'you think it cheek? I do so hope you don't, for I do so want to love you, and feel sure I shall, because I've heard so much about you from Lindsay, who's so devoted to you. I'm simply longing to see you. Could you come to my flat—address above—to tea on Thursday? It would be prime if you could. . . ."

Barmaid, wondered Talbot, tobacconist's daughter, chorus girl, or what? Lindsay all over. He never had been able to cotton on to Lindsay. Something oily about the fellow.

"Chipman!" shouted Talbot.

His sturdy man, who had been gossiping with the butler in front of the open log fire in the hall, opened the door.

"Ask Mr. Hugh to make it convenient to run down this evening," directed Talbot.

HUGH UPTON-KEBLE, barrister-at-law, tall, lean, with soft blue eyes that could suddenly appear cold and steely, arrived at Longslade at seven.

"Sherry and bitters?" suggested Talbot, who considered cocktails "messy." "Sit down, my dear, reliable lad. Good of you to come. Now, tell me, who's this girl your cousin Lindsay's got engaged to?"

"Sorry, sir," said Hugh, "but I scarcely ever see him, and I've heard nothing about it."

"Then read this," said Talbot, handing over Genista's letter.

Hugh read.

"I believe our American friends would call yours a 'poker-face,'" observed Talbot. "In the Army we——. But you aren't in the Army. No. You gentlemen of the black robe——"

"It seems a—a natural sort of letter enough," said Hugh awkwardly. "The writer's young and—and effusive, I should say. Also she's nervous of you and——"

"I'll brief you in her defence when I decide to attack her," broke in Talbot. "Chipman!"

Chipman opened the door and appeared like a genius of—but without—the ring.

"Ask Mr. Lindsay to look in to-night," directed Talbot.

At 9.30 o'clock Lindsay arrived.

"For once," observed Talbot, "you're glad, I perceive, to see your cousin Hugh. I know why. You're nervous, Lindsay. You think a calm and collected barrister will prevent an old soldier exploding. P'raps you're right."

Genista, Talbot and Hugh learnt, was an actress, "walking on" at The Princess Royal's, an orphan, her late father the rector of a West county parish.

"They always are," murmured Talbot; then hastily added, "rectors, I mean. In the West country. Elsewhere the tithes have been redeemed, and we generally only run to vicars."

She was pretty and talented, Lindsay went on, and universally popular. Of course, she wasn't quite the type Talbot usually met. She had had to battle. A girl had to keep abreast of the times. . . .

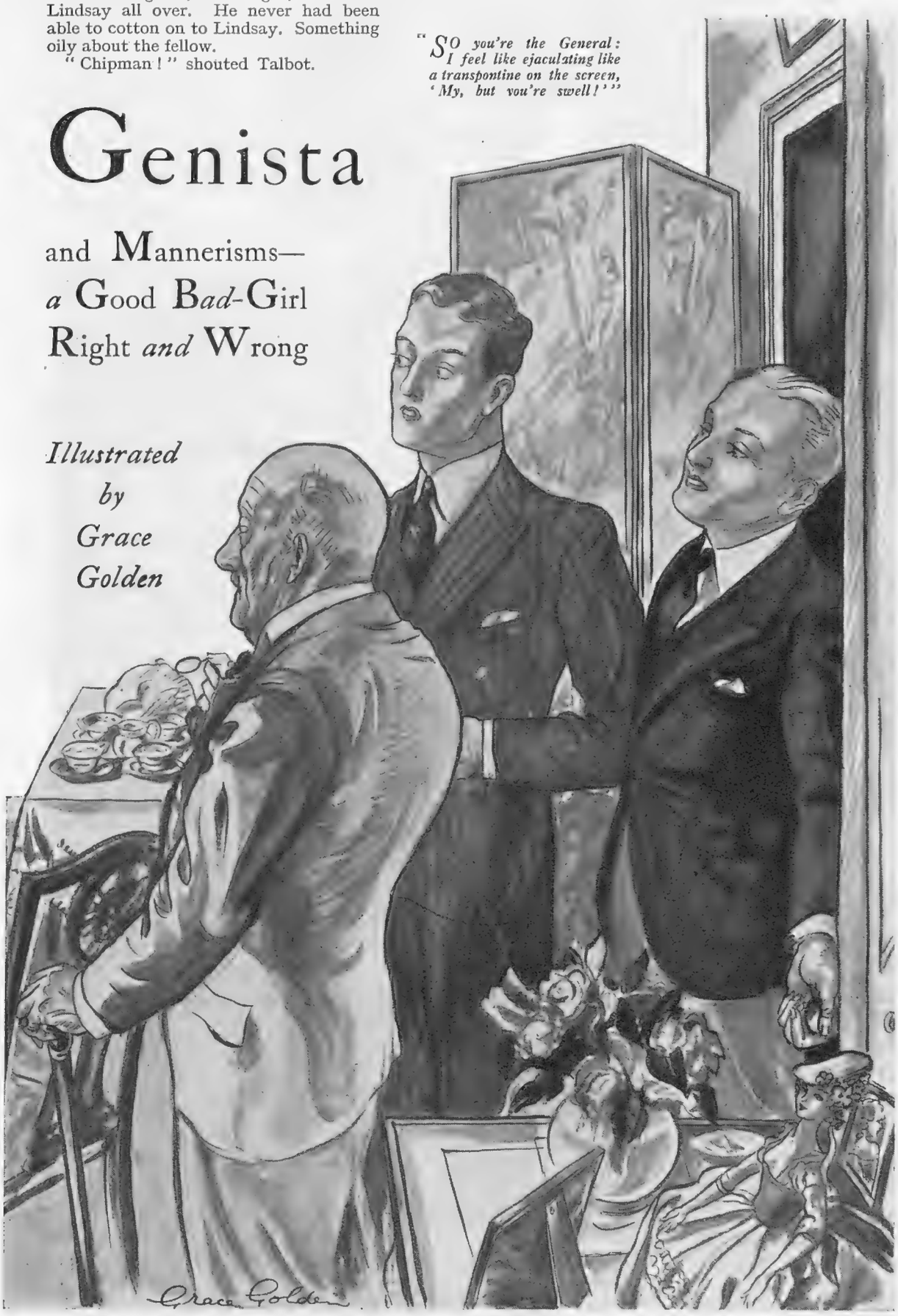
"A modern," deplored Talbot, when Lindsay had gone. "A cocktail swigging, vulgar, made-up Jezebel!"

It was midnight before Hugh got away. By then he had promised to meet Talbot

Genista

and Mannerisms—*a* Good *Bad*-Girl Right *and* Wrong

Illustrated by Grace Golden



"SO you're the General: I feel like ejaculating like a transpontine on the screen, 'My, but you're swell!'"

at the Langham and with him call upon Miss Genista Freeman on Thursday.

At 4.30 o'clock, Talbot and Hugh arrived in a taxi at the portico of Burnham Mansions in the hinterland of Soho, and there being no lift, began the long ascent of an uncarpeted stone staircase.

Lindsay opened the door of the flat, letting out the jingle of a gramophone and the almost overpowering aroma of Chypre, caught sight of Talbot and Hugh, ejaculated "You're amazingly punctual!" and loudly whistled.

The music stopped abruptly.

"A warning—as though I were an express," said Talbot, stepping in.

It was, Hugh thought, unfortunate that the fire should have only just been lit and that Talbot's first view of Genista should consist of a very slim, lithe figure lying prone on the floor, her heels dangling over her loins, while she blew at a few smouldering sticks under a pile of coal.

Genista rolled over, looked up—big blue eyes made to look vast by darkened lids and lashes—opened her crimson streak of a mouth and laughed ringingly.

"I counted on you being ages taking your coat off!" she declared. "Damn the fire—only blast would be more apt! I lit it because I expect you're used to them, Sir Talbot, and hate new-fangled things like electric stoves. So you're the General! I feel like ejaculating like a transpontine on the screen, 'My, but you're swell!'"

She scrambled up and seized Talbot's hands and drew him to a chair. . . .

Subsequently Hugh, though admiring the grace of her, the beauty of every pose (but, obviously, they *were* poses), the timbre of her voice, the fragile chiselling of tiny nose, ears, wrists and ankles, could not help wondering how any girl could contrive in so short a time to do so many things that were definitely not done.

She asked Talbot if he liked his tea sweet, and actually sipped from his cup before handing it to him with an ingratiating smile. She caught and held and fondled his hands to his intense disapprobation—for he liked scones when hot and detested them lukewarm. She lit his cigarette for him and handed it to him, pointing out the pink circle her lips had left on it.

"A kiss," said she with a smile so arch that Hugh squirmed.

Later on, when she had shaken cocktails and swallowed her first at a gulp, she told stories that couldn't be called risky because the adjective denotes a doubt, and there was none. She sat with one leg dangling over the arm of her chair and tailor-fashion on the floor, and she called everybody indiscriminately "my dear" and sometimes "darling."

TALBOT went downstairs with Hugh and fifty yards along the street in silence.

"She's very pretty, sir," ventured Hugh.

"Tell me what else she is," was Talbot's unexpected request.

"I should say she was so excited that she hardly knew what she was doing," Hugh said. "I've no doubt she was frightened of you. Frightened people, trying to keep their ends up, generally behave—I mean, well, they don't show their best sides. There was something about her I liked enormously. If you ask 'What?' I can't explain——"

"No more can I," broke in Talbot. "But I felt that way, too. She's the opposite of Sheffield plate. There's silver under that veneer of brass. But——"

Talbot's recital of her sins of omission and commission continued till the Langham was reached.

"What time's the car fetching you, sir?" asked Hugh.

"At nine. But I've changed my mind. I'm going to stay in London for a few days. Hugh, can you dine here on——"

The tips of Talbot's long white fingers drummed on his shaven chin.

"On Sunday week, Hugh?"

"I'd love to. Well, good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, Hugh, me boy. And thank you for not saying 'See you later, old top.'"

On the appointed Sunday, Hugh arrived early at the Langham and was shown up to Talbot's bedroom.

"That'll do, Chipman, thankee," said Talbot, when his man had let Hugh in. "Good evening, Hugh. Sit down. How do I look?"

"Look, sir—you? Splendid."

"Do I look like Charles Martel after the battle of Tours, or Cordova after Cerignola? You look bewildered, so apparently I don't. Yet I ought to."

Talbot chuckled, picked up his dress-coat and said:

"Lend a hand, me boy . . . Thankee . . . Did you know that Lindsay was out of town?"

"No."

"He's doing the parasite in Scotland. Jenny is dining with us to-night."

"Jenny?"

"Genista. I've seen quite a lot of her lately. Three nights running I've sat in the same stall at the Princess Royal's. If Lindsay's to be my heir, I've got to become acquainted with his future wife."

"Oh, quite, sir. I agree."

"We have had—let me see—four lunches, as many teas and three suppers together. To-day we lunched and went to the Albert Hall. I'm afraid I disgraced her by going to sleep, but she was very nice about it."

Talbot glowered at Hugh and then burst out laughing.

SHE lit his cigarette for him and handed it to him, pointing out the pink circle her lips had left on it

"All sorts of ideas are flittering through that most astute brain of yours. I believe for an instant you thought 'There 's no fool like an old fool.' Hugh, me lad, you 've forgotten that I 'm much too old even to be an old fool. Think again."

"Why should I? It obviously is extremely kind of you to be so friendly with her and all that. It only shows that you 're broad-minded enough not to let trivialities prejudice you."

"A barrister 's not called upon to be a detective, is he? Lucky for you, Hugh. Let 's go down."

Below in the lounge the two waited for Genista. Her appearance surprised Hugh. The size of her eyes owed nothing to art. Her entry was as undramatic as a country cousin's. Her voice in greeting was low-pitched and the texture of her lips was there to see.

AT dinner Hugh found her subdued but delightful. The change in her amazed him. It became hard to connect the flashy hoyden of Burnham Mansions with the unostentatious, self-possessed, quietly dignified young woman of the Langham.

It was startling to hear her talking to Talbot of the country, of wild flowers and birds, of the losing battle the red squirrel was putting up against the grey, of the crime of shooting owls and the quiet joy of hearing rooks cawing home in a fleet at evening, wood-pigeons crooning in the beech-tops at dawn, a night-jar's churr, the song of a swan's wings passing high overhead.

So soon as Genista's taxi had carried her away, Talbot put his hand on Hugh's shoulder and said:

"Well, what d'you think of her?"

"I begin to think that call of ours at the flat was a nightmare."

"So, I think, does she. She 's bewildered. Notice how pensive she was all of a sudden to-night? She 's wondering what 's come over her. It 's my swan-song, I expect, Hugh."

"I don't—get you, Sir."

"Understand me, d'you mean? Then come in and have a stirrup-cup and I 'll tell you."

Seated in the lounge, Talbot said:

"That 's the battle I won, me boy. It wasn't the real Jenny we saw at the flat. I knew that. It was just the modern make-up disguising a dear girl. And I set out to—wash her face. I thought it was going to be a tough job. Believe me, it wasn't. A few hints. F'r'instance, I said, 'My dear, men are inflammable material. If I 'd been a younger man and a remarkably pretty girl like you had lit a cigarette for me like that, I might have flared up. I know you meant no harm—not the slightest. . . .' That sort of vein. Take it nicely? Nobody could have been sweeter. I asked her to lunch in the annexe of my club. I felt a bit disloyal but I warned her that the place would be full of old ladies of both sexes. She tumbled to my meaning *ec dum*. 'I 'm to—to pipe down?' she asked. 'Of course I will.' Behaved like a—a——"

"She is one," said Hugh. "She 's been in Rome doing as the Romans do, that 's all. So it 's *your* work! I ought to have guessed."

"I 'm glad you didn't. I hope nobody ever will. I ought not to have let on to you, but I 'm—well, I can't help feeling a bit proud of myself. You see, I 'm so dashed proud of *her*, me boy. I feel as a father must feel. She 's coming to stay at Longslade when the run of the play ends on the 20th of next month. I 'm inviting dear Cousin Sarah to play hostess."

Hugh stared at the old man and abruptly said:

"You always make me believe in faith moving mountains. You always expect people to behave decently once the decent thing 's pointed out to them. And it comes off. You 're a wonderful chap."

Talbot's cadaverous cheeks coloured as he laughed and protested, "Not a bit of it!"

"And I 'll let you into a secret, too," said Hugh. "Once you came down to Marlchester on Sports Day. I 'd been slacking and my dear old father had been a bit cut up. You gave me a tuck-in that night at the Crown and you talked about my winning the mile and how wise I 'd been not to lie too far behind the leaders early on or I 'd have never made up the leeway and won. You didn't say straight out that it was the same in life. I thought the thought was my own. But it wasn't. I realised that years ago. It was you who put it into my head and made me grind."

"Glad to hear it," said Talbot gruffly, but his eyes (*Continued on page* 109)

ONCE more she had sprung up and her back was turned. "Don't ask me, it's useless. I couldn't," she blurted out, and he knew that she was crying bitterly

Piccadilly Circus

Kaleidoscopic lights, a blaze of signs
And sounds that mingle
In a jostling crowd.
An ever-throbbing pageantry of Life
That pauses not
But swiftly moves along
Down the long years in circus circling.

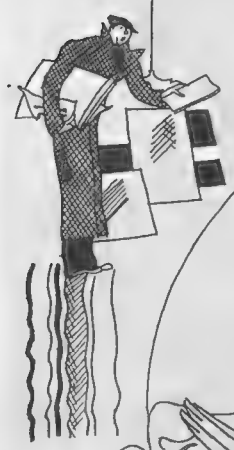
Hiding each sorrow
Stifling down each joy
Just marching as a regiment
Yet undrilled,
Mingling but mixing not.
Part of the sounds and lights,
A panoramic drama never still
Under a sky
Whose light is half unreal,
Under those signs which tell
You what to drink
What patent medicine here may cure your ills.

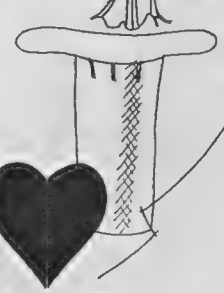
Where you may go and bask in others suns.
What port or biscuit best can buoy you up.
A restless blaze of advertised advice,
That seems to catch its movements from the throng
Or from each motor-bus whose whirligig goes on and on.

While from his vantage
Ruling lights and crowds
Stands Eros with his ever-posing bow,
That best beloved
Most hideously conceived
Statue to Love.
What cynic placed him there?
With smile benign, and love as his conceit,
Gazing impartial, enigmatically
On those poor puppets
Wedged in shifting throng,
Whose meaning is that they have nought for sale
Save that same love
For which he bends his bow.

And yet, whose heel
Achilles might well claim,
But still more vulnerable.
The police move on the crowd,
Arresting here and there those few,
Who, taking hints from Eros,
Ply his wares
Ephemerally made true
Which this odd monument
Acclaims and yet declaims.
Oh, curious circus, with your appetites
Beckoned arrested.
To march on again——

HILDA BRIGHTEN.





Now look *at* Sweden . . .

Glimpses of Visby, 14th-century Capital of the Baltic Island of Gothland—City of Ruins and Roses

AN aerial view of Visby. This Hanseatic walled city is one of the best preserved in Europe. The Cathedral church seen in the centre of the picture was consecrated in 1255

ONE of the many charms of Visby is its old houses and buildings. Here is seen a mediæval chemist's shop

ADJACENT to Visby is Snackgardstaden, a delightful bathing station, sheltered from the wind by a mighty rock

A SECTION of the city wall built in the 13th century. It is about 10,000 feet in length, with 37 towers

BROAD revers, a diagonal fastening and a scarf collar—these are three of the outstanding features of our coats this season, and all three are attractively illustrated in the suit shown above. This is a Bruyère model and is made of a navy blue lightweight woollen material. A yellow scarf is wound round the neck. This costume and the tip-tilted hat of navy blue straw both come from Harvey Nichols

BLACK and white spotted flamenga makes the charming costume shown on the centre standing figure. The one-piece dress has a becoming jabot in front and is fastened with a series of buttons on one side. The skirt has sections of pleats at intervals, and the unlined coat is made of the same material. This costume may be obtained in a variety of colours from Harvey Nichols

THE sailor combination of white and navy blue is always smart, and this year sailor influence is very strong in the world of fashion. The seated figure is wearing a Worth costume, consisting of a navy blue skirt and a blouse, which also usurps the function of a coat, made of heavy white crêpe-de-Chine buttoned on one side. An anchor surrounded with a wreath is embroidered on the left sleeve

A DELIGHTFUL ensemble for summer days, and one which is as attractive as it is practical, is this white dress and short blue coat of crêpe-de-Chine. The dress is trimmed with rows and rows of blue stitching to match the colour of the coat, and has a blue belt and a stitched bow at the base of the neck. The coat is cut on particularly becoming lines and has gauntlet cuffs and long revers. From Corot

A choice of AFTERNOON COSTUMES

THE coat and skirt of black crêpe-de-Chine, shown on the left-hand figure above, should be seen to be appreciated. It is an Agnès model, and has a blouse made half of white and half of scarlet crêpe-de-Chine. The skirt has a short basque on either hip and the very abbreviated coat has long revers and the smallest of small epaulettes of stitched silk on the shoulders. From Corot

THE figure standing at the back of the picture is wearing an afternoon gown by Augustabernard, made of pale slate-blue crêpe-de-Chine. This has a particularly pretty neckline around which the material is twisted and draped. The skirt, which moulds the figure closely around the hips, is flared, and a sash is tied in front either at the waistline or allowed to drop on to one hip

SCARLET and white patterned crêpe-de-Chine makes the graceful gown shown on the seated figure. The neckline is given importance by an inset drapery and the hem of the skirt is pleated until well above the knee. The over-drapery is removable and is really an apron which can be tied on or can be worn as a cape. This model and the becoming black straw hat come from Harvey Nichols

FOR formal afternoon wear nothing could be more appropriate than this gown and short coat of heavy black crêpe, trimmed with deep coffee-colour lace. The tiny coat has long ends which tie round the waist. The bodice is made entirely of the lace and is finished off in a point in front with appliqued sprays of the lace. This is a Martial et Armand model and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

Smart Fashions for the Beach

THE attractive one-piece bathing suit shown below is knitted in Lister's "Diva" wool in white and royal blue. This wool is specially prepared, and will neither shrink nor stretch. Full instructions for the making of this costume will be sent to all interested readers on receipt of 6d. in stamps. Write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

"Come unto

THE bathing ensemble of the standing figure consists of a blue one-piece suit trimmed with scarlet bands, a pair of shorts to pull on after bathing, and a short jacket with scarlet revers. The seated figure is wearing a brown jersey costume trimmed with twisted braids of brown and yellow. Both these costumes, the man's dressing-gown, and the beach accessories come from Marshall and Snelgrove. The Leyland bathing cap worn by the seated figure would be appreciated by all enthusiastic swimmers, for it fits the head like a glove and is unusually comfortable to wear

Shaw Wildman

these Yellow Sands..."

A VIEW of the sitting-room end of the studio, in which Mr. Gill is at the moment engaged in painting the huge frescoes for the Bank of England

MRS. GILL'S sitting-room overlooks the Chelsea Hospital and its lovely grounds, and its windows are charmingly framed in pink and grey curtains designed by Allan Walton

By

Antonia White

A Neo-Victorian Flat

The home of Colin Gill, the well-known artist, and of Elizabeth Gill, the novelist

THE flat photographed here belongs to Colin Gill, the well-known painter, and owes its charming and amusing decorations to versatile Elizabeth Gill, who is the inventor of a sophisticated type of detective novel. The room in which Mrs. Gill writes her thrillers is deliciously inappropriate to so lurid an occupation. With its creamy-white walls and nineteenth-century furniture, its discreet touches of dull rose, blue, and lavender, it has all the air of some Victorian heroine's boudoir. Here are the practical details which transformed a perfectly ordinary room, notable only for a superb view over London, into something really original and attractive. Walls and ceiling were covered in cream watered silk paper, costing 2/6 a piece.

THE small dining-room has been painted by Mr. Gill to resemble black marble, with painted curtains of scarlet satin in the corners. The table is of black and green marble and the bench of scarlet velvet

THE spare bedroom is gay with a delightful old-fashioned chintz, stiffly laundered and patterned in yellow and brown. The varnished doors have been pickled and thereby greatly improved

An uninspired fireplace was completely transformed by being covered in with three-ply, painted cream, so that it looks like an architectural feature. Shelves of three-ply were added on either side to hold books, flowers, or odds and ends, and the door was covered with a plain sheet of cream-painted three-ply, which gives it the most distinguished modern look.

These alterations, including the fixing of a window seat, were carried out by a local carpenter for about £4.

Mrs. Gill picked up two Victorian armchairs for £3 10s. the pair, and wisely left them in their original buttoned upholstery of glazed holland. A Victorian settee cost another 12s. 6d. Stripped of its crimson varnish, painted grey-blue, and upholstered in lavender moiré, it makes a most elegant "piece." Including renovation and upholstering, it came to under £5.

The other furniture consists of a round table painted to match the settee and a painted writing table with skirts of Victorian brocade. The floor is covered with plain felt, and there are two small white bearskin rugs, bought for 4s. 6d. apiece; the larger washable cream mohair rug was £4; the lemon and silver Allan Walton curtains in the window harmonise beautifully with the jade and cream cushions; this very lovely material is about 11s. a yard. Two mirror brackets, bought in a "junk" shop for 5s., despoiled of their red plush and painted cream, make a perfect background for a pair of Dresden vases filled with artificial hyacinths, jonquils and shell anemones from the sixpenny stores.

THE dining room shows a really intelligent use of a small space. Originally a windowless boxroom, it has been turned into an amusing pastiche of a café . . . the walls are marbled in black and green and painted with realistic scarlet draperies. A superb baroque Venetian glass chandelier (a bargain at £8) hangs from the ceiling, and there is an ormolu French plate cupboard (picked up for £4 10s.) to add to the satirical mock-splendour. The dining-table, too, is a slab of marbled slate, ingeniously discovered in a "bathroom fitting" department. The whole table, which looks incredibly magnificent, was made to order for £12. Perhaps the cleverest way of economising space was the fitting of a café bench, in proper fringed plush, along one wall, so that one side of the table could be left free for service. This was fitted by an ordinary carpenter, and the cost, complete with cushions and upholstery, was £6. The door is treated with three-ply like the door of the Victorian sitting room, but, in this case, it is marbled and varnished to match the walls.

There is not space here to describe the whole flat in detail, but the bedroom is particularly attractive and rich in ideas to those who are thinking of refurnishing. Not only is the colour scheme of willow-green, soft apricot and deep cream a delicious one, but the colour-values and proportions have been dealt with very skilfully. The willow-green walls and ceiling are done in varnished distemper, which costs little more than ordinary distemper, gives a glossy surface like the most expensive paint, and is washable.

The plain pile carpet is dyed to match the grey-green walls and represents the most important item in the room, since it cost £20.

The bed is an ordinary divan, with a removable headboard made of cut-out 11-ply, padded with cotton-wool and covered with string-coloured jute brocade. This was about £4. The bed cover is of the same sturdy jute brocade

THE sitting room is papered with cream-colour moiré paper, and has an attractive Regency sofa covered in pale blue moiré. A hideous fireplace has been cleverly boxed-in and painted cream to match the woodwork

WILLOW-GREEN walls, and heavy cream-coloured satin curtains and a brocade bed cover of the same shade, conspire to make a bedroom which is both restful and efficient

(8s. 11d. double width) and the sheets are apricot, so as not to introduce the sharp, cold accent of white which would ruin the scheme. Two little bedside tables have their tops fitted with squares of rose-coloured (*Continued on page* 100)

Getting over the Bed-*Sitting* Room Difficulty

By Olive Rinder

THE divan-bed is covered with black rep and the cushions are jade green, dull purple and black. The gas meter is covered with a plywood stand which makes an ingenious table for books or for a lamp (Left)

THIS clever bedside table has side pieces which may be swung round, thus making a cupboard and hiding from view any objects placed on the shelves. Rowley Galleries

AN attractive bed-sitting room, which by day gives no hint of its purpose by night, has walls covered with a modern flower paper and inexpensive curtains printed in a block design of white, beige and brown. The small table supports a lamp, the telephone and the telephone books

TO make a bed-sitting room look like a sitting-room has always been the problem of the bachelor woman with limited means at her disposal, or indeed of any householder in a small modern flat. But with ingenuity and a certain flair for decoration she can defy detection.

There are three golden rules she must keep in mind: utility, simplicity, harmony. A small room full of an odd assortment of furniture in different woods is most unrestful and tends to make the room appear half the size it is. The choice of weathered or limed oak cannot be bettered for those who can afford it, but for those who cannot there is white wood furniture, which can be painted at home or by a local painter for a small sum. In either case the design should be very simple, with no elaborate carvings, and no fussy pattern on the upholstery.

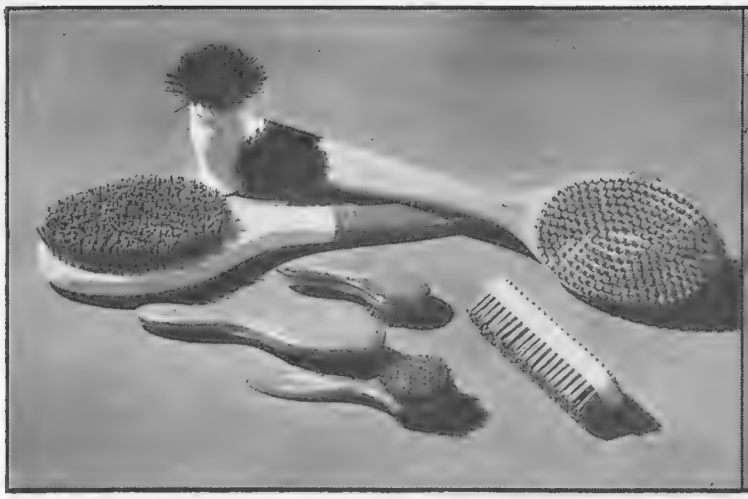
Most women have ideas about the type of furniture they need for the room they are about to furnish, but many of them have no idea how to set about buying it, where to go, and how much to pay for it.

There are shops, for instance, that copy furniture to your own design in white wood, thereby halving the cost of the more expensive woods. Tables, cupboards and wardrobes can be made in a disguised form, to suit the room and the tenant. The home decorator is well advised not to paint her furniture unless she is certain of success. It so often has to be re-done, and extra cost is added.

Walls should be light in colour, stone grey or pale butter yellow makes a good background for any other colour. Curtains should not be too bright unless the ceiling is high, for a bright colour will dwarf the height of the room. Choose a material that wears well both for your curtains and for your covers. Slub rep is a good choice, and is very little more expensive than casement cloth.

For a bed substitute a divan, the pillows of which can be slipped into covers during the day and used as cushions. Have two easy chairs and two or three that are suitable for use at table. A chest with cupboards and drawers can be used for clothes and linen. Have (*Continued on page* 102)

THIS original fitment in natural birch contains a hanging cupboard, a chest of drawers, two small cupboards and a locker for toilet necessities. A flap pulls out from the large chest and can be used as a desk. Van de Velde

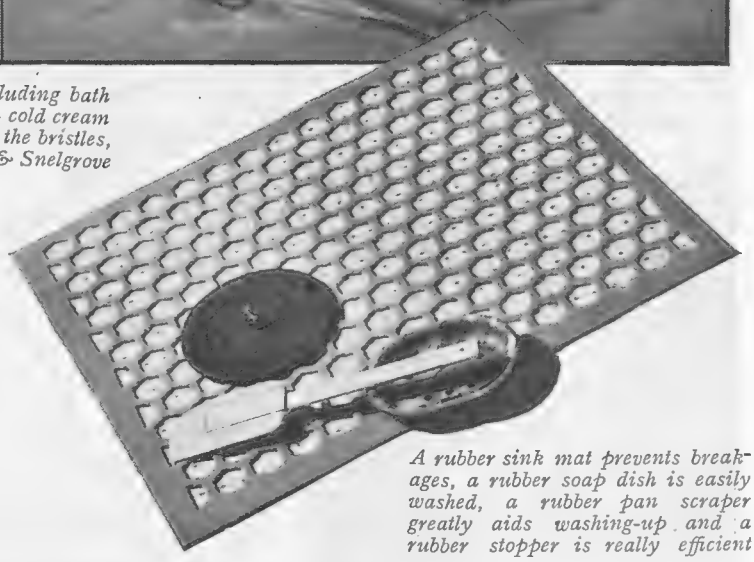


On the left above is shown an assortment of useful rubber brushes including bath scourers, a shaving brush, a nail brush and little brushes for patting in cold cream on the face. On the right is shown a hair brush with a rubber cushion for the bristles, a roller for face massage and a rubber-lined silk sponge-bag. Marshall & Snelgrove

The *Versatility* of RUBBER

By

Len Chaloner



A rubber sink mat prevents breakages, a rubber soap dish is easily washed, a rubber pan scraper greatly aids washing-up and a rubber stopper is really efficient

ONE of the most important influences of modern methods on to-day's decoration has been the development of new uses for all kinds of materials, to a capacity hitherto undreamed of.

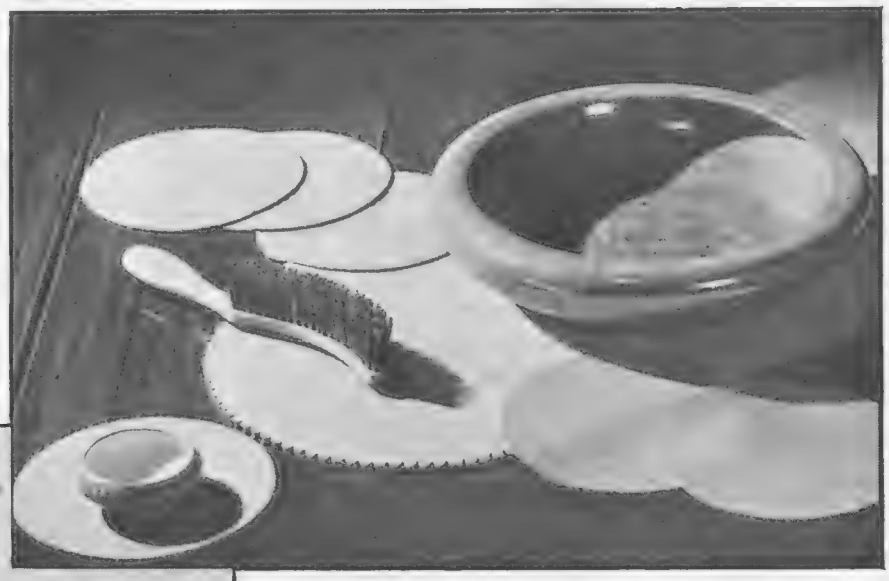
Glass and rubber may be cited as two of the most outstanding and attractive examples of this versatility.

Rubber began by attracting us for its purely serviceable virtues, in such association as mackintoshes, goloshes, aprons, handles, sink stops and so forth.

To-day our mackintoshes are decorated with dainty sprays of artificial flowers that no downpour can damage, while in our home the height of luxurious tranquillity is achieved with the new sponge rubber stair carpets, bright hued, silent and durable. To pass up and down the treads is to experience the feelings of Alice in Wonderland when she ran downstairs without touching the steps with her feet.

Oilcloth, a cousin of rubber sheeting, started a new fashion in curtains for bathrooms, nurseries and so forth. Then came the vogue for oiled silk, invading even bedroom decoration. The newest idea, however, is to employ rubber for the valances of our dressing-table.

These little valances are made from quite cheap rubber sheeting, pliable and light, in pastel colouring. They are in accord with the dictates of fashion, with the added virtue of being sponged with ease while still in position. Small curtains of the kind are no less serviceable for kitchen shelves, while to return to our bedroom, a delicious concession to the vogue for ensembles suggests that we attach a little collar of the same rubber as the dressing-table valances to the neck of our dressing-jacket. Any marks of wear or cold cream are then instantly removable.



(Left) A rubber bottle brush is a novelty and one which deserves success, for it is efficacious and very easily cleaned. It will not carry infection and, on hygienic grounds alone, is most acceptable. The table-runner and mats shown above are made of rubber, though they strongly resemble velvet. The rubber crumb-brush will not scratch polished wood

In these days of enforced economy rubber gloves, at a shilling a pair, save the hands of the woman who does her own flowers or small household jobs, and while still on these personal details it may be added that the modern golosh, coloured and so flexible (*Continued on page* 96)

A Summer Dress and Coat

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346 Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

This becoming ensemble can be made for a couple of pounds and is typical of the styles which will be worn this summer

322. An easily made dress of spotted shantung has sleeves which are fashionably full, a becomingly flared skirt, and a scarf collar which can be tied in a bow or the ends can hang loose. The bodice is made with a pointed yoke. Five yards of 36" material is required, or 3¼ yards of 54". Price 1/6

323. A clever coat of a lightweight woollen material has a bloused top reminiscent of a bolero but attached by a belt to the flared skirt. Four buttons give a double-breasted effect and the rever can be buttoned back on the right side, or across on to the left. 3¼ yards of 54" material is required. Price 1/6

Pattern No. 324 Made up by one of our Readers

This photograph shows an attractive spring ensemble made of Jaska in dark brown, with its reverse side of patterned beige used for the revers and bodice

A very trim and neat silhouette is given by this coat and one-piece dress, which has a skirt made of four shaped sections joined on to the bodice well above the normal waistline

324. This ensemble requires 3½ yards of Jaska, an attractive woollen material, 54" wide, which is reversible and can be obtained in several new shades. Here dark brown is used, and the reverse side of beige patterned in a lace design makes the bodice and the revers of the short coat. How successfully this simple pattern can be followed by the amateur is proved by the accompanying photograph. The price of this special pattern is 2/-

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346 Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

MODERN PATCHWORK

An Easy and Attractive Pastime for odd half-hours

BY VERONICA DERRIN

IN the old days patchwork was made of all the oddments of material that the mistress of the house had collected, and was done piece by piece by ladies with a passionate desire to appear usefully occupied whilst talking scandal.

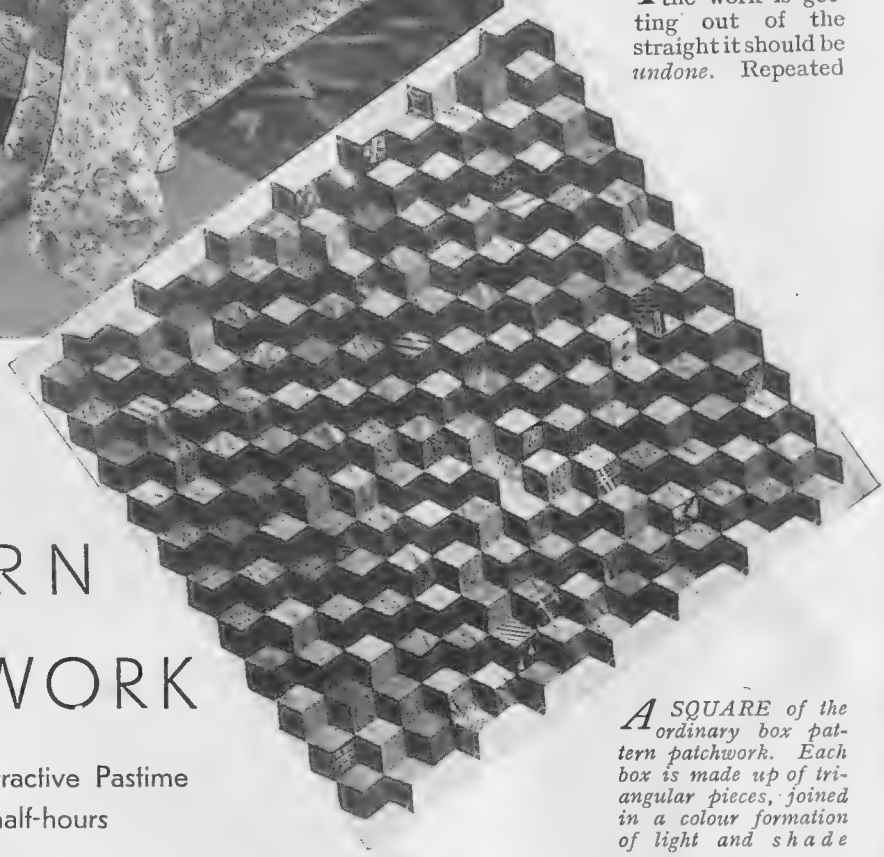
Some of the more venturesome, however, succeeded in making the most lovely and intricate designs in patchwork, many of which have found their way into museums. But intricate patchwork is not for the beginner: she must be content at first to make accurately a simple pattern.

A certain sequence of design is necessary to obtain the best results, and for this it is necessary to have enough of each material to make a definite pattern. If a bed-spread or any larger piece of work is to be made, a yard of each material will be found the best way of gaining success. Pattern books can be bought from nearly all the large stores, but if each piece is made of a different material, there can be no other result than a meaningless, crazy patchwork.

The only tool that is necessary is a template—a small piece of flat metal cut in different shapes.

Using the simplest form of template, the diamond shape, the design should be worked out with the aid of an ordinary arithmetic exercise book. Having decided on your design and on the colours (these can be tried with ordinary child's crayons), the next thing is to buy a sheet of plain and cheap drawing paper and with a pencil draw accurately round the template, then cut out the paper and proceed in this way until the necessary number of diamond shapes are obtained. Place the cut pieces of paper in a book so that they lie flat, and from one of the pieces cut out the material, leaving a quarter of an inch overlay. Tack the material to the paper, starting in the middle and finishing round the edges, which should be carefully turned over at the corners. It is absolutely essential to be accurate; each finished tacked piece should be the exact replica of the other. The diamond shape template makes the box pattern patchwork more successfuly than any other form of design. Using the darker material for the right side, the medium for the left and the palest for the top, a box is made. Join the pieces on the wrong side with a neat and regular over-stitch. Always *tack* in silk, as cotton marks; sew cotton materials in forty cotton, and silk in sewing silk. Never use material on the cross.

BEDSPREAD in patchwork, made up of large pieces of flowered chintz. The spread has been quilted afterwards to make the whole firmer



A SQUARE of the ordinary box pattern patchwork. Each box is made up of triangular pieces, joined in a colour formation of light and shade

BEGIN your pattern from the middle and work to the edges. The best procedure is to work one large square of pattern and join to another as the work proceeds.

After completing the work, pull out the tacking threads which release the paper, and back the whole with any material that is suitable for the work in question. In the case of cot covers or bed-spreads an interlining of demette or flannel is advisable. Be very careful to tack the lining first, and see that it does not overlap the edges of the work. It will be found unnecessary to press the patchwork after it is finished, and the work when lined should be ironed over a damp cloth.

Be absolutely certain before you begin to oversew that all your pieces are exactly alike and measure the same on all sides.

Having done your first piece, other and more intricate patterns can be attempted, but do not fly high at first. Templates can be bought in different designs from any needlework shop; but the more intricate the design, the greater skill is required in cutting and sewing.

IF by any chance the work is getting out of the straight it should be *undone*. Repeated alterations of additional pieces will not alter the original fault. Measure the work from time to time; see that the last corner is absolutely faultless before stitching the next piece to it. A corner cannot be undone to fit; if an overlap is visible in the preceding pattern, the whole should be taken out and new pieces substituted.

When making the more simple box pattern always be certain that your colour formation is correct; a change will throw the whole pattern out.

The beginner will be well advised to make a cushion, or even one of the new envelope bags for lingerie, before she ventures on anything larger or more elaborate. Try the work in cotton and in silk.

WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH

BLUE pottery in which the food may be both cooked and served is attractive and inexpensive. The porringer costs 1s. 6½d., the cruet 1s. 11½d., the breakfast dish 5s. 11½d., and the coffee pot 2s. 11½d.

(Left)
A LAMP with a pottery stand has a parchment shade which may be obtained in any colour, and costs 10s. 11d. complete. Even the pottery stand may be painted to match any particular colour scheme

THE all-to-match fashion in our rooms is being made very easy for us. All kinds of articles can be matched from a piece of material or any other pattern with no extra cost. The small lamp which is shown in the photograph above is equally suitable for the bedside or the reading table and can be bought complete for 10s. 11d. There are a number of shades from which to choose, but should you not be able to match exactly the colour you require, a lamp can be painted especially for you. By the way, I learn that you can even have the colour of your hot-water bottles matched up if you so desire!

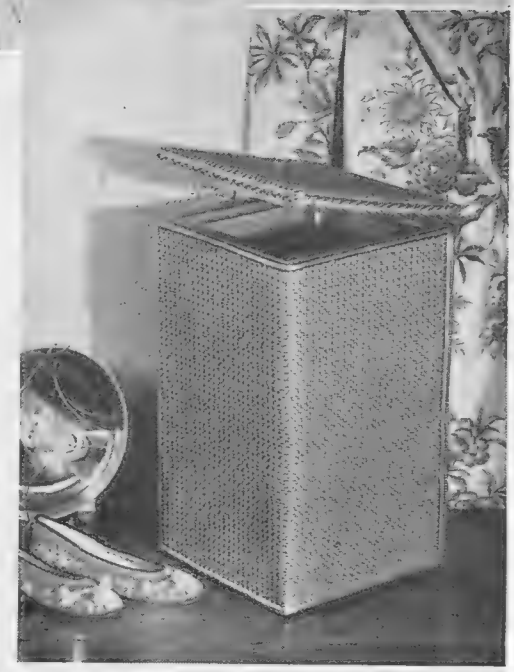
THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on these pages can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a post card addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346 Strand, W.C.2.

COTTAGE Blue is the name given to the pottery illustrated in photograph in the top right-hand corner of this page, and almost any serving or culinary receptacle can be had in it. The colour is a deep blue with a mottled effect, and the inside is a deep cream. In the photograph you can see some of the articles which are made for the breakfast table; the coffee pot and milk jug can be had in various sizes, as can most of the other things for that matter. That this ware is not expensive can be gathered from the following prices: Porringer 1s. 6½d., cruet 1s. 11½d., basin 1s. 1½d., coffee pot 2s. 11½d., egg cup 7½d., breakfast dish 5s. 11½d., pint milk boiler 2s. 3½d.

IT was with great pleasure that I discovered the ship book-ends which are shown in the photograph on the right. I had been looking for something that would make a suitable gift for a man's room, and I think I solved the problem cheaply at the cost of 12s. 9d. The book-ends are of brown wood, the ship is of wood also, but painted, and the sails are an old parchment colour. At the same time I saw a smoking stand decorated with a small ship of the same pattern as those on the book-ends, and there was also a cigarette box in the shape of a sea-chest and a brass ashtray on it; this latter costs 8s. 9d.

LINEN baskets with any pretension to looks have been very expensive, at least they have cost more than one liked to pay for such prosaic articles. I find now, however, that I can purchase quite a pleasing basket for 15s. 6d., and that there is no difficulty in matching the colour I want. Another thing, waste-paper baskets to match can also be had; these cost 4s. 11d., and they are a useful size. I do think it makes life so much more simple when there is an adequate number of waste-paper baskets about the house. Bedrooms often lack one.

SOME months ago a cream-making machine which cost about £5 was put on the market; then another was brought out which cost about £3. These were mentioned in BRITANNIA AND EVE. Since then other makers have brought out machines on the same principle which cost less and less; the latest prices are 36/- and one guinea. These machines make cream from butter and milk at much less than the cost of the usual cream. The cost of the models is soon saved in a household where a good deal of cream is used. With these machines enough cream can be made for fourpence to fill a 4-in. high carton.



THIS capacious and solid linen basket can be obtained in almost any colour and costs 15s. 6d. Waste-paper baskets can be had to match it

SHIP book-ends are a delightful novelty. These are of carved and painted wood with parchment-coloured sails, and cost the comparatively modest sum of 12s. 9d. A smoking stand decorated with painted ships may also be obtained

Those Childish

Sound advice for their cure, together with a word of warning for their prevention

By Peggy *Winefred* Yeomans

IN the March issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE I mentioned how a child whose resistance was lowered by recurring colds had no power within his body to repel the attacks of microbes such as those which give our so-called "childish complaints"—measles, chicken-pox, whooping-cough and mumps. I know of two families of three children each, both overfed with the wrong things, both put to sleep over-clothed in unventilated rooms, both mouth-breathers. Since January, 1931, these six kiddies have had one thing after another. Influenza, whooping-cough, heavy catarrh, removal of tonsils, still more colds (no correction of dietary or bad breathing habits), then mumps, bad coughs in the autumn, and now influenza and measles.

The children are blamed, the schools are blamed, and also those responsible for the removal of tonsils. But nothing serious is done to raise the children's fighting and resisting powers. And they are bound to carry some marks of these illnesses through life. And, of course, there would be terrible trouble if these children, when grown up, blamed their parents for not knowing their job! "You had the best of everything and we gave up a lot for you." That is what they will be told.

There will be spectacles to buy for eyes spoilt by the particularly eye-damaging microbe of measles; and constant, costly visits to the dentist on account of that deformed mouth and those quickly decaying teeth . . . Just a few of the legacies of childish complaints which, with our increased facilities for knowledge and better hygiene, ought to be rapidly on the decrease.

THE New Health Society has been able to show, as a result of investigations and adjustments brought about by their experts, that school epidemics too often owe their origin to:—

(1) An insufficiency of fat soluble vitamin A and too much carbohydrate in the school dietary, too little milk and dairy produce, too little fresh fruit, salads and correctly cooked vegetables: vitamins B and C.

(2) Faulty personal hygiene. This régime gives low resistance and poor conservation of energy.

Measles (Morbilli)

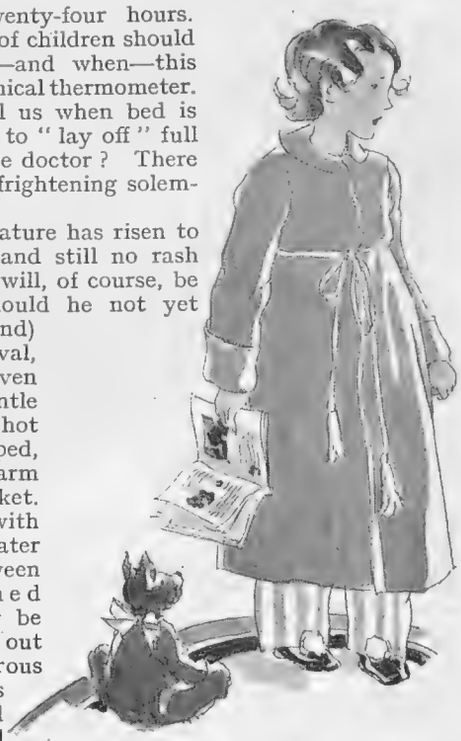
Incubation period 9 to 15 days; the eruption appears on throat, chest, forearms and face, beginning about the third to fifth day after the child feels poorly and may be running a slowly ascending temperature. This is most infectious during these few days when, unfortunately, the child is still about supposedly suffering from a cold. Symptoms are: lassitude, irritability, naughtiness, discharging nose and eyes, thick throat, headache, loss of appetite or sudden cravings for food, night-time restlessness, increasing temperature . . . then the final rise accompanied by all the febrile symptoms.

The period of infection lasts for not less than two weeks from the appearance of the rash, and is better regarded as 18 days from the onset. Children should not be put together in order to "get it all over," for no one need have measles, and with care the infection (and contagion) need not spread.

Outline of Treatment

To begin with, any child showing signs of a heavy cold should be kept apart from the others and his temperature registered morning, noon and night. Antiseptic handkerchiefs or rags (to be burnt) should be used for all discharges; he should use an antiseptic mouthwash, be fed with plenty of milk and fruit juice, and possibly have milk of magnesia night and morning to keep his now militant system as coolly working as possible. Avoidance of fatigue and increased rest will further aid the child towards good recovery.

This, I consider, should be routine treatment for children who are obviously *not* perfectly fit; there would be far fewer illnesses if this were so, and it certainly does give the one concerned, and the rest of the family, a square deal if an infectious disease is brewing. Bed is obviously indicated when the bodily temperature goes above 99 degrees F. or reaches that figure twice in twenty-four hours. Everyone in charge of children should know how to use—and when—this family friend, the clinical thermometer. For does it not tell us when bed is indicated and when to "lay off" full diet and send for the doctor? There need be no fuss or frightening solemnity about its use.



When the temperature has risen to above 101 degrees and still no rash appears, the doctor will, of course, be in charge. But should he not yet have arrived or (and) subject to his approval, the child might be given a smart but gentle sponge-over with hot vinegar and be wrapped, undried, in a warm soft shawl or blanket. Placed in bed with two or three hot-water bottles, or between electrically warmed covers, he will now be helped to throw out the rash in vigorous style. Otherwise his head will ache and the temperature will rise alarmingly. When this occurs warmth should be applied to the body, he should have plenty of warm fluids, and crushed ice in a covered cap (tied to the bed-rail to ease weight) may be applied to the head.

No light should shine on the face of a child sick with measles, for this microbe has a particularly damaging effect upon the eyes. The child should be competently and gently nursed, fed on fluids during fever and then on very light, nourishing foods. At the end of this article I give a list of suggestions for sick children.

The mouth should receive thorough and regular attention, as it is apt to become very nasty. It is the foul state of the tongue in febrile complaints that is the greatest cause of indifference and revulsion to the taking of nourishment. Before

Complaints

offering drinks or food, give the patient a mouthwash of pure soda-water or warm water with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. In homes that own a Sparklet, soda water, usually so esteemed in the sickroom, may be ever available. Its reputation as lowering is nonsensical when it can so often be the vehicle of cleanliness and the taking of food.

FOR the actual mouth toilet I recommend glycerine, borax and lemon juice (this latter if there be no soreness), or soda bicarb. solution with glycerine of thymol. A piece of rag or wool swab should be wound around the index finger or nursery forceps and all the gums and corners of the mouth cleaned: the tongue, too, if possible, at least thrice daily. The eyes should be bathed with weak boracic acid lotion and gently smeared about the lids with yellow eye ointment (procurable in handy little tubes), and the nose must also be kept clean and lubricated with either a soothing catarrh cream or white vaseline. Often the ears ache and discharge with measles; and if so, the doctor's attention should at once be drawn to them. A drop of warm glycerine (oil is inclined to turn rancid) in the ear will loosen wax and often relieve distress. When pain is severe and no medical advice is forthcoming, the child's distress may be relieved by the addition of two drops of brandy or good whisky to the glycerine (take care not to have this very hot), a hot fomentation covered with oiled silk placed over the whole area, and a hot-water bottle over this or on the nape of the neck. A child of over four years (and strong) might, in emergency, be given *half* a 5 grain tablet of Genasprin and the other half two hours later if pain in head and ear is very severe. And this may also be tried for great sleeplessness and restlessness, when all else fails. Aspirin acts best when followed by hot lemon juice, which might, where little nourishment is being taken and in cases of chest complications or intestinal trouble, be improved by the addition of a few drops of brandy, say, 15 to 40, sliding scale of dosage for children from two to twelve years. Brandy is an intestinal disinfectant and gentle stimulant with effects that are soothing to pain. I know there are those who disagree with this advice, but throughout my considerable experience of nursing children I have found it kind and good.

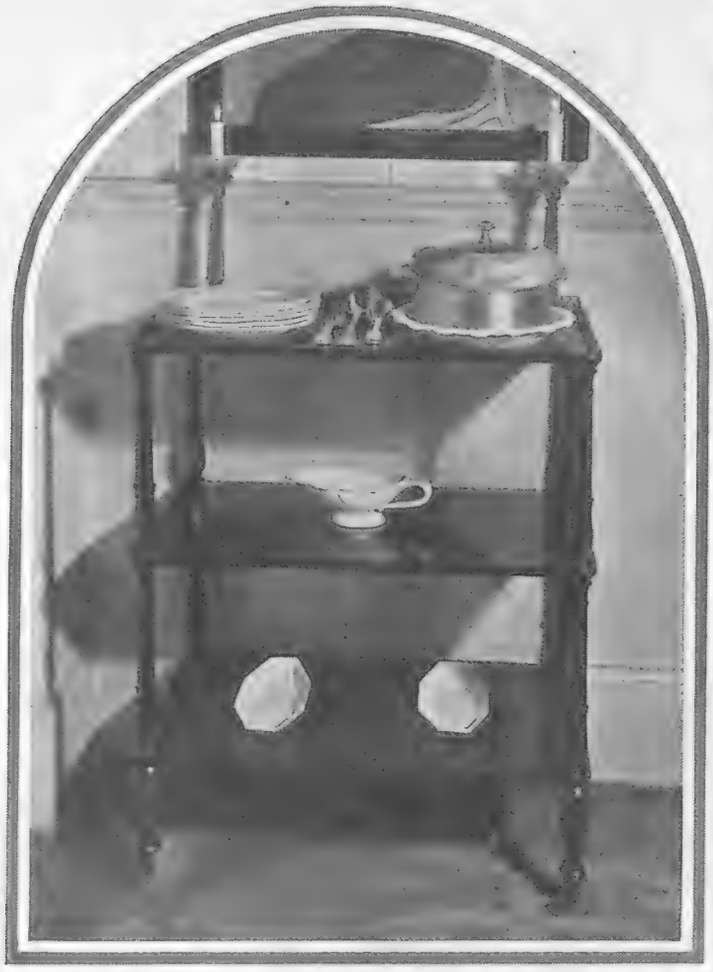
Now as the child recovers he must not be hurried. Let him resume a normal diet and regain some strength before he is got up. The temperature should remain near normal for several days before he is allowed to dress and get about in his room, and before he goes out he should have, several times, been fully clothed and playing in a room with windows flung wide open. A tonic is necessary now, and my "Golden Bubbles" (see March issue) is excellent and most palatable. It is not the British custom to give wine to children, but I favour the Continental way of allowing children to recognise wine as a normal beverage with a sociable appeal. A tiny glass of Big Tree Burgundy will considerably help the young convalescent and can be given him before the morning exercise and after the noon meal. This stage of infectious illness is very important, since it is now that complications due to bad nursing or hurried convalescence too frequently occur, to the child's sorrow.

In order to prevent infection the person who handles the child should wear an overall and head-cover, which should hang near the door, by which stands a basin containing a solution of disinfectant, soap and towel for use after touching the child or his utensils. These latter should be kept entirely for his use and cleansed apart from others. *Note.*—This routine should be observed in all cases of infection and contagion such as chicken-pox, mumps and whooping-cough during its acute stages.

The room should periodically be thoroughly re-oxygenated by flinging wide the windows and the door, what time the patient is well covered up and his bed shielded by a screen. This method is infinitely preferable to having the window open but half an inch (admitting a cutting draught in cold weather), which allows of very limited ventilation. Restlessness is often due to hunger for oxygen, and since the body needs extra oxygen, not less, for fighting and repairing purposes, ventilation and the admittance of fresh air are very important during illness. At the same time bodily warmth is essential. (*Continued on page* 112)

Entertaining *in the* Spring

Some *well-chosen* menus *which appear* luxurious *but are* unexpectedly *inexpensive*



THE "seal" of pastry should not be broken until the dish is ready to be served

WE are all beginning to feel that, as we have been good and economical for so long, it is time to spread our wings again and to give ourselves, as well as our guests, the pleasure of seeing our table surrounded once more by a few chosen friends.

After all, we do not serve any very useful purpose by keeping our purses so tightly closed, and from the economy point of view this is perhaps the best time of all in which to start a little series of luncheons and dinners. Things are cheap at the moment, and we are offered a wide range of foodstuffs which in the past used to be luxuries, and so the choice of the menu is easier than it has been for many years. At the same time we must remember the old and always golden rule — Simplicity —and when arranging our dishes the final aim should be to have very few things, but each thing at its best.

For a luncheon party, however correct and perfect it must be, three dishes are sufficient —something by way of hors d'œuvre or some eggs, omelette, scrambled eggs, poached eggs covered with a sauce, etc.—to begin with; one main dish with a salad followed by cheese and fruit.

For dinner, four things are ample: soup, fish, one dish with its necessary accompaniment of vegetable or salad, a sweet and some dessert.

Having thus arranged our menus, we should give careful thought to the appearance of the table, for however well cooked our food may be, it will expect support from the background against which it is to be served, and even the best of dishes can be made or marred by the manner in which they are presented.

Menu for Luncheon

Salad of Hard-boiled Eggs.

Braised Beef with Spring Vegetables.

Cheese. Fruit.

Salad of Hard-boiled Eggs

Take two eggs for each person, hard boil them, put them into cold water and peel them, and when they are cold cut them into two and remove the yolks, which you put into a bowl. Mash these with a fork, add salt, pepper and mustard (already prepared) to taste, and then pour in little by little, stirring all the time, enough olive oil to make a thick sauce. At the last minute add vinegar to taste, stirring it well in, and then add the whites of the eggs cut into small pieces, mixing the whole well together. Meanwhile line a flat bowl with the inside leaves of a lettuce washed in cold water and shaken dry, pour in the eggs, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Braised Beef with Spring Vegetables

Take a nice piece of stewing steak, trim it well, beat it, rub it all over with salt and pepper, and brown it in butter in a frying-pan for a few minutes on both sides. Meanwhile clean, peel and scrape, as the case may be, and cut up some tomatoes, young carrots, young turnips, small onions, and fry them for a few minutes in butter (you can use the same butter as that in which you have browned the meat). Pour the vegetables, butter and all, into an earthenware stew-pot, add salt and pepper, and place the meat on top of the vegetables. Moisten with a little stock, cover the pan tightly, and simmer on a very slow fire for an hour and a half to two hours. You can add, when putting in the meat, a few fresh green peas.

Cheese

An attractive way of serving cheese is to put it on a wooden platter or a tidy board. Have a choice of bread to hand with it, some brown as well as white bread, toast and biscuits; put all of these together in a flat basket.

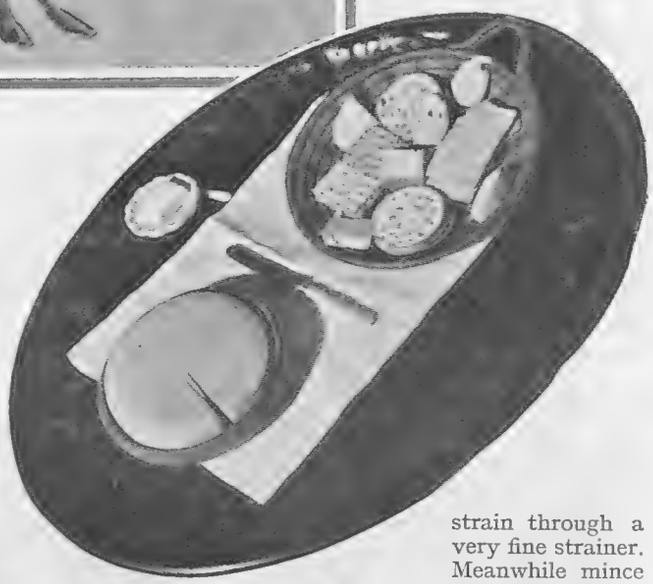
THESE lovely sprays of artificial wistaria, "growing" out of a charming bowl, make a most effective table decoration. It comes from Marshall & Snelgrove

and Summer

By
A. H.
Adair

THE flesh of a pineapple mixed with other fruit and put back into the shell makes a delicious fruit salad, attractive and easy to serve

CHEESE, served on a wooden platter accompanied by an assortment of bread and biscuits, is the best ending to a luncheon



Menu for Dinner

Pink Consommé.
Fish Soufflé.
Chicken en Casserole.
Lettuce Salad.
Stuffed Pineapple.

Pink Consommé

This is made from a foundation of good clear soup. When you have made your soup let it get cold, remove all fat, and pass it through a muslin into a clean saucepan. Then add a quarter of a pound of beef (without any fat at all) finely minced, also two or three tomatoes cut into pieces. Bring to the boil, simmer for ten minutes, and then throw in the beaten white of an egg, when all sediment, scum, etc., will drop to the bottom, allowing you to pour off a perfectly clear liquid. It should be delicately pink, but as the tomatoes and beef are very often not enough to colour the soup, a very little colouring may be added. Serve icy cold in white cups. On a hot evening this is one of the most refreshing and appetising ways of beginning a meal. The pale pink soup in its white cup looks as delicious as it tastes.

Fish Soufflé

The best fish to use is a mixture in equal proportions of fillets of sole and whiting, though whiting alone can be used. Have the fish filleted, one whiting and one sole for six people, but see that the bones are sent with it. Put the bones and heads in a saucepan with an onion cut into two, a carrot scraped and cut into pieces, salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and parsley, thyme and a bay leaf. Cover with water, bring to the boil, and simmer until only a quarter of the liquid is left, when you strain through a very fine strainer. Meanwhile mince the fish, using the finest knife of the mincer. Also prepare a thin white sauce made with flour and butter cooked together, to which you add warm milk little by little, and season with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg. Mix the minced fish and white sauce, stirring with a wooden spoon so that it is quite smooth, bring this to the boil, and add a tablespoonful of the fish bone essence. Then add the yolks of three eggs already mixed, let the mixture boil once, and put it aside to cool. Meanwhile beat to a very stiff froth the whites of four eggs and work them into the fish preparation. When the whole thing is well mixed together turn it into a buttered soufflé dish and bake in a moderate oven twelve minutes to a quarter of an hour. Do not be afraid to open the oven door while the soufflé is cooking; in fact, you must watch it to see that it is not browning too quickly. When ready, of course, it should be a deep golden brown and risen about a third the height of the dish.

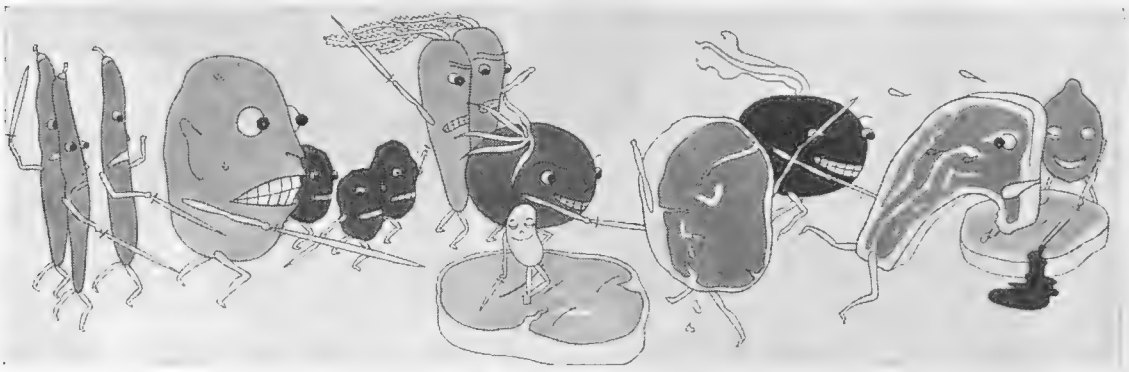
A HOMELY-LOOKING earthenware casserole, in which the dish has been cooked, always looks well in the dining-room

Chicken en Casserole

Carve the chicken raw, keeping the best pieces on one side. Put the carcass and otherwise useless pieces into a saucepan with a carrot cut up, a few sliced onions, parsley, salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of vinegar and a tumblerful of water. Put the lid on the saucepan and bring to boil, when the contents must just simmer. Meanwhile brown the pieces of chicken in butter, put them into the saucepan with the carcass, add a tablespoonful of good stock, a few (*Continued on page* 100)

Let us take advantage of our summer fruits and vegetables and so improve our health and increase our efficiency

TO ensure an alert, happy childhood and a vigorous and healthy adult life a fully satisfactory diet must be provided: a diet, that is to say, which is satisfactory both in quantity and quality. Such a diet must contain adequate amounts of the three bulky types of food—proteins, fats and carbo-hydrates—whose function it is to act as tissue formers and repairers and as sources of heat and energy. To keep the body in health food must also be supplied which contains certain mineral salts and vitamins, adequate amounts of indigestible material or roughage and, on balance, is sufficiently alkaline to maintain the slight alkalinity of the blood. This being so, what position should vegetables and fruits occupy in the diet?



It may be said at once that the consumption of vegetables and fruits in quantity is the most important factor in the maintenance of the alkalinity of the blood, and the same foods not only supply the required mineral salts, vitamins and roughage, but are in many cases the *only* source of these all-important constituents. A diet poor in or not containing vegetables and fruits is inevitably bound to be deficient in one or more, and probably all, of these constituents.

As would be expected, different vegetables and fruits differ in dietetic value. The green or leafy vegetables, for example, are extremely valuable sources of mineral salts, vitamins and roughage, but they have only a low energy value. Roots, tubers and pulses, on the other hand, are in many cases also cheap energy foods.

As regards mineral salts, potatoes are an excellent and cheap source of iron, and also contain valuable amounts of calcium and phosphorus. Spinach and turnip tops, both cheap vegetables, are both valuable phosphorus foods, and in addition the former is remarkably rich in iron and the latter equally rich in calcium. Parsnips, onions, cabbages, carrots, beans, cauliflowers, peas and turnips all contain calcium in valuable amounts, and in addition each is a good source of at least one other mineral salt. Cauliflowers, for example, are a good source of phosphorus.

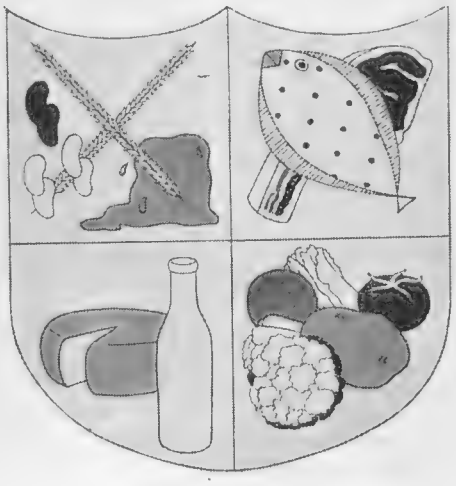
THE green and salad vegetables are all excellent sources of the three most important vitamins, as are also carrots and tomatoes, while potatoes are a good source of vitamins B and C. Carrots and tomatoes must, indeed, be given a particularly strong recommendation. It should also be mentioned that all three vitamins are also present in the juice of canned tomatoes. Canned tomato juice may, therefore, be an excellent vitamin food for infants and children when oranges and other good sources are difficult to obtain, and it is now used for this purpose by many infant welfare clinics.

Other classes of foods, such as eggs, may supply mineral salts and vitamins, but with the exception of milk and its products, *only* vegetables and fruits can supply the alkalies required to maintain the slightly alkaline reaction of healthy blood. All meats and all cereal foods are acid-producing, from which it can easily be understood that the larger the amounts of meats and cereals which are eaten, the greater should be the quantities of protective vegetables and fruits consumed. Spinach, beans, potatoes, olives, carrots, beets and parsnips all have a high potential alkaline balance. The alkaline reserve in one pound of spinach, for example, is sufficient to counteract the acidity produced by two and a half pounds of beef.

FRUITS and fruit juices are particularly valuable for their mineral constituents and vitamins or, it would be more correct to say of the former, their organic constituents. These organic constituents consist mainly of vegetable acids such as citric acid, malic acid and tartaric acid, present either in the free state or combined with potash; and they act as mild laxatives. In addition to their laxative qualities, the organic acids present in fruit juices have also a marked and beneficial diuretic influence. Grapefruit, oranges and lemons, in particular, may be used in the preparation of pleasant drinks, both for healthy people and invalids, which have a decidedly stimulating effect on the appetite.

The mineral salt and vitamin content, etc., of fruits need not be described in detail, but attention may be drawn to one or two points. Dried fruits are cheap energy foods, and are also extremely good sources of mineral salts—figs of calcium, currants, prunes and raisins of phosphorus and iron, and dates of iron. Most fruits are also good sources of the vitamins, and particularly of vitamin C, the antiscorbutic and most easily destroyed vitamin; oranges, lemons and grapefruit being extremely rich in this vitamin. As regards their alkaline balance, all fruits, with the exception of cranberries, plums and prunes, are alkali-producing foods. This is true even when the juices contain free acids, as in the case of lemons. The juices themselves may actually be acid, but the *whole* of the organic constituents, when they have been broken down in the process of digestion, do actually augment the alkaline balance.

Vegetables and fruits form part only of a balanced and physiologically correct diet, but whether any (*Continued on page* 118)



Washing Up Simplified

A few new gadgets which will delight the housewife-hostess

By

Mrs. Robert Noble

A LONG-HANDLED mop with a firm head made of loofah is invaluable for scouring pots and pans. When dry, the loofah is stiff, but when it has been dipped into hot water it becomes just sufficiently pliable to make a good pot scourer

WASHING up becomes a much less distasteful task if scraps of food and fat are not allowed to float on the water. They should be scraped off with the help of a rubber-edged squeegee. This will not damage the most delicate china

RUBBER gloves should be used to protect the hands. After use they must be rinsed to free them from grease. They will slip on quite easily if sprinkled inside with a little French chalk or talcum powder

TO brighten up the inside of an aluminium pan you can use a special glove with a soft metal palm. This should be dipped in water and then sprinkled with salt or a little silver sand, but soda must not be used

POTS and pans should be scoured with a metal brush. If this is attached to a short, stout, wooden handle, it saves wear and tear of the hands. The head of the mop is made of fine drawn wire

Practical Prophylactics

The Use of Antiseptics for Personal and Household Hygiene as Preventives of Disease

Pure toilet accessories are essential if we are to keep our skin and teeth in a healthy condition, and those which are manufactured by Gibbs are notoriously germ-destroying

We cannot help breathing contaminated air, but we can combat bad conditions and the infectious diseases which result from them by the use of such an excellent and efficacious disinfectant as Milton

LIFE is an adventure; it is also a war, and the constant enemies of mankind are germs. Whatever else the League of Nations cannot do, it cannot stop that warfare, and we can never " down arms " where disease is concerned. The best safeguard of all is, of course, good general health, maintained by a well-conducted life, fresh air, exercise and moderation in eating and drinking. But owing to Lister's brilliant work we now have at our disposal additional safeguards in the form of antiseptics, of which we would do well to avail ourselves both in our homes and in our personal hygiene.

Nearly all of what we call the infectious diseases, which include those scourges, influenza and the common cold, make their assault vocally and nasally. " Every day and in every way " we inhale germs which, if they once get a foothold, will cause illness. Luckily we have in ourselves beneficent germs which attack the marauders, and, if they are strong—as they are if the constitution and general condition are good—destroy them and we remain immune. But should there be any debility or any condition hospitable to the enemy germs we succumb to the infection. It is almost impossible to avoid the platitude about prevention being better than cure.

The first essential safeguard is to keep the mouth, throat, and nose in an absolutely antiseptic condition, and some of the excellent mouth washes and liquid dentrifrices are invaluable aids. The gums are frequently sources of infection, and should be kept really healthy by regular visits to the dentist for the removal or tartar from the teeth, etc., and by daily massage. The use of dental floss to ensure absolute cleanliness between the teeth—which a brush cannot always achieve—is advisable. A good liquid dentrifrice or mouth-wash should be used *in conjunction* with a cleansing cream or paste. I am in favour of a daily or twice daily gargle, especially for people who are, in the course of their daily lives, subjected to possible infection—in public vehicles, offices and shops—or cinema theatres !

THERE are several delightful and palatable preparations for vocal and nasal irrigation, but failing these, common salt—a teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of warm water—is a valuable antiseptic and stimulant for the tissues, and can be advantageously used for gargling, rinsing the mouth, massaging the gums or sniffing or spraying up the nose. This " drill " should certainly be gone through by anyone who fears that he or she has " caught cold " or feels the early symptoms of a chill, and is useful as a preventive of even more serious maladies.

An eye-bath with a simple boracic lotion, to which a little witch-hazel and rose water can be added if desired, will strengthen the eyes and do much to secure immunity from such infections as conjunctivitis or styes.

Scrupulous cleanliness in the home is a most important preventive of infection : all sinks, basins and bath waste-pipes, etc., should be periodically disinfected. Milton is a useful antiseptic preparation for this purpose, since it is effective and odourless, and some people object to the distinctive odour of many disinfectants. Sanitation is so excellent now and the public health departments so efficient, especially in large towns, that there is seldom danger from faulty drainage or polluted water, but if there is the slightest doubt about the source of the drinking water supply, the water should be boiled. Travellers abroad are well advised to drink bottled water from one of the well-known spas rather than trust to the purity of the water in the carafe. Last year a well-known author died of typhoid fever which, it was suspected, he had contracted by drinking tainted water while on a holiday abroad.

The general suggestions I have made could profitably be followed by those in good health, not, consciously, in contact with infection, but when there is " illness in the house," or if they should be nursing anyone with an infectious or contagious ailment precautions are indispensable, and, in addition to the mouth washes and gargles, the hands must be kept antiseptic by means of frequent washing and scrubbing under the nails with a brush, using a reputable antiseptic soap.

AMONG the many excellent preparations of Innoxa, the complexion milk is an outstanding success, and is indispensable for the care of the hands

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

To Beckon or Dismiss...

Ways and Means to Hand Beauty

By "Chrysis"

AM I prone to exaggeration? Perhaps all enthusiasts are. But some of my regular readers and correspondents describe my articles as "sensible and practicable," and I think that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of attractive hands. Artists, writers and just ordinary men acknowledge the potent charm of a white and elegant hand.

In the days when women did nothing strenuous, though no doubt they thought a great deal, white, slender hands were almost an inevitable concomitant of femininity, and the fiction writers imbued a small work-worn hand with the fullest significance of pathos. But nowadays we use our hands for other things beside needlework and rocking the cradle—though I do not admit that we have given up these eminently feminine pursuits—and it behoves us to take special measures to keep our hands beautiful.

The woman with naturally lovely hands, tapering fingers and fine white skin, probably centres her vanity in these "worth-while" features and needs no advice. But other women, whose hands are not particularly beautiful and whose occupations, practical and sporting, make assaults on the texture of the skin, the condition of nails and cuticle, and whose circulation is poor, so that their hands are apt to get bluish with cold and to flush from heat, are apt to be careless, thinking "Well, after all, my hands are not attractive any way . . . My eyes are pretty," or "my complexion is good," and to concentrate on the features which they believe to be their best and neglect the others.

I should like some day to debate this question: whether a woman should neglect her less good features in favour of her "natural charms." Personally I think that inherent beauty can be left to look after itself, with ordinary consideration for its needs and no abuse of its endurance, and that the less satisfactory "members" should receive additional attention.

IF your nose is crooked, your eyes squint and you have other infirmities, the question is obviously fraught with difficulty, but any woman can have smooth-skinned, white hands and shapely, well-cared-for nails.

First of all, it is essential to dry the hands thoroughly after washing. I know how careless people can be in this respect in the hurry of modern life and how much harm can be done by this haste. It dries and coarsens the skin and causes the cuticle to split. The use of a "complexion" or super-fatted soap is essential, and those who have to wash away from home would do well to carry their own soap with them. A little pure glycerine poured on to the hands while they are wet, and rinsed off before drying, is a help, and when the water is hard and full of lime (as London water is), a water softener should be used.

One firm of beauty culturists, who have for many years specialised in hand treatments, have an excellent preparation for use in the bath or basin, in proportional quantity, for making the water soft, and also a prepared and perfumed oatmeal for the same purpose, since ordinary oatmeal does not suit all skins.

If the hands are in good condition it is not difficult to keep them nice with one of these water softeners, a good lotion and a reliable cuticle cream. But if, through exposure, some domestic contingency such as moving house or packing or actual housework (which is by no means confined to professional domestic workers nowadays), through sporting activities or attention to the engine of one's car or aeroplane engine, the hands have got out of condition, the business of getting them right again may be disheartening.

In such case I suggest a preliminary treatment at one of the establishments where they make a speciality of hand treatment. The skin will be thoroughly cleansed, softened and whitened by expert massage with the necessary preparations and circulation and shapeliness attended to.

FOR home use a special hand bleach prepared by the firm I have already alluded to is invaluable. It should be worked into the hands until all discolouration disappears, and thereafter used at night. Their cuticle cream prevents horny growths and keeps the cuticle from getting dry and splitting. One of the most pleasant and fragrant lotions for alleviating roughness and dryness of hands (or face) is made by the same firm.

For those who have bad circulation I strongly advise massage, finger exercises and violet ray, all of which can be carried out at home after instruction or intelligent observation during a treatment from experts. The violet ray is only necessary in extreme cases.

Hand treatment is one of those one feels least dubious about recommending, because anyone who carries it out and uses the right preparations will get results and will be proportionately impressed and grateful. Let me emphasise the essentials—soft water or a good water softener, which assists the cleansing process, the right soap, thorough drying and the use of a bland emollient hand lotion and an effective cuticle cream. The question of manicure is so much a matter of personal taste that it is difficult to deal with. Exaggeration in the shape of the nails and the colour of the varnish used should be avoided, I feel, except by those of exotic type who can live up to the inferences of long, pointed, highly coloured nails, whose hands are very perfect in shape and do not have to be used much for practical purposes.

And, need I say, don't carry your gloves; wear them!

Madam, did you Know . . . ?

Useful hints for the woman who is house-proud

THAT in an emergency silver can be cleaned quickly in the following way? Put some hot soda water into an old aluminium saucepan and allow the silver to stand in this for a few moments. Take out, rinse in clean hot water and dry.

THAT cut glass will be much improved in appearance if it is given an occasional wash in warm, soapy water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added? After washing, the glass should be dried with soft linen and then polished with clean tissue paper.

THAT it is now possible to have a perfect garden in miniature in your own home? To make these there are available model pieces which include lawns, clipped trees, hedges, pergolas, herbaceous borders, iris beds and rockeries. There are also small stones for making paths and steps. The photograph shows how really decorative a miniature garden can be. A tiny garden, well laid out, makes a charming and original table decoration.

If you are planning out a new garden these models will help you, for with them you can try out various schemes until you find the one best suited for the ground you have at your disposal.

These garden sets are made in two sizes at 37s. 6d. and 57s. 6d. each, post free, but you can, if you wish, begin with ten shillings worth of pieces and add to them by degrees. In this case 9d. is charged for postage. For the address of where they may be obtained, write to the Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346 Strand, W.C.2.

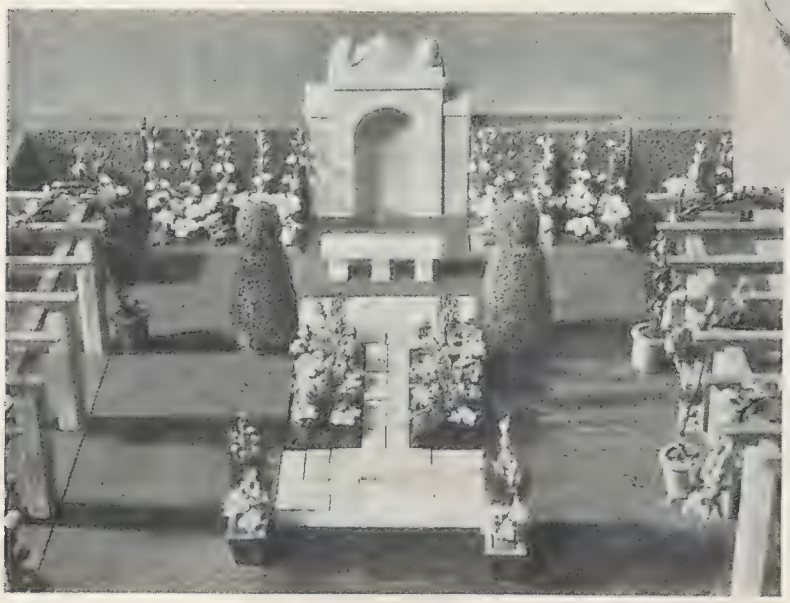
THAT your furs should be kept free from dust? This does them almost as much harm as moth. To remove any dust there may be, place the fur, with the lining side upwards, on a clean sheet and beat lightly with a thin bamboo cane. By the bye, if you have a white fur which has become slightly tinged with yellow, have it lined with black velvet.

AN emergency method of cleaning silver consists of standing it in an aluminium pan filled with hot water and soda

A DASH of ammonia in the water will improve the lustre of glass, particularly if it is dried with soft linen and polished with tissue paper

THAT if you have a damp wall, which has caused the wallpaper to fall off, it should be given three coats of water glass before the new paper is put on? This will prevent the damp coming through again. Allow each coat to dry before putting on the next

FURS must be kept free from dust as well as moth, and they should be beaten occasionally with a thin bamboo cane



YOU can make the miniature garden on the left to your own design, for sets of the requisite pieces may be obtained from 10s. 6d.

THAT mother-of-pearl should never be washed with soap and water? When dirty it should be rubbed gently with a soft duster which has been dipped in olive oil, and afterwards polished with an old silk handkerchief.

However dull the various pieces may be, this treatment will restore the original lustre and sheen. If the mother-of-pearl is carved, a soft brush should be used with the olive oil instead of the duster.

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KESTOS BRASSIÈRE VEST

KESTOS CREATES AND REVEALS BEAUTY

That Kestos have given full scope to their ingenuity is apparent in this skilful association of their incomparable contour-enhancing brassière with an exquisite locknit detachable vest which clings closely to the figure and supplies the discreet restraint that every dancer needs. Imagine this foundation garment under one of the fashionable evening gowns — not a line of its sculpturesque grace would be disturbed — the result would be perfection.

Kestos Brassière Vest. Bust sizes, 26 ins. to 38 ins., price 8 11. Kestos Brassière, 30 ins. to 42 ins., prices 3.11 to 22 6 Sold everywhere. Catalogue on request. Kestos Ltd., Maddox House, Regent St., London, W.1. (Wholesale only)

Handcuffs (*Continued from page 23*)

with a blow from a pickhead. It still lay on the floor. The box in which he had cached his gold beneath his bunk had been broken open, pieces of the lid left lying about.

"He must've had a thousand pounds worth of gold in that case," the warder said. "Queer nobody noticed he hadn't taken the pad to Meekatharra."

Gurney examined the body without disturbing it. He examined the hut. Flies swarmed in the sickly, foul air. He moved to the door for a breath of the freshness of air without. The warder and the man who had trekked in on the Meekatharra pad followed him out.

Gurney looked about the settlement. The huts were empty and desolate, the tents struck and gone. The camp seemed to have shrunk upon itself. In the sandy street were even gone the tracks of the departed men, so well had the winds blown these last few days, shifting the surface of the sand.

"A pity," said the warder, "else he might've been tracked. I wish we'd known sooner it'd happened. I'd've let you out," he told Gurney, "if I'd thought you could've got him an' proved your innocence."

"But the one who took the gold mightn't 'a' been the one that took the cattle," Gurney said.

"Just the same, those cattle came through after the trooper had gone out to get you, and the feller with them seemed to do too much explainin'. I told the trooper, but he didn't seem to attach much importance to it. Pity he never waited a bit longer an' found this had happened."

Gurney looked at the warder a moment, and said: "You talked about me provin' my innocence as though you believe I ain't guilty of stealin' them cattle. Do you reckon I'm innocent?"

The warder met his eyes. "The odds are that way, old-timer. There were men in the camp who told me you'd spent all your life prospecting for gold—didn't know anything about cattle. I'd say the guilty party'd been a stockman sometime. But I'd like to see you have the chance of provin' your innocence."

"It don't matter so much about that now," Gurney said. "If you think I'm innocent, I reckon a court would, too. But I don't want to have to go to Meekatharra for trial. Maybe the sergeant'll understand. But it's morning now, and he won't get here till to-night—maybe not till to-morrow. Time's being wasted, an' the trail's gettin' colder from Crazy McKean's shack." He eyed the warder appealingly. "Listen, would you trust me out on that trail if I give you my word I'll come back when I get to the end of it?"

THE warder was silent for a space. Gurney saw the decision trying to form behind his eyes. Finally the warder said:

"I've trusted you some around the prison and you ain't betrayed me. But I don't know I've got the right to let you go."

"Then if I go," Gurney said, "without you lettin' me, it'll be all right?"

"It'll have to be," the warder told him. He looked at the bearded prospector with genuine liking. "An' I'll tell you, if you do happen to bring in the feller that got McKean's gold—an' I'm convinced it's the same man that stole them cattle—I won't be sorry to see the trooper fooled. He thinks he's too smart, that man. But—" and the warder looked at the wind-blown trackless sand dubiously—"I don't reckon there's much hope of the trooper's prisoner bringin' in the real thief."

Despite the difficult tracking, Gurney left the settlement with relief in his heart. His heart warmed toward the warder. The warder, and the man who had come in on the Meekatharra pad, believed in his innocence, just as his friends in the settlement had believed in it. The belief was in their eyes. The world had become sane again. He no longer had worries about arrest concluding in something worse than mere arrest. Yes, the world was sane again. Nobody would convict him. His innocence was plain. Only the trooper had blundered.

He was momentarily bitter again as he remembered his march in through the settlement, the handcuffs on his wrists. Even in his cell he had felt those handcuffs, brooded over the trooper's broken promise. The trooper had put the handcuffs on just to humiliate him as they entered the settlement. No, he was no good, that trooper. Had a mean streak.

GURNEY, with his camels, trailed steadily out over the plain. He followed no tracks. There were none to follow, since the wind had swept the floor of the desert. But in a black's camp the following day he picked up a tracker. After all, the wind didn't sweep the tracks from about the scrub-fringed waterholes. They would search the waterholes on all the trails leading out from the settlement. Wherever man trekked in that country, he could not avoid waterholes.

Before leaving the settlement, he had laid in provisions for a long trek from the abandoned store, where a quantity of stores had been left owing to the difficulty of packing out. So he was prepared to be away a long time. And he thought he would be. Anyway, he wouldn't go back till he had found the trail and followed it to the end.

When they stopped at a waterhole, he said to the black, examining the soft earth and clay about the water's edge:

"Look for a bootprint with the edge worn on the left sole, and a little patch of nails missing from the heel." In the dust that lay on the floor of the dead man's hut he had seen such a bootprint, vague and yet, like an impression on a negative, distinct when seen from a certain angle. It had imprinted itself on his mind.

But it was a fortnight, after many waterholes had been examined, before the black drew his attention to such a bootprint and picked up the tracks of the camels that went with it. And it was six weeks before they ran the trail to its end.

Gurney and his black lay on a rise and watched a camp in a bulwaddy thicket two miles southward of a waterhole. It was noon, but no smoke rose from the camp. The camp itself was vague. Only the hobbled camels indicated its presence. The man in camp was not visible. Gurney, sheltering in the spinifex on the slope, would not go on till he saw the man. Only then could he be sure the man was not watching for approaching trekkers.

AN hour went by, and the man showed himself. He came from the bulwaddy, and stood for a moment eyeing his camels. Then he prepared to break camp. Gurney waited till the camels were noselined in file, and then retreated under shelter of the slope to his own camels, his black following him.

Gurney picked out his fastest riding camels for himself and the black tracker, and leaving the other camels hobbled, set out on a wide detour.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a man stepped from a clump of scrub, and commanded:

"Stick 'em up, trooper."

The trooper looked from his high camel at the man and the menacing rifle, and snarled:

"Who the hell let you out, Gurney?"

"Go on—stick 'em up," Gurney insisted. "That's right. Keep 'em there, if you don't want to be riddled."

"You'd add murder to your cattle stealing," the trooper sneered.

"I ain't been guilty of the one," Gurney told him. "I don't want to have to be guilty of the other. Keep 'em up!" And to the trooper's riding camel, "Hoosh! Hooshta!"

The camel hesitated at the strange voice; knelt at the repeated command.

"Take his guns."

Gurney's black stepped up to disarm the trooper. The trooper's face went dark. His hand was dropping to his revolver, when his eyes looked at the rifle, covering him steadily.

"I'll blast ye into eternity," Gurney promised. "Don't try no tricks."

The trooper yielded. Disarmed, he stood in the sand before Gurney.

"What's it mean, anyway?" he demanded. "This your kind of revenge, Gurney? Did you break prison to get me? Carrying a grudge, eh? Still think I made a mistake?"

"You did," Gurney said, "but I ain't makin' one. . . . Listen. When I left Wimpiri a sergeant was makin' in there from Meekatharra. I reckon he come to bump you out of the police for good. But when he gets to know what I do, he'll know his job's more serious than that."

The trooper eyed him evenly. "What do you mean?"

"You killed old Crazy McKean an' took his gold," Gurney told him.

The trooper laughed outright. "Don't be a fool. You're mad, Gurney."

"Maybe." Gurney looked at the other's face. "You put up a good bluff, trooper. But you didn't show no surprise McKean was killed. . . . How'd you get to know, if you never done it—you out here in the sand? The news couldn't 'a' caught you any faster than me an' the black tracker did."

THE trooper remained sneeringly cool. "I didn't say I knew McKean was killed, but I'm not surprised, the way he hoarded his gold in that hut. Everybody knew he had it there. Some crook was bound to go after it in the end. But nobody except a crazy old desert groper would make the blunder you've made."

"You can tell that to the judge," Gurney said. The trooper grinned.

"I suppose you've got to be humoured. The tables are turned, eh, Gurney? But things 'll be worse than ever for you when we get to Wimpiri."

"I don't reckon they will be, trooper. They'll be bad for you, that's all I'm thinkin'. . . . There's a few hours of daylight left, an' we might as well start headin' in now. And now—" his eyes met the trooper's—"just oblige me by bringin' out them handcuffs, unless you want the black tracker to search you."

The trooper smiled ironically. "Turning the tables completely, eh, Gurney?"

"You put them irons on me," Gurney told him.

"Yes, but you'd committed a crime," the trooper said.

"Ain't you?" Gurney said. "But here's the difference: I was innocent, and you're guilty."

"It seems to satisfy your grudge to think so," the trooper retorted. "But there's one thing I'd like to warn you about. Don't put those handcuffs on me. There's no way of getting them off again. Suppose Myalls attacked us in the desert? A handcuffed man'd be easily killed. It'd be practically murder on your part, when you knew beforehand the handcuffs couldn't be got off."

"Why can't they?" Gurney queried.

"The key's lost."

"You lost it, trooper?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Lord, how do I know? If I did, I'd've found it again. I only know it is lost."

"No," said Gurney, "I've got it here."

The trooper stared at him, and a sudden fear came in his eyes.

"You see," said Gurney, "I found it—right alongside McKean's body."

END

CUT OUT ALL THE FOOD CARRYING IN 1932

HOW many journeys did you make between the Kitchen and Dining Room in 1931? The total will amaze you, especially when you realise that not only have tables to be laid, and food carried in, but tables have to be cleared again after the meals are finished. Whether your maid wastes her time on these needless journeys, or you make them yourself, the SERVWAY will prevent all wasted effort and cut out the drudgery of meal times.

EYES CANNOT SEE THROUGH

EARS CANNOT HEAR THROUGH

FUMES CANNOT PASS THROUGH

IT SAVES YOUR STEPS

KEEPS FOOD HOT OR COLD

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The SERVWAY does more than this—it keeps food hot for a considerable time and enables you to enjoy piping hot meals.

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Don't delay—write for the interesting SERVWAY booklet and arrange to have the SERVWAY fitted. Every time you walk from the Kitchen to the Dining Room—remember it's another journey that the SERVWAY would prevent.

The MODERN SERVICE HATCH

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The White Rat (*Continued from page* 33)

He went upstairs, found his empty suitcase, brought it downstairs again, went into the garage yard and put it in the back of the car. Then he wandered back on to the terrace and passed Dickie.

"I've put my suitcase in your bus," he remarked. The other showed no sign of having heard. Clement went into the *salon* and sat down at the piano. He began to play. Outside they danced or sat listening to him. Sometimes they clapped him. Sometimes they called the name of a tune. He played on, and in his playing drifted away from them.

The hours had been slipping by. Soon Maisie would be going. She must be waiting, watching for the pale hint of dawn. Soon. Soon. Who knew? Who else understood? Had he not been playing, the sense of suspense would for him have been scarcely tolerable.

Colonel Fairbright wandered past, indistinct beneath the Chinese lanterns, miserable. What would he do when he did know? Would he break down?

Suddenly Clement was afraid, afraid of that. The man had been living at too high tense. Under his control he seemed near the end of his endurance. Suppose he broke down? To Clement the idea seemed intolerable. That Maisie should elope did not much matter. But that this man, decent, kindly, no doubt with a life of little but hard-won achievements behind him, should be humiliated before this crowd was not to be borne! No. No. Suddenly the drama around him took a new significance. Colonel Fairbright had become its hero, the hero of this play in which, despite himself, he had become involved. What if his hero failed? His eyes on the figure of Colonel Fairbright, just visible on the further side of the terrace, Clement played on.

TIME passed. Along the road behind the villa cars which droned by became rarer and rarer. The night was tired, waning. One of the couples from Antibes came in for a moment to say good-bye. Clement ran and shook their hands. A weary smile on his lips, he bowed to their thanks. When they had gone he sat down again and soon had lost himself in his playing. He was conscious no longer of his personal existence, only of that drama which stirred and impended, out there, among the shadows of the terrace.

A hand gripped his elbow and he jumped up.

"Quick," said his host. "He's starting. I think he must have forgotten you're going with him."

Frightened now that the moment had come, Clement hurried out by the end door of the *salon*. Dawn was near and already a sad grey luminance made objects on the terrace visible. Clement reached the turn of the wall and paused. Lit faintly by the light from some passage window and just visible through the cypresses was the Dickie-man's car and in it, beside the driver, was Maisie, deep in a coat. The engine hissed softly.

"What . . . ?" Colonel Fairbright's hand was on Clement's elbow.

"Yes," said Clement, very low. "That's it." This was the climax, and he could hardly bear it.

The car, with its lights not yet on and with its engine only just turning over, moved stealthily across the yard. Colonel Fairbright started forward, but Clement caught his jacket.

"It isn't any good, you know. No, it's too late now. It was too late when I first came out here. Probably it's always too late. Maisie was all right once; not now. She wasn't for you. No good, you know."

The car had passed round the corner of the wall and was on its way to the road. Colonel Fairbright stood as though frozen. Presently he turned and went heavily towards the house.

Clement was at his side, a hand frantic on his arm. "You mustn't let them see. Please, please, you mustn't. I couldn't bear that. Do, do stop. Wait just a minute. Walk as if nothing had happened," he whispered, as though he were giving stage directions.

"They're beasts, all beasts, except Mrs. Weatherby and the O'Shea girl. They'd gloat. Pretend it hasn't happened. They don't know. Say it's bed-time. They'll think Maisie's gone straight up. They know she's fond of Dickie. They'll think she couldn't face them after the good-bye. They needn't know yet. Come on, do. Let's go together." He caught Colonel Fairbright's arm and by sheer force of will led him round the corner of the house and on to the terrace.

The O'Shea girl rose. "He's gone?"

"Yes," said Clement. "I didn't, in the end."

"I'm sleepy." Mrs. Weatherby gathered up her bag and fan. She had a shawl around her. The Cannes couple were on their feet, yawning. The couple from Antibes, who were not returning till next day, began moving towards the house.

Clement felt the direction of the scene was all his now. He could ring down the curtain now and when he wished.

"What about bed, Colonel?"

"I'm for it," said someone behind him.

"Yes, yes," they echoed.

"Good-night, then," said Mrs. Weatherby.

"Good night everybody," said the O'Shea girl.

THE Cannes couple made their little party bows. Clement watched them all into the house. He waited till they turned the bend of the stairs; then he went to the switchboard and began turning out the lights; first those in the *salon*; then those on the stairs; those beneath the pines; and lastly those under the loggia itself. The night had thawed to grey. The sea lay calm, once again visible, waiting for dawn.

Colonel Fairbright sank upon the parapet which enclosed the loggia. "What am I going to do?" he asked desolately.

Clement stood by his side, slight, boyish, yet feeling very sure now how he would end the play. He said nothing. Colonel Fairbright lowered his chin upon his chest. Clement touched his shoulder. "Come on," he said. "It's no use thinking. It's no use doing anything. It has happened. It was bound to happen. Perhaps some day, some day far ahead, it will seem to have been all for the best. We don't know why things like that happen. We know so little. Life is just scenes in a play. Come, come. Let's go down to the boat.

Colonel Fairbright did not move.

"Come on. Yes, come on."

The elder man rose slowly and let himself be led across the terrace down the little path to the rocks.

"What am I going to do?" he repeated.

Clement had found the stern rope of the boat. He drew her gently to the rock on which they stood.

"Go on as if nothing had happened. Do that, for the moment. Do things—anything. As yet you can't think."

The elder man saw the boat before him and, perhaps unconscious of what he did, he stepped aboard.

Clement undid the stern rope from its ring and stood waiting.

"Shall I come, too?"

Colonel Fairbright had his back turned. He nodded.

Clement stepped gingerly into the boat. The other was busy with mooring rope. Presently that was cast off. One by one he took up the heavy oars.

"Right!" exclaimed Clement suddenly. "Right!"

Colonel Fairbright began to row. The boat moved out from under the terrace. Ahead lay the level sea, which had warmed now to the colour of a clouded opal. Against it the lateen sail, furled to its yard, arched overhead. Clement, with his chin in his hands, abandoned himself to the beauty of the dawn. At last, he realised, he was going out fishing. But, though he was conscious of the neatness of the curtain he had contrived, he felt no sense of triumph.

END

"BP" PLUS
THE BLUE PETROL

is plus a little something some others haven't got

B P Plus has an addition to the petrol which greatly increases the efficiency of any engine

Red Sunset Land (*Continued from page 57*)

be a gravedigger would be wanted and not a doctor, and so we went down to the beach.

"The Frenchmen made a ring all round us, to look on, and four of them stood inside the ring; I reckon they thought they were seconds, whether we liked it or not; you see, that kind of thing was just strawberry jam to them. They put us into fencing attitudes, and one of them dropped a handkerchief, and called out 'Engage!' and six of the rest started arguing right away if it had been done properly or not; but Willis and I didn't mind; we were too busy trying to slice one another in bits.

"I SAW at once he didn't know a great deal about fencing, but the weapons were so odd that I reckoned he had his fair whack at me in any case. Perhaps I put too much of the broadsword into it; anyhow, he got me across the left arm, and drew blood, and the Frenchies wanted to strike up our swords, as they called it, but I cursed them some, and we went on.

"They'd all stopped their barracking by now; I think they saw it wasn't going to be a French sort of duel. They were watching us hard, and very quiet. I remembered afterwards I'd heard someone breathing pretty loud, and thought it was Willis, until I found out it was me. He gave me some trouble. I reckon he knew he was fighting for his life. There was a good deal of blood on the sand—black it looked in that light—before I saw my chance had come, and then I took it. Feel my arm."

I did. It was like ironwood. Mitchell went on:

"I got my chance at last, and struck through his collarbone, and sliced him pretty near in two. If you don't like that whisky, tell me; they have another just as good. . . . Well, drink it then. . . .

"The Frenchies raised a cheer, French sort of cheer, rather more like howling of wolves than a good hurray. They began dribbling away; I reckon they wanted to see whether Brock mightn't stand treat a bit, seeing that——"

"Did the place keep open all night?"

"Sometimes. When necessary. Well, they left me alone with him, and I stood wiping my clearing-knife on a bit of buffalo grass, and somehow it seemed as if a train that'd been carrying me along with all the rattle and banging that trains do kick up, you know—as if it had stopped, and gone on, and left me all alone in the middle of a dead quiet, with the row dying out on the horizon, and me beginning to hear the rustle of the trees again, and the birds singing, and a sort of peaceful feeling getting hold. So I stuck the knife in the sand, and I was starting to go away, when I saw a thing that made my blood creep."

I was anxious to know what it was that made Mitchell's blood creep. It seemed impossible——

"A half-caste girl, with shoes on, shoes with high heels. And she had come up unknown, and she was stamping with her high-heeled shoe right on Willis's face, as he lay there dead in the moonlight. 'Stop it you . . .' I says. 'Stop it be hanged!' she says, for she could speak English as well as you or I. 'That man deserted me, and when I came and begged of him, he tied me behind his sulky, and dragged me over the road.'

"'Stop it,' I told her. 'I've wiped out all scores.' She was sensible enough; she left off, and came away."

"Queen Matilda of England," I began, "trod with her heels on the face of the man who had refused her, when he was lying dead. Did you ever——?"

"Of course I did; but I'm not making it up. I suppose human nature's the same all over the world."

He was lighting a fresh cigar; there seemed to be a pause—almost a gap—in the tale. By sitting quite still, and not thinking too much, I felt I could still keep my head. But I could not ask questions any more.

MITCHELL got his cigar alight, and went on. "I took the bag of pearls off his body. I went back to the ship; everybody was asleep, and we sailed again at sun-up. I didn't see Zita till after breakfast next morning; she was sitting up in the bows, alongside the anchor chains, well out of earshot of everyone. I reckoned she had heard something, and was waiting for me. So I went up to her, and, keeping myself between her and the rest of the ship, I handed her the bag of pearls.

"'All there,' I said. And they were, because I'd bought the small ones back from Brock, the night before; he was very decent, and made me wholesale prices on the drinks. Zita took the pearls, and slipped them back into her dress, and I could see her breast heaving up and down, just the way the silver-white seas were heaving round the bow; it was one of those silver tropic days—but you wouldn't know. . . . And she said, 'Thank God!' But I said, 'What about thanking me?' She said, 'How did you get them back?' and I knew by the flicker of her eyelids that she knew; it was all over the island, all over the New Hebrides group, as fast as the steamer went round. So I said, 'You needn't ask that, now or any time; only I'll say this, he didn't deserve to live.' She shook a little at that, and she said, 'I can never—never thank you enough.' And then she seemed to forget about herself for a minute, which women rarely do, and she said, suddenly, 'But you—what'll happen to you?' She was seeing things then; the gaol at Long Bay, and a man walking with his arms tied and his eyes bandaged, three steps to eternity. I didn't answer her. Lomond came up to the bow just at that minute, and he said:

"'So this is another of your lovers.'

"Like cold steel his voice was; and yet it was glad, inside. And I think he was seeing the same picture that she did, only he liked it. He didn't know about the pearls, nor just what Willis had so nearly done; he only knew there was jealousy between me and Willis, and I reckon he thought he was going to be rid of both in the best possible way.

"I said nothing then, and I said nothing to him all the way back to Sydney. Zita and I saw something of each other, and I made up my mind that she was just the one woman, the one I'd been looking for—looking a bit too industriously, perhaps—all my life, which was twenty-eight years then, and it seemed older than I am now. She used to meet me after dinner, abaft the funnel, and we'd talk, in a hurry, with the wind shouting in the funnel stays about us, and the engines stamping away below—champity, champity; I can hear 'm now. And see the stars, with the trucks of the masts going pencilling through. Zita'd look at them with me, and I'd say, 'I'll show you the stars in daylight, when we get to the goldfields together.' And she'd shake her head, but she'd come a bit closer and say, 'Tell me more.' And once in a way I'd see her eyes grow bigger and darker—though you'd think it was impossible—when she thought of what she wouldn't ever speak about, the chance of Long Bay and the little door in the morning. . . .

"But Lomond was thinking of the same thing, and sometimes he'd catch me alone, and say something that was meant to have a bite in it; or jerk the tie round his neck when he passed me in an alleyway, and grin. And so we got to Sydney, and came in through the Heads.

"Lomond came up to me, when we were docking, with the ugliest grin you ever saw on a human countenance. They'd no wireless then, but he says, 'I've had you signalled; the police will be on board as soon as the Customs or sooner, and there'll be an end,' he says, 'to your lovemaking with my wife.' He said it right where she could hear, and half the passengers too.

"Now, that saying of his was just the last drop that filled the glass and overflowed it, or the last flake that started the avalanche; you can have it either way you like. Zita had been falling out of love with him ever since he left the islands, and to hear him call her down in public like that—and for something she hadn't done—finished the job. She looked at me, and I knew she was mine for the taking, only she was still a bit afraid—for me. The little door at eight o'clock in the morning, and the cap over the face. . . .

"I wouldn't have missed the rest of it for anything; no, not even to have saved her some trouble. You'll see.

"The gangway was out, but nobody could go ashore. 'Captain's orders,' was what the quartermaster said, sticking out his arms. He waited. And in about ten minutes, not hurrying themselves, came two police. 'What's this about?' one of 'm said, as they came up on deck. The captain said nothing. I do'no how much he—— anyhow, he left it to Lomond, who was swelling out like something in a picture show, and he says, 'I charge this man'—meaning me—'with wilful murder of Sydney Willis.'

"The two police got a little nearer to me. 'Where did this alleged murder occur?' says one of 'm. 'In the New Hebrides, at Dugong Island,' says Lomond. 'What have you to say about it?' the policeman asks me; but I noticed he was what you'd call a bit perfunctory, and the other man, who'd opened his notebook, quietly shut it up. 'I don't need to say anything,' I told him, 'but if you want to know, I did kill a man who deserved to be killed about six times over, and I did it on territory that's outside the British Empire.'

"'You won't get off that way,' Lomond said, with a kind of howl. 'There's such a thing as law—foreign law—you can be——'

"'The only law that runs in the New Hebrides,' says I, 'is the law of the head-hunters themselves. The French are squatting there, and so are we, but nobody owns the place; it's about the last native-owned country in the world, and if you want to make a charge against me, you'd better do it through the cannibal chiefs of Dugong—if they don't eat you first. I think you'd be pretty safe, though,' I said. 'Even a Dugong cannibal might hesitate about swallowing you.'

"The second man put up his notebook. 'We'll have it seen to,' he said. They knew there was going to be no sergeant's stripes for them over that business.

"I told him where he could go to, and how soon, and that he might get a divorce as quick as he liked, and say anything he chose; we wouldn't contradict him. So she went ashore without him, and I said good-bye to her, for the time."

The big cigar was out. Mitchell held it in two fingers, and looked at it thoughtfully, stroking the cold ash from its tip.

"She was with me," he said slowly, "on the Waria, and when the Lakekamu broke out. She went everywhere, and there never was a better plucked one since God made women."

The story seemed to have ended. I sat up, and found words.

"But what happened? Did he die?"

"No."

"And she?"

He dived into another pocket, and pulled out a small photograph set in a case. "That's her," he said.

I looked, and saw a small group of men and women, standing under a palm tree. Two doctors in white coats. Two assistants of sorts. Two nurses, in linen frocks and veils. You couldn't have told one woman from the other, and neither was beautiful.

"Nursing Sister Zita," Mitchell said. "Died on Bokolo, the leper island, four years ago."

"What, of——"

"No—heart-disease—they said." He looked at the dead tip of his cigar, laid it down, and went on—"She wouldn't stick it, when she knew he'd do nothing."

END

HAIR FAR MORE THAN LOVELY TO BEHOLD

To be supremely beautiful your hair should make irresistible appeal to three senses : It must be silkily soft, lustrous and bright, and then just delicately fragrant. Yet, did you know that this all-lovely combination is assuredly secured by a single simple application of a method—almost miraculous—that your hairdresser can apply? Houbigant's Single Friction Lotion from a sealed **individual** flacon—after the shampoo, but just before you take the wave—will quickly rinse away all oil and harsh soap residues, leaving the hair downily soft, ideally prepared for the wave. Finally, it will appear glistening—alive, perfumed with an alluring, long-lasting fragrance, delicately balanced in strength. Your next visit to the hairdresser will ensure for you a new realisation of the beauty of your own hair if you ask about this latest HOUBIGANT triumph.

Fragrances:
QUELQUES FLEURS_AU MATIN
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LE TEMPS DES LILAS
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SINGLE FRICTION LOTION

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HOUBIGANT

THE 'DIPLOMA' EDITION OF 'THE PICKWICK PAPERS'
(After Charles Dickens)

Chapter I

WHEREIN MR. PICKWICK ADDRESSES THE CLUB HIMSELF HAD FOUNDED

And how interesting did the spectacle become when, starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for 'Pickwick' burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair and addressed the club himself had founded. What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat tails, and the other waving in the air a small circular box, commenced his glowing declamation.

Mr. Pickwick observed that fame was dear to the heart of every man. Poetic fame was dear to the heart of his friend Snodgrass, the fame of conquest was equally dear to his friend Tupman; and the desire of earning fame, in the sports of the field, the air, and the water, was uppermost in the breast of his friend Winkle.

He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions, and human failings (cheers)—possibly by human weaknesses—(vehement cheering); and if he had one great weakness it was for a bit of good old English cheese.

He had felt some pride—he acknowledged it freely—when he presented his Tittlebatian Theory to the world, but that was as nothing compared with the pride with which he looked around him, as he brought to their notice this delectable 'Diploma' cheese.

'Just a box, you might say,' he exclaimed, 'like any other box and cheese like any other cheese. But such are the narrow views of the philosophers who, content with examining the things that lie before them, look not to the truths which are hidden beyond.' And, having given vent to this beautiful reflection, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to tear open the box and pass round the portions of cheese to the great delight and satisfaction of the assembled company.

'Diploma' guaranteed English Cheddar or Cheshire Cheese is sold in boxes of 6 or 12 portions at 1/4½d.

DIPLOMA

THE ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D214a

Versatility of Rubber

(*Continued from page 75*)

as to fold into a handbag, is hard to recognise as the descendant of the one-time heavy black over-shoe.

It is when we turn to the increasing variety of rubber brushes, rubber upholstery and rubber kitchen equipment that we find the most outstanding progress.

A few years ago at a famous exhibition we saw the first pneumatic chair. It was a large armchair built up on the pattern of a huge air-cushion, and was blown up or collapsed at will to be folded away. It had, however, in every-day use a strong tendency to side-roll! The newer chairs are built up on an entirely different principle, and though non-collapsible they have the merit of security and comfort equal to any of the older methods of upholstering.

One design has an arrangement of tubular air-filled cushions, planned radiator fashion, and encased in an outer covering. In another, the bag contains pillars of solid rubber at intervals, and this overcomes the tendency to side-roll. Sponge rubber clippings are used with great success, and this form of upholstery is both resilient and economical. Plain sheets of sponge rubber have also been tried, relying for their springiness upon the nature of the material.

About the newest of all these methods is that by which the sponge rubber is planned in strips and layers, with air pockets in between, and made doubly secure by a wood framing top and bottom.

By the use to-day of what is known as latex sponge rubber all sorts of developments have become possible, since different grades of rubber can be used in an article which is nevertheless jointless, a little on the principle of welding.

Another direction in which rubber is becoming increasingly recognised is for mattress construction. These new mattresses must not be confused with water beds of the old air-cushion pattern, but are built up from sponge rubber cylindrical springs in a ticking container. Apart from any question of comfort and durability which these mattresses offer to a high standard, there is a considerable gain in hygiene by this innovation, and they cannot become lumpy or hard.

Yet we cannot leave the domestic attributes of rubber without considering the possible usefulness to ourselves of rubber sink linings, balancing the initial cost against breakages of china and glass in an ordinary sink, and in addition perhaps the increased tranquillity from a lack of rattling crocks.

What of the rubber bath? The rubber corners to mats, saving wear and the possibility of slipping on a polished floor? What about the new brushes in their infinite variety of shapes and sizes and multiplicity of purposes, domestic and personal, many of them half-sponge, half-brush, and some of them coloured? The cleansing properties of rubber on the skin is felt immediately with these accessories.

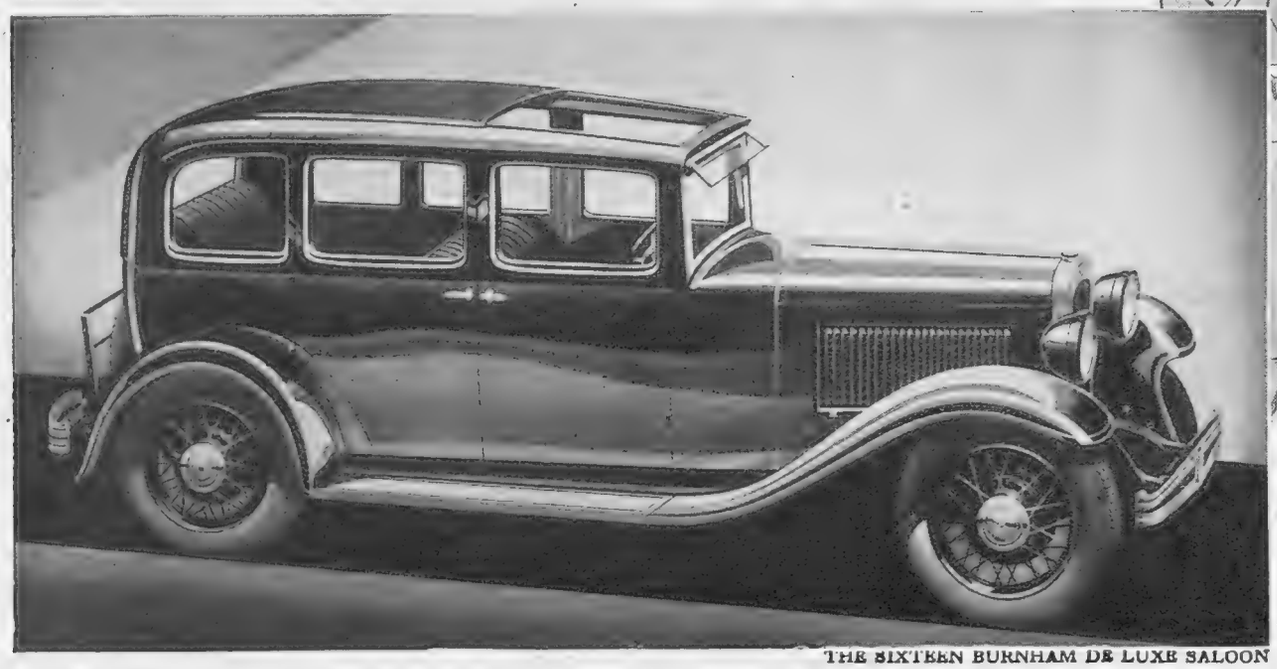
And last, but by no means least, come the new little accessories in rubber that can be fixed to a wall by means of suction, instead of nails or screws, making them adaptable for the traveller, for instance, when the surface, as on board ship, precludes penetration.

EVERY month new developments become possible as the work of research goes forward. There is something of the fantastic in this rapid progress that makes us feel we are dreaming, in spite of the practical evidence before us. And so if we hint that the scientist's dream is to devise pneumatic shoes, which will double our speed and halve our fatigue in walking, we shall only find that the secret hopes we cherished with Alice in Wonderland long ago have already been fulfilled on the staircase of sponge rubber, and may yet find material possibility, even without the discomfort of seven-league boots!

END

"In Surrey at 6 a.m.— *in Perthshire by supper-time!*"

1 in 4 *"The Burnham, in my opinion, is the ideal medium-sized 'six'—it's lively and economical, yet there's plenty of room for the family. No wonder it's so popular . . . no wonder every FOURTH new car registered in Great Britain during the last trading year ending July 31, 1931, was an Austin!"*



THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM DE LUXE SALOON

The Sixteen Burnham De Luxe Saloon
(as illustrated)

£335

(Price at works)

Chromium finish, Triplexglass throughout and Dunlop tyres standard. Burnham Drophead Saloon £335: Westminster Saloon £360; Windsor Saloon £308; Tourer or Two-Seater £300.

(Prices include Twin-Top gearbox).

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH.

***Owner Report No. 349; Austin Sixteen; Chassis No. 5TC. 9106.**

No matter how long you own an Austin Sixteen, you will never cease to marvel, as all owners do, that a car of such moderate price can be so lasting in service, so outstandingly dependable.

Here is an owner report that is typical of the enthusiasm, the complete satisfaction that only Austin owners know:

"We left Surrey at 6 a.m., and driving comfortably and steadily—only once exceeding 54 m.p.h.—arrived at Blair Atholl (Perthshire) at 7.30 in the evening. 490 miles in 13½ hours, or an average speed of over 36 miles an hour, including all stops! Remarkable for a heavily laden car—yet typical of Austin's always willing and steady performance.

I have owned several of the finest and most expensive makes of cars during the last 22 years and can honestly recommend the Austin Sixteen, when price, performance and dependability are considered, as being without equal."

There are many cars whose price is much the same as that of the Austin Sixteen Burnham Saloon—but if you want a car *sure* of giving long years of satisfying, trouble-free motoring—turn this Owner Report over in your mind.

**This is an Austin Owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

THE Morris Major "Light Six" Saloon equipped with a Pytchley sliding roof. In its way this car is as startling a combination of efficiency and value as anything Sir William Morris has given before

Phenomenal Value for £200

The Morris Major "Light Six" Saloon on test

By the Earl of Cardigan

IT is the custom nowadays to shake one's head over the financial situation, pointing to the trade depression and the high cost of many of the necessities of life. Many people, indeed, have some cause for pessimism, but it is worth remarking that the motorist emphatically is not one of them. Never, since the first car was built, has he been better off than he is to-day.

If anyone doubts this, let him look up some back numbers of motoring periodicals and see what the price of a six-cylinder saloon car was, let us say, six years ago. Then let him, metaphorically or otherwise, put £200 in his pocket, and go and see what he can buy for that money in 1932. If he has not kept abreast of recent motoring developments, I think that he will be astonished.

One of the first cars that he will be shown is assuredly the Morris Major. Here is a 14 h.p. six-cylinder chassis, carrying really handsome and commodious coachwork, and giving a thoroughly efficient performance on the road. The fixed head saloon is priced at £199 10s.

A ROAD test, such as I have recently been making, will demonstrate, moreover, that this is no mere cheap-jack production, in which costs have been cut at the expense of quality. Every Morris car within my experience starts by having a really first-rate engine, and the Major is no exception to this rule. The 14 h.p. power unit has a big job to do, since it is expected to propel four passengers and luggage in top gear at speeds varying between 4 and 60 m.p.h., and it is therefore geared moderately low. Thus one might reasonably expect some degree of noise or "fussiness" at the higher speeds, were one not aware of the wonderful facility of Morris engines for smooth and vibrationless "revving."

Actually, the ideal cruising speed of this car appears to be around 45 m.p.h., which is as fast as most owners will desire to go. The maximum of 60 m.p.h. can be obtained, however, before any signs of distress will become apparent.

Between zero and 50 m.p.h., acceleration is excellent, and genuine six-cylinder smoothness is available at all speeds.

A FOUR-SPEED gearbox is provided, in which the third gear is capable of 40 m.p.h. No special easy-changing mechanism is employed, but both silent running and ease of engagement are reasonably good. A valuable minor point is that the gearbox oil filler projects through the floorboards in front of the gear lever, and can therefore be replenished without forcing the owner to "get out and get under."

The steering is excellent, having the three virtues of lightness, good self-centring action, and an ample lock. The four-wheel brakes are likewise admirable, and, when applied fully, pull the car up very rapidly and also very smoothly.

The springing is semi-elliptic, reinforced by shock absorbers. In spite of the fact that the coachwork considerably overhangs the back axle, it does its work with remarkable efficiency. Indeed, from the mechanical point of view, there is no component of this car which is other than efficient. The only possible exception is the electric horn, the note of which is somewhat thin and reedy. To counterbalance this, the ignition control, which in many modern cars is almost useless after it has been set to full advance, gives a really substantial range of advance and retard, and can be manipulated with advantage.

The equipment is wonderfully complete, and includes several items, such as automatic radiator shutters and engine thermometer, which are lacking in many more expensive cars. The driving position, generally speaking, is very well thought out, and the new type of accelerator pedal is an admirable innovation. All the controls come readily to hand, with the possible exception that the steering wheel might come back a little further into one's lap.

THE interior likewise lacks nothing that can make for comfort or convenience. Triplex glass is used in the winding windows, and the leather upholstery is both luxurious and good-looking. The light-coloured woodwork is æsthetically debatable, and some people would prefer one commodious cubby-hole to two shallow ones. These, however, are but trifling details, and it is high praise to the car as a whole that I mention them at all. When a professional critic, making a careful examination of a six-cylinder car priced at £200, can find so little wrong with it that he has to comment on the dimensions of a cubby-hole, it may be deduced that he is dealing with a very exceptional production.

Certainly Sir William Morris, having achieved wonderful success with his original Oxford and Cowley models, has not been content to lean back and watch the dividends come in. Once again he has broken new ground, and it would not be too much to say that this new "light six" is, in its way, as startling a combination of efficiency and value as anything that he has given us before.

This Month's Motoring Hint

YOUR MOST USEFUL GEAR

IT occurred to me recently to wonder which of the five speeds in the normal gearbox is the most valuable to the man who knows how to make use of it. Most people, I suppose, would vote for the modern silent third or "twin top" gear, and this certainly is of immense value both in hilly country and in traffic, always provided that you engage it in good time.

In some ways, however, reverse gear may claim to be most valuable, in that it often does what none of the forward gears is capable of doing. To park a large car in a small space, for instance, is often literally impossible when it is driven forward. Approach the same problem in reverse, and it will become not only possible but, with a little practice, easy.

It is almost a tragedy that the handling of a car in reverse gear is so neglected an art among the majority of owner drivers. I am convinced that anyone would be amply repaid, in added efficiency and saving of time and trouble, by studying reverse gear driving and making use of it on all occasions when manœuvring in a restricted space.

Summer Touring up-*to*-Date

By The Earl *of* Cardigan

(*Above*)

THE Wizard and the Witch. A Hillman-Eccles combination which was one of the most interesting entries in the recent Monte Carlo Rally. With five passengers and the weight of the baggage it is surely a striking testimony to the Wizard's ample power and the easy running of the Eccles caravan

TIME was when, with the approach of spring, motorists used to consider very carefully the preparation of their cars for the summer touring season. I myself always mentally ran over the list of the things that were liable to go wrong in the course of a tour, and made a point of eradicating as many of them as possible before I started.

With one old car, for instance, it was almost certain that the dynamo belt would either slip through being loose or break through being tight. I would therefore consider whether to try to achieve a very precise degree of tension and hope for the best, to devise some method of gearing up the dynamo by means of a larger pulley, or to experiment with some new type of belting.

Another car used to suffer badly from front wheel wobble when driven over country roads. Should I, in this case, increase the pressure of the front tyres, play about with the front springs and axle, or merely try to avoid the critical road speed? It was all very interesting, and my pre-touring season experiments used to give me a good deal of pleasure and interesting information, but it must all seem singularly unreal and, no doubt, highly preposterous to the care-free motorist of 1932.

Even to-day, however, some preparation is desirable in order to ensure a summer free from irritating trouble on the road. Some people, perhaps, will go no further than to order a couple of new tyres for the rear wheels, but it would also pay to spend an hour or so with an oil can, giving a little attention to those parts of the chassis which are not normally lubricated as a matter of routine.

To take an example, how many people ever take the trouble to give the magneto or dynamo a drop of oil? You may run a car for a year without doing so, but one day, perhaps when you are happily touring in the country, you will hear that distressing sound of a bearing running dry. If you do not know your car very well, you will imagine all sorts of horrors before you hit upon the right solution, and the anxiety will, I suggest, far outweigh the trouble involved by a preliminary round of inspection.

ANOTHER point which is well worth studying in advance is the inevitable luggage problem. I often annoy my family by my insistence on having luggage stowed in what I call a scientific manner. In the long run, however, they generally have cause to be grateful, for luggage so stowed does not shift about when cornering, nor does it occupy an unreasonable amount of space. It can, moreover, be loaded and unloaded more efficiently than when it is heaped up in a confused and unseemly mass.

This is especially so on prolonged tours. I have found that, when the various articles of luggage are carefully selected and stowed in the first instance, valuable time is actually saved on each subsequent loading and unloading. It may take ten minutes on the first day, but you will have the satisfaction of seeing it done in five minutes on the second day, and two minutes on the third.

Many people nowadays, however, are contriving to solve both the luggage problem and the hotel problem in a new and exceedingly attractive manner. They expend a matter of £100 to £200 on a really efficient trailer caravan. This, if made by a firm which knows its job, has a life at least as long as that of the car to which it is attached, and in many cases longer. It is thus an investment which even the man of moderate means would do well to consider.

A concrete example which I was examining the other day is the Eccles lightweight model, which is priced at £165. This is a thoroughly solid and substantial piece of workmanship, although excessive weight has been so well kept down that it can be drawn by any car of 12 or more h.p. without seriously reducing its performance. This was proved a few months ago when a Hillman Wizard made a very creditable run in the Monte Carlo Rally, towing one of these caravans behind it.

I HAVE not yet had the opportunity of driving a car with a caravan attached, but I am told that no special skill is required. A rather wider sweep is, of course, needed on corners, but, provided the caravan is properly balanced fore and aft, there is absolutely no outward drag or other difficulty.

For camping purposes, these caravans seem to be not only comfortable but definitely luxurious. Four legs are lowered from the corners, and these are individually adjustable, so that an absolutely solid stance can be obtained even when the ground is sloping and irregular. The interior is divided into two compartments, and four people can sleep in the one double and two single beds.

Great ingenuity is shown in the way space has been economised. During the day, when the beds fold into the walls, the interior is astonishingly roomy, and the various cupboards, shelves and wardrobes, although ample for ordinary purposes, are so well placed that they seem to make no inroads on the area available to passengers. There is no (*Continued on page* 100)

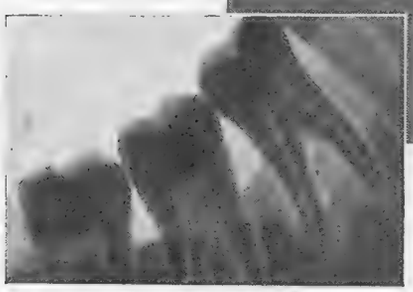
MR. C. J. JOYCE looking very pleased with the Crossley "Ten" four-door sports saloon which he drove in the R.A.C. Rally. He won the Autocar Trophy for the champion light car in the coachwork competition of the Rally, and also the class award. Other Crossley "Tens" distinguished themselves, and all the Crossleys entered completed the required distance of 1,000 miles to Torquay without loss of marks

● AT 40

HER TEETH ARE

HER CHARM—

but



Note: A Pyorrhœal condition is disclosed by this X-ray photograph; the bone is spongy and roots are loose.

●

Radiograph by A. B. Goss, Member Society of Radiographers.

what may the X-rays reveal!

● Generally, bleeding and tender gums give warning of Pyorrhœa. They call for prompt measures if teeth and *health* are to be saved. Sometimes, however, Pyorrhœa attacks, invisibly, the bony sockets in which the teeth are held—destroying them painlessly but relentlessly. Teeth become loose, are lost. Invalidism results. Only the X-ray can, with certainty, reveal the presence of this dread disease.

Most people know that Pyorrhœa, neglected, means loss of teeth—discomfort—humiliation. Few realise the greater threat to health, even life itself, from the absorption, by the blood, of the poison of Pyorrhœa, a malady caused largely by overfeeding, improper diet, and tartar at the gum-line, where malignant bacteria thrive unchecked.

Alone, Forhan's will not cure Pyorrhœa in its advanced state. But Forhan's, in addition to being a safe, fine cleaning agent, contains in its formula those elements necessary to condition the gums and prevent Pyorrhœa—to check its growth in earlier stages.

To keep good health and good teeth, use Forhan's for the Gums regularly. You can get it at good Chemists everywhere.

4 out of 5 By estimate of leading dental authorities four out of five people over forty suffer from Pyorrhœa.

Forhan's for the GUMS

MADE IN ENGLAND

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., LONDON, E.C.4

A Neo-Victorian Flat

(*Continued from page* 73)

looking glass (the two unbevelled squares cost 12s. 6d.) and two Cupids (found at a sale for 10s.) support little lamps with pink bases and green shades.

The kidney-shaped dressing table was made to Mrs. Gill's own design, with shelves on one side for bottles, and drawers on the other, for £4 10s., and it wears a petticoat of glazed chintz in a French design of cream, apricot, rose and willow-green. The curtains are of heavy deep cream satin, which meant spending 13s. 11d. a yard, but which looks superb. There are many good rayon satins now available which cost considerably less, and which look almost as impressive.

The kitchen is gay and unexpected with its walls in pale yellow Keystona (a most practical water-paint which dries with a hard glaze and can be washed) and its emerald green woodwork. Distempering this room came to £2 10s. The same yellow Keystona is used to lighten the cupboards in the hall, which is treated in black varnished distemper to give an appearance of architectural unity to a mid-Victorian designer's rather ill-judged proportions.

Summer Touring Up-to-Date

(*Continued from page* 99)

overcrowding, but, on the other hand, no inch of space is wasted.

The equipment supplied with Eccles caravans is, to the male eye at any rate, extraordinarily comprehensive. I find it difficult to imagine any table or kitchen utensils which are not included in the list. The major items include a Valor cooker and an oven, while the etceteras (anyone who has done any camping will realise how important these can be) comprise every small article which the individual camper would almost certainly forget. There is, for instance, a mustard spoon, a bottle opener, a soap dish, a corkscrew, and a dozen more of the minor necessities of life.

It seems to me that here is a genuine want supplied. There are a few people who enjoy camping in a tent. There are a great many who insist upon a comfortable hotel. Between these two extremes I am sure that there is a large class open to the appeal of the caravan. A really comfortable bed, genuine protection from the elements, and civilised facilities for cooking, washing and eating—these are points which should appeal to those to whom "roughing it" has lost some of its attractions. There remains, on the other hand, all the economy, freedom, and sense of adventure which is associated with camp life.

Entertaining in the Spring and Summer

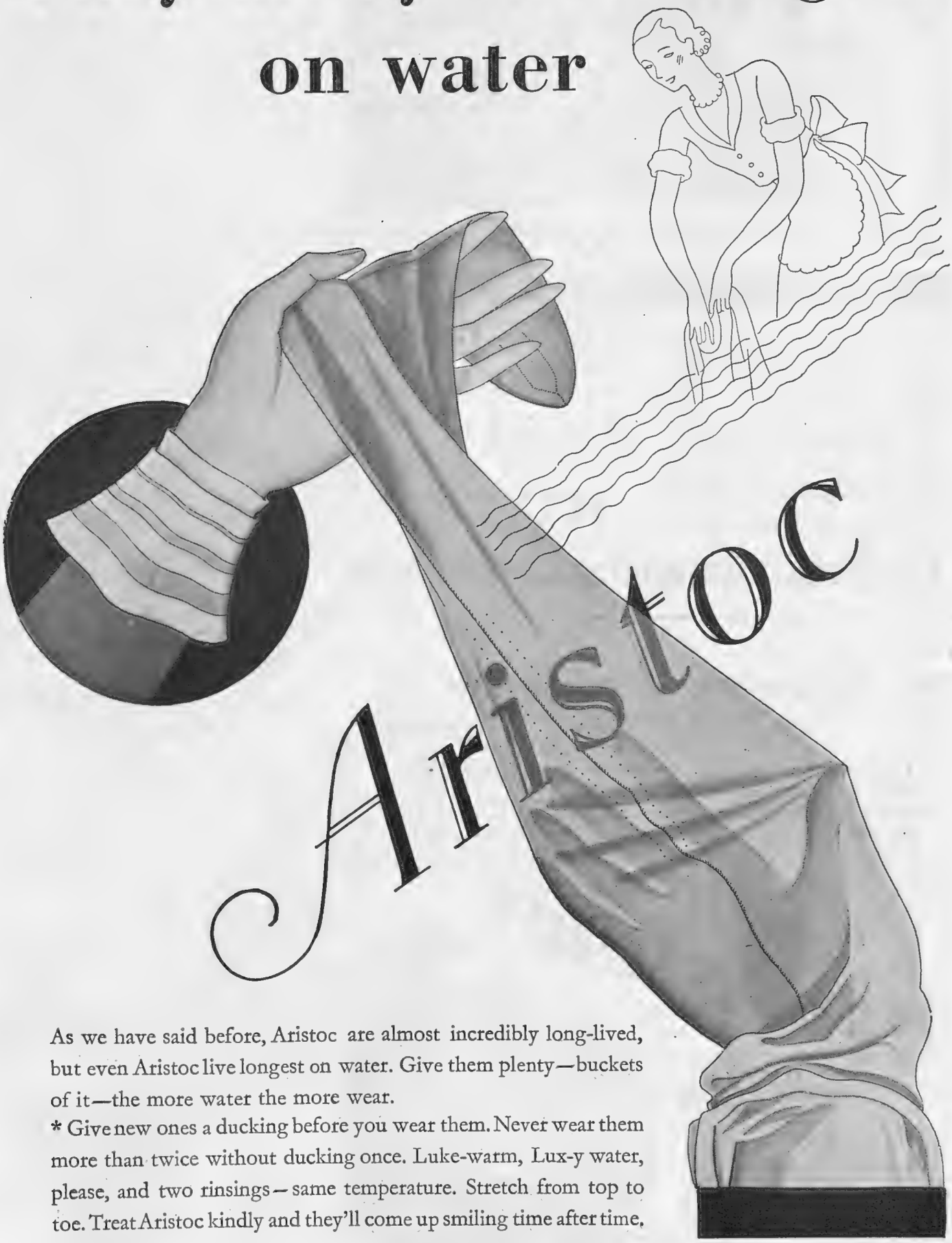
(*Continued from page* 83)

cubes of potato, cover again and simmer for one hour. Meanwhile prepare a few button onions, parboil them and put them, with a few mushrooms cleaned and cut into pieces, into a clean earthenware or copper casserole in which you will serve the chicken. Put in the good pieces of chicken, pour over the gravy through a fine strainer, cover and simmer again for twenty minutes. Have ready a strip of paste and seal the casserole with this. Put it in the oven so that the paste is browned and do not unseal the dish until it is in the dining-room. This little trick is very effective.

Stuffed Pineapple

Cut off the top of the pineapple about three or four inches from the tuft. Scoop out the inside and cut it in small pieces, removing the centre core. Mix this with any other soft fruit available, pears, cheap peaches, etc., but do not add hard fruits. Sweeten with soft sugar and flavour with desiccated cocoanut or port or a liqueur. Put back the mixture into the pineapple and stand it on ice to get cold. Serve with the top put back and standing in crushed ice.

They always live longest on water



As we have said before, Aristoc are almost incredibly long-lived, but even Aristoc live longest on water. Give them plenty—buckets of it—the more water the more wear.

* Give new ones a ducking before you wear them. Never wear them more than twice without ducking once. Luke-warm, Lux-y water, please, and two rinsings—same temperature. Stretch from top to toe. Treat Aristoc kindly and they'll come up smiling time after time.

ARISTOC PURE SILK STOCKINGS ARE **MADE IN ENGLAND** × 4/11 TO 12/6 ×

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The Kotex soluble sanitary pad is the most advanced of hygienic necessities. Thoroughly absorbent, specially treated for deodorization and instantly disposable. Its lack of bulkiness ensures complete immaculacy at all times, and Kotex is five times as absorbent as cotton wool, it is soft and stays soft.

Over 7,000,000 women throughout the world have made Kotex a habit . . . a habit that promotes better health.

You can buy a box of Kotex for a shilling

Your chemist and draper sell it—in sealed boxes 1/- (6 pads), 2/- (12 pads).

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Write to Nurse Adams at Kotex Ltd., Room C1 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, for information vital to you and a copy of the instructive booklet "Preparing for Womanhood."

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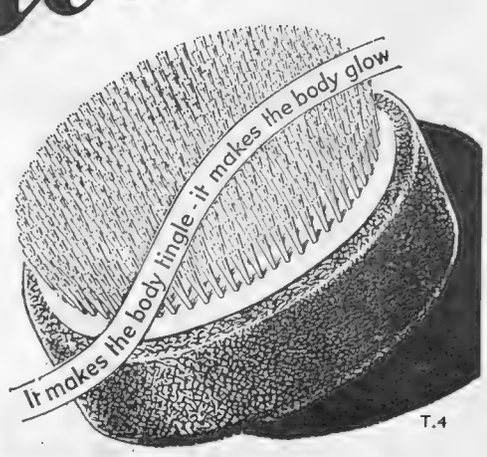

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Works: Bromsgrove Street, Birmingham.

Night Life at the Zoo

(*Continued from page 27*)

One of the night-watchman's duties at the Zoo is to turn on the lights in the tropical bird-house at odd intervals, thus creating a false impression of dawn for some minutes, and enabling delicate honey and nectar sipping species to take nourishment. Though mostly of a sun-loving temperament, many reptiles choose the hours of darkness for stealing upon their prey unobserved. Pythons, tree snakes and the night vipers are all of this persuasion, whilst amongst lizards geckos are essentially nocturnal. The eyes of the latter have vertically cat-like pupils, and with their sucker feet they run over walls and ceilings with surprising agility. It has been observed that although several species of gecko may inhabit the same locality, it is a general rule that they keep separate and aloof from each other. For instance, in a house in India the dark cellars may be a resort of one species, the roof of another, and crevices in the walls may be exclusively occupied by a third species. However, at night they issue forth in quest of insects, and may be found mixed up together in the same spot, but on the slightest disturbance, or when they have done feeding, they return hurriedly to their particular hiding places.

The ways of fish are a never-failing source of discussion and speculation amongst anglers. The Zoo Aquarium casts an interesting light upon this vexed question, and by surprising the fish with a flash-lamp their night-time secrets are revealed. Those most active by day, such as the wrasse, may be seen resting on their sides on the floor of the tank or leaning against the rocks. Species which haunt the tank floor by day rise at night and vice versa, whilst certain fish, like the grey mullet that hunt in the daylight in shoal formation, scatter at dusk, each unit pointing towards a different point of the compass. Crabs, shrimps and lobsters are active as cats by night, as are also many molluscs, including the octopus. By an unfortunate chance, the picturesque sea anemones are also frequently at their best by night, displaying their charms to perfection when none are present to enjoy them.

Getting Over the Bed-Sitting Room Difficulty

(*Continued from page 74*)

the boards stained, and one rug is all that will be found necessary.

If possible, allow yourself one or two luxuries, such as the book-case illustrated, which becomes a cupboard, or a charming ottoman lounge upholstered in artificial silk, which will serve the double purpose of sofa and linen chest.

APPROXIMATE COST.

	£	s.	d.
Divan (to be used as a bed) from	2	14	6
Mattress .. .. .. ,,		18	0
Two pillows .. .. ,,		10	0
Cover for divan .. .. ,,		18	6
White-wood cupboard, 6 ft. ,,	1	15	0
Chest in white-wood (cupboard, two shelves and three drawers)	3	15	0
Table in limed oak, expanding 3 ft. 4 in...	2	15	0
(or table in weathered oak, 4 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in., £4 19s. 6d.)			
Book-case in white wood .. from		15	0
(or book-case in weathered oak, 3 ft., £1 18s. 6d.)			
(or book-case for sofa head used as table, £1 13s. 6d.)			
Easy chair	2	2	0
Two small chairs, hide seats ..	2	19	0
Lamp standard, white-wood ..	1	7	6
(or small china lamps with shades to match, 7s. 11d.)			
Curtains, 4 yds. slub rep, 4s. 11d. per yard		19	8
Rug .. .. .. from	1	19	0
Total	£23	8	2

Inside as well as out . . . the quiet of the countryside . . . thanks to P·S·C bodywork

You can speed and not know you're speeding . . . within everything is restful. You may have imagined a pressed steel shell would drum—but it doesn't. There's a secret of silence in the way it's built. The very *unity* of P·S·C construction makes for peace and quiet. Frame and shell, body and chassis, *one-piece;* pressed steel throughout. Nothing can warp; nothing can loosen; nothing can grind or jar or rattle. Everything is strength and silence.

● A P·S·C built body consists of four main units of pressed steel welded into one . . . light but very strong. This body is fixed direct to the chassis so that body and chassis are unified. In this P·S·C 'one-piece' construction, chassis and body-frame and body itself are all one and all-steel.

● Without costing any more a P·S·C Pressed Steel body adds a great deal to the comfort, appearance and safety of your car. Ask about P·S·C when you buy your new car. Ask if the body is of P·S·C Pressed Steel—*made on the P·S·C 'one-piece' principle.*

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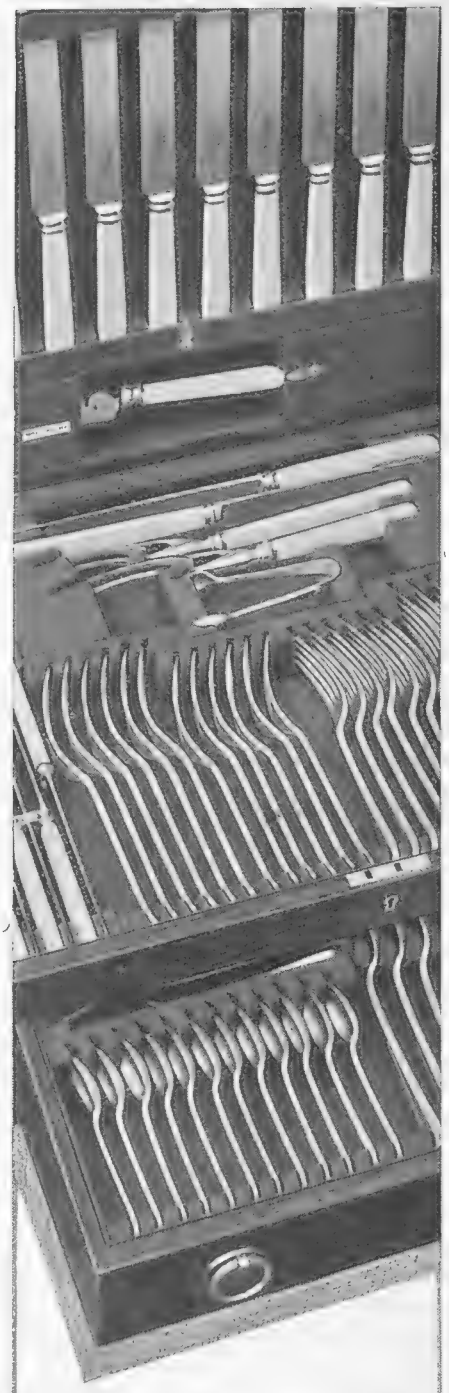

The Wedding Gift Problem

A Canteen of Prince's Plate for the 1932 Bride! There are dozens of Designs awaiting your inspection, or may we send a copy of our latest Catalogue? *Remember Prince's Plate lasts a Lifetime.*

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Among *the* Mormons *in* Salt Lake City

(*Continued from page 25*)

finest organs in the world, boasting of 8,000 pipes and 275 mechanical accessories, the action being electrical throughout. Recitals are given free daily, and there is not a sound, from the jingle of a cavalry regiment on the march to the finest music, that cannot be reproduced.

The wonder of this remarkable enclosure is the Temple, a white granite structure, of a style peculiar to itself. It follows no accepted plan, and is not inaptly called "Mormonesque." There are three graceful towers at either end, between which is the main edifice, suggesting at a distance a vast intermediate nave. The structure is 186½ ft. long, 99 ft. wide and 222 ft. high. Above the centre pinnacle is a gilded figure, the angel who is stated to have revealed to Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect, the existence of the golden plates, the translation of which form the Book of Mormon. All the granite used in the construction was brought from quarries 20 miles off, and was hauled by teams of oxen. Some of the huge blocks required four yoke of oxen four days to make the journey. At intervals the work was stopped because the people were too poor to continue it, and it was not till 1893 that the final touch was put to the fabric, which cost altogether £800,000.

When completed, it was thrown open to public inspection, and thousands of visitors—non-Mormons and others—were conducted through it. Then came its dedication, since when no Gentile has crossed its threshold. We do know this, however, that its apartments, of which there are a number, are most elaborately furnished, and they are used for the performance of those ordinances peculiar to the sect, such as celestial marriages, baptism for the dead, etc. The Temple has its Holy of Holies, a small compartment into which daylight hardly penetrates.

THE baptismal font is deserving of mention. It consists of a huge basin, supported on the haunches of twelve life-sized brazen oxen with silver horns. Three face eastwards, three westwards, three south, and three north, as did the font in Solomon's Temple. The Mormons believe that if they are wedded in the Temple it is for eternity; but if in their ordinary churches it is for this life only. The number of weddings that take place in the Temple are comparatively small, which the Mormons explain by the fact that not all Mormons have the necessary standing in the church which entitles them to the privilege. Exactly what the required standing is I do not know, except that the recommendation rests with the bishops of the church, whose duty it is to certify one's worthiness. Ordinances performed for the dead last year numbered about a million. In fact, this is the chief work performed in the Mormon temples to-day, of which all told there are now seven, four in Utah, one in Canada, another in Honolulu, the last being that recently dedicated at Mesa, in Arizona.

Just outside the Temple block overlooking four thoroughfares is a monument to Brigham Young. There is not the slightest doubt that this man's influence will be felt as long as Salt Lake City lasts. Although in the eyes of many his chief claim to fame lies in the fact that he had nineteen wives and fifty-six children, we have to admit that he was the founder of the city, an architect of no mean ability, and in the ordinances which he drew up displayed great wisdom. There is hardly a non-Mormon resident in Salt Lake City to-day, be he influential or lowly, but will declare that if Brigham Young sinned against the recognised custom among civilised people by having many wives, he was nevertheless a leader among men and deserving of recognition for his work in Salt Lake City and Utah.

We know that polygamy among the Mormons is as dead as the Dodo. True, they did not give up this patriarchal marriage system of the ancients without a struggle, and only after much suffering and persecution. But the church has now abolished the practice, and any Mormon who breaks the law is liable to excommunication. Nor have they hesitated to put this rule into force. The argument that if the Mormons suddenly found themselves subjected to no civilised laws they would again resort to polygamy is extremely doubtful, for the very reason that their own women would object to it. In the Mormon Church to-day women virtually stand on the same plane as men.

In the Administrative Building of the Mormon Church, a four-story granite edifice reminding one of a modern bank, I met a delightful little lady, cultured and refined, Mrs. Susa Gates, a daughter of Brigham Young, the first of his children to be born in the Lion House. She had prepared an interesting biography of her father, several chapters of which she permitted me to read. It certainly gives much interesting and historical information concerning the life of a remarkable man. She assured me that the plural marriages of the old Saints were by no means lightly undertaken, and always attended with prayer and preparation. When I jokingly remarked I found one wife sufficient, she laughingly rejoined, "That is what my husband says about me."

The Tabernacle in the Temple area, the Lion House, Beehive House, and the Eagle Monument, are virtually the only ancient landmarks of Brigham Young's day which still remain. The Lion House and the Beehive House were built by him for the accommodation of his wives and large family. I was taken over both and amazed at the beautiful panelling and carving of the woodwork to be seen in the latter. The Lion House is a two-story edifice, stretching several hundred feet, of colonial design. On either floor stretches a long corridor opening into many rooms which were used by Brigham Young's wives, each having her own bedroom and sitting-room.

Such is Salt Lake City to-day, go-ahead and businesslike, peaceful and orderly, where Mormons and non-Mormons are working together in the closest harmony, a factor which is going to mean much in the future development of this romantic city.

END

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

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All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Films

(*Continued from page* 51)

and the rushing seas and the masculine rivalry and interchange of wise cracks only indirectly connected with feminine influence, they sat back and sighed a little wearily, arranged their furs and even fumbled in their bags for powder puffs.

Ronald Colman has always been the darling of the goddesses. But they like him debonair and slightly wicked, a "Raffles" or a "Devil's Disciple," an apt and charming lover, with just a touch of provocative nonchalance in his love-making. As "Arrowsmith," the serious and ambitious young scientist who neglects his oh, so loving wife, first for experiments on cows and then on plague-stricken natives, he definitely lost much of his hold on the feminine members of his audience. "Arrowsmith" is the story of a *man's* life, ambitious, preoccupied, and therefore it is a picture for men. Women do not care about science. They diagnose by instinct and cure (or kill gracefully) with kisses, tender ministering white hands and counter-irritation. Research and serums are not scenic excitement for them.

It was interesting to see Greta Garbo in her latest film "Mata Hari" so soon after Marlene Dietrich's "Shanghai Express." Hollywood seems determined to maintain the rivalry between these two fair Europeans. The one had made a film based on the life and death of the famous spy. Metro Goldwyn Mayer immediately took up the challenge and cast Greta Garbo in another version of the same story, boldly calling it and her by the name of the original.

The story of that woman's life, so adventurous and glamorous, and of her death, in which she showed a gallantry which will keep her name alive in history and in fiction, has an inevitable interest, and Greta Garbo's interpretation of the enigmatic personality of that *femme fatale* could not fail to be interesting. The introduction of the purely fictional "one true love" theme was, one supposes, essential for the sake of popular appeal. The cast is a brilliant one, including as it does Lionel Barrymore, as a Russian General, one of the beautiful spy's lovers who gives up honour, country and his life because of his infatuation: Ramon Novarro, the young Russian airman, whom she really loves, and Lewis Stone as the ruthless Chief of the German Intelligence. The settings, clothes and uniforms are magnificent, the photography superlative, the direction and cutting competent to the point of slickness.

But in spite of all this the picture depends primarily on Greta Garbo's performance.

Something is happening to Greta Garbo. One hesitates to say that she is ageing: the pure lines of her curious, sometimes beautiful face remain untouched: she acts with the informative and independent intelligence which places her apart from all other film actresses. But she is hardening, and that is mental if not physical ageing. In "Mata Hari" one is more conscious of her as an actress than as a woman. Her love scenes with Ramon Novarro, who is almost painfully sincere, lack something of depth and real passion.

There is, too, a rigidity about her thin form nowadays which emphasises its bony structure, the square shoulders and large hands and feet, and mitigates against feminine allure. This may not seem to be fair criticism of acting, but it seems to me that a film actress's technique must include, if it does not begin with, the *appearance* of what she portrays. Mata Hari, the spy, was a seducer of men, she was fleshly, she was an adventuress.

Greta Garbo's seductiveness in the film is not in question: we see its fatal effect with our own eyes. But she has entirely altered the character of the real Mata Hari's appeal, and one finds oneself groping after her mental processes rather than succumbing to her physical charm.

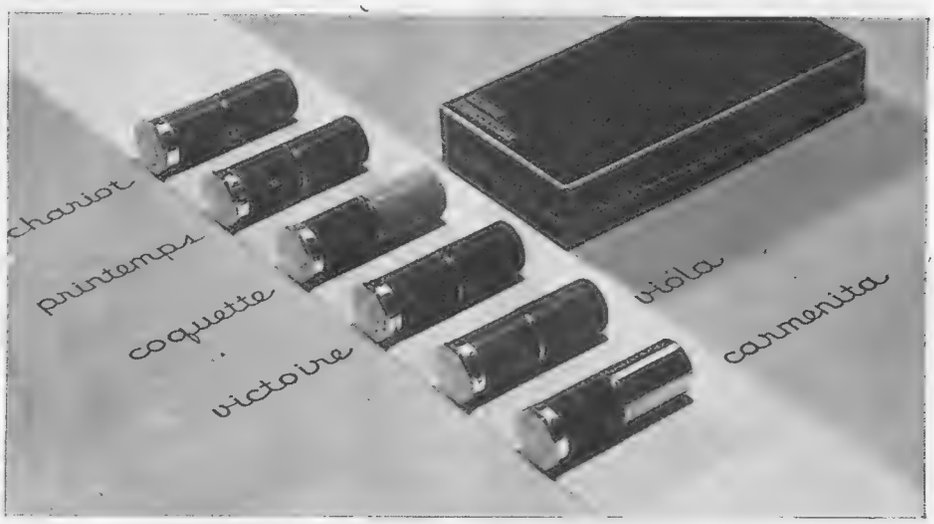
But the women liked it and thought her clothes "wonderful"!

END

ELIZABETH ARDEN

PRESENTS

a wardrobe for well-dressed lips



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VIOLA *(Blue case)*—Perfect to wear with blue because there is a hint of violet in it. It seems to make the skin whiter and the eyes more shadowy.

CARMENITA *(Black case with silver top)*—Darker than Viola, and more likely to be the choice of brunettes, who will wear it with most dark colours.

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DOCTORS USE AND RECOMMEND IT

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Streets

Big Business (*Continued from page* 35)

THE chief sponsor of the project was found in Prince Rupert, dashing cavalier and grandson of King James I. With his aid two ships were secured, the *Eaglet* and *Nonsuch*. In these, in June, 1668, Radisson and Groseilliers set sail from Gravesend.

The *Eaglet*, with Radisson on board, had to turn back; but Groseilliers, with the *Nonsuch* ketch and forty-two men, reached Resolution Isle at the entrance to Hudson Strait, on August 4th, 1668, and shortly afterwards sailed into that great sea Hudson Bay, which Henry Hudson had discovered a little over half a century before.

They landed in the southernmost extremity of the bay and built the first log fort for what became later "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." The long and terribly cold northern winter passed with the adventurers ensconced in their fort.

But Groseilliers did an abundant trade with the Indians, and the following year he returned to England with the *Nonsuch* ketch and a cargo of valuable furs.

On the strength of this achievement, and through the influence of Prince Rupert, the famous Royal Charter to "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" was granted by King Charles the Second on May 2nd, 1670. Prince Rupert was chosen the first Governor, and the Company was of seventeen nobles and gentlemen. The Charter is carefully preserved by the Hudson's Bay Company in London.

In January, 1672, at Garraway's Coffee House in London, the first public sale of furs took place. The furs were sold by auction, which was conducted "by the candle," according to the custom of those days.

This modest sale of the Hudson's Bay Company was merely the first of many great transactions which have continued for over two and a half centuries, and take place to-day every January, April and October in the Company's auction rooms in Bishopsgate.

From that time onwards the history of the Company is one of slow but steady expansion, hampered from time to time by the attacks of the French, and later by conflicts with the rival North West Fur Company. Ever farther west and north the men of the Hudson's Bay Company pushed forward.

The first to achieve a great advance into the interior was Henry Kelsey, a London boy engaged by the Hudson's Bay Company as an apprentice and shipped out to Port Nelson.

On account of his intimate knowledge of the Indians, among whom, like Pierre Radisson, Kelsey had spent several years, he was chosen to make a number of journeys of exploration for the Company.

In 1690, Kelsey struck inland, travelled a thousand miles by water and through wooded country, then across fifty miles of prairie, until he came to the land of the buffalo and beaver, in eastern Saskatchewan. He was the earliest known explorer of the Canadian North-West.

The conflicts between the Hudson's Bay Company and the French make a remarkable story, full of amazing exploits on either side and sudden changes of fortune. The French seamen displayed particular daring and resource. They would sail into the Bay and bombard the Company's establishments along the shore; sometimes they landed, demolished the forts, and made off with the booty; and sometimes they remained in possession of the captured strongholds.

But never for long. The Hudson's Bay Company ships were quickly on the scene, and usually succeeded in driving out the invaders.

The most famous battle in this little war was the sea fight which took place in Hudson Bay in 1697, and which ended in a rather surprising victory for the French.

The French commander, Iberville, in his flagship, the *Pelican*, was cut off from his fleet in a fog, and found himself confronted by three British ships. He decided to fight against these heavy odds, which he did to such good purpose that after a battle lasting four hours he sank one ship, captured another, and put the third to flight.

Afterwards a terrific storm broke loose, and the *Pelican* was wrecked on the sands near Fort Nelson, one of the Company's chief strongholds. Iberville, however, and his crew got ashore safely. Soon the rest of the French fleet hove in sight and took possession of Fort Nelson.

The Hudson Bay Company received another setback in 1782 when Fort Prince of Wales, their latest and strongest outpost, was attacked and captured by the French.

The effect of these blows was only temporary, however, and the Company meanwhile continued its gradual conquest of the wild regions of the interior.

In 1811 came the establishment of the colony on the Red River, to the south of Lake Winnipeg. It was in this settlement that the enmity between the Hudson Bay Company and the North-West Company—a combination of Montreal fur-traders formed in 1783—had its most violent outbreak.

It reached its climax in the episode known as the Seven Oaks Massacre, when Robert Semple, Governor for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Douglas on the Red River, with twenty-seven others, was massacred in cold blood by half-breed bands of the North-West Company.

The two companies were amalgamated in 1821, the success of this move being largely due to the organising genius of Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land for the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Company's posts now stretched as far as the Pacific coast. In British Columbia, in Victoria, in what are now the States of Washington and Oregon, the Hudson's Bay Company had its settlements. Fort Vancouver was established in 1825, and Vancouver Island was granted to the Company in 1849.

By the Deed of Surrender, 1869–70, the Hudson's Bay Company relinquished to Queen Victoria its governing rights which it had enjoyed under the Royal Charter.

Soon after this came the incident of the Riel Rebellion, led by the young French half-breed, Louis Riel. In 1869 Riel captured Fort Garry, belonging to the Company, and for a time held sway in Rupert's Land. A relief expedition under Colonel Wolseley soon restored the situation, and Riel was eventually hanged for treason.

Under the rule of Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal), Resident Governor in Canada of the Hudson's Bay Company, peace and prosperity returned to the country, and it was not many years before the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway enabled colonisation and land settlement to proceed apace.

In the Great War the Hudson's Bay Company acted as purchasing agents for France in Canada. Over 18,000,000 tons of goods, as well as passengers and troops, were transported by the Hudson's Bay Company.

To-day the Company finds itself a victim of the economic blizzard which has swept across the world. But 260 years of adventurous existence has provided a rare business philosophy for "the Adventurers of England."

It owns—quite apart from its fur organisation—large modern department stores in Winnipeg, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Victoria and Vancouver. These are business adventures by themselves; but the chief pride of the Company is still in those lonely forts and outposts in the northern wastes over whose log-roofs flies the Company's flag, and whose factors virtually rule districts as large as any Balkan kingdom.

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"You'll be all right, Sir . . . it's a North British."

Many players believe that if the lie is a really bad one, it doesn't matter how good—or bad—the ball is. In actual fact, it is at such a time that *responsiveness* in a ball counts most. Most of the force of the stroke is taken up by the ground . . . . only a little of it can reach the ball. If the ball is dead and lifeless, it will not lift. But the "North British" is extra responsive . . . . it makes full use of all the force that reaches it . . . . springs off the club-head on to the fairway. This is not an empty claim . . . . perfect cover-to-core adhesion, maximum resiliency and dead true centre make the "North British" literally the most responsive ball on the market to-day.

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THESE fascinating new *fruit-and-vegetable* salads really are delicious! And they are *the* finest things for your health that you can possibly eat.

If you have never tried them you should do so at once. They contain the most unexpected and delightful combinations of fruits and vegetables, and they are simple and inexpensive to prepare.

With them it is important to use a dressing that is not too "vinegary." These three recipes are specially designed for dressing with Heinz Salad Cream—a delightfully balanced blend of pure olive oil, new-laid eggs, rich cream and refined vinegar, with just that suggestion of "tang" that goes so well with fruit. You can buy it at any grocers at 6d., 10d. and 1/1½d. per bottle.

Tomato, prune & watercress salad

INGREDIENTS: *Ripe tomatoes. Prunes (soaked overnight and gently stewed.) Sweet almonds. Watercress Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS: Plunge tomatoes into boiling water for few seconds, skin and leave in cold place. Stone prunes and insert blanched almonds. Wash and dry watercress. Cut tomatoes in rings, and arrange on watercress (use large flat dish or individual plates). Pour salad cream over each ring of tomato and place prune on each, pouring a little salad cream on the prunes. Serve cold.

Grapefruit, pineapple, banana and grape salad

INGREDIENTS: *Grapefruit pulp, cubes of pineapple, grapes and bananas, in equal quantities. Heinz Salad Cream.*

INTRUCTIONS: Prepare fruit, taking great care to remove all skin and pips. Mix thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream and place in glasses or grapefruit cups. Salad should be served as a sweet and may be decorated with few whole grapes or spray of crystallized leaves.

and experts serve with—

Grapefruit, lettuce and walnut salad

INGREDIENTS: *Grapefruit, lettuce, shelled walnuts and Heinz Salad Cream.* INSTRUCTIONS: Peel grapefruit like an orange. Remove pips and "quarter," keeping each section as a whole. Arrange pieces of grapefruit like the petals of a daisy on the washed and dried lettuce. Put a few shelled walnuts in centre to carry out idea of a flower. Serve with Heinz Salad Cream.

HEINZ SALAD CREAM

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ENJOY YOUR SALAD DAYS — THESE THREE NEW WAYS!

The Conversion of Genista

(*Continued from page* 65)

were youthfully bright. "I was a mere instrument. The grit had to be in *you*, me boy. And there it was. Hugh, I'm leaving London on Tuesday. You might call at Burnham Mansions occasionally and let me know how Jenny is."

Talbot heard from Hugh a week later. The youngster had had tea with Genista. She seemed depressed, he reported. During the last four weeks of the run of the play, Hugh reported four times, but Talbot gathered little from the letters beyond the fact that Genista was well.

On the 20th, Talbot received his second letter from Genista. It ran:

"*Dear Sir Talbot,*

I am so sorry to find that I can't accept your very kind invitation to Longslade after all. I've been lucky enough to be offered another engagement—a touring company—and we go into rehearsal immediately. So please forgive me putting 'Business First.'

Yours sincerely,
GENISTA FREEMAN."

Talbot ordered the car. Two hours later he sat on the sofa in Genista's drawing-room.

"My dear," he announced, "your going on tour's preposterous. So soon as Lindsay marries and settles down I shall increase his allowance. You two will be very comfortably off. Is the wedding-day fixed?"

"No—not yet."

"Then, until you're married, you must allow *me* to make you an allowance," said Talbot. "You look startled. My dear, I'm to be your great-uncle, and I claim my privileges."

"No!" said Genista—exclaimed Genista—almost cried Genista, and started up and stood so that he could only see the back of her.

"I'm a clumsy old fool and I've offended you," said he hastily. "I ask your pardon. In those few days I grew very fond of you, my dear. Old people make friends quickly or not at all. I hoped we were friends."

Genista faced round so swiftly that he drew in a startled breath. Beside him, turned to him, she sat down once more on the sofa, and as she did so her tears were spilled.

"You're a dear," she said, speaking so swiftly that he had to lean forward, his better ear turned to her. "I thought, from what I heard, you must be such a pompous old prig. I—laughed at you. I did. And then you came and were—a darling. You don't like my saying that. But it's true. A darling—an absolute darling. Sweet as sweet to—to a little beast, a little vulgarian, a loud little vamp that you'd every right to tell Lin to chuck or you'd never have anything more to do with him. And instead you made a cold trickle of shame run in me. I've been all shame every since. Take money? No."

Once more she had sprung up and her back was turned.

"Don't ask me. It's useless. I couldn't," she blurted out, and he knew that she was crying bitterly. "I'd rather you went, please. Don't hate me for saying that. You've made me fond of you and it's all hurting—dreadfully."

She moved, hesitation in her step, then made a sudden rush to the door, tore it open and passed out. Talbot heard another door slam and the rasp of a key.

He sat stock still for five long minutes, then stood up, went to her writing-table and wrote:

"Nothing was further from my thoughts or desires than giving you a moment's distress, Jenny, my dear. Try to forgive a blundery old man. Please let me know directly I'm out of your black books. I shall be very anxious and disturbed till I see you again."

A WEEK passed. No message came from Genista, but one morning Talbot opened a letter from Lindsay.

"I got back to town yesterday," he read. "I'm sure you will be relieved—though you were so nice about it—to hear that Genista and I have decided to end our engagement. We now realise that we aren't really suited to each other just as, I know, you realised the very first time you saw us together. You with your extraordinary acumen——"

"Acumen be damned!" cried Talbot so loudly that the alert Chipman opened the door with a quiet "Anything you require, Sir Talbot?"

"Yes!" roared Talbot, and his cheeks were flaming. "The car!"

In Lindsay's rooms Talbot sat trying to solve the mystery. Didn't Lindsay love her? Didn't Genista love Lindsay?

"She—sort of—changed while I was in Scotland," said Lindsay.

In order to gain time to think, Talbot demanded what he imagined to be a quite unnecessary explanation. Had his masterly intervention wrought this havoc? Was the young cub distressed at such a change for the better in Genista? It seemed inconceivable. It simply couldn't be true. . . .

It wasn't true. Apparently Lindsay was not referring to a change in Genista's manners, but her affections.

"I don't believe it," declared Talbot. "I'm sure she's not that sort of girl. In some way you provoked her. If you think, sir, you can play fast and loose with——"

"I haven't. Genista met me with—well, she wouldn't let me even kiss her. She said it was all off."

"For what reason?"

"She gave none——"

Talbot's eyes had been fixed on Lindsay's.

"Come," he said sharply. "Don't lie to me, sir. For what reason?"

"I can't tell you. I promised I wouldn't—I promised her faithfully. Anyhow, the fact remains. We're through with each other. I'm off back to Scotland. I met a Miss Holman up there. Her father's Holman's Hams——"

"So that's the reason!" ejaculated Talbot, and stood up, shaking. "Now I see! Not content with *my* money, you pine for some old pork butcher's too. Let me tell you, Lindsay, you're a thundering cad!"

Lindsay stood up, steely eyes glowing.

"You—at your age—a man of the world," he exclaimed furiously, "bamboozled by a kid! Throwing your weight about when Genista led you by the nose and made a laughing-stock of you! You——"

"Explain yourself," demanded Talbot as Lindsay broke off, and he spoke in that metallic voice that once had shattered the peace of orderly-rooms. "How has she bamboozled me?"

"By lying. By——. Oh, you'd better ask her yourself!"

Talbot picked up his hat and walking-stick.

"Sorry, sir," said Lindsay, staccato. "I didn't mean to be rude. Apologies and all that. I lost my head. Not used to being called a cad."

"Better get accustomed to it unless you mean to live among liars," said Talbot, and went slowly out into the hall, opened the front door and trod leisurely downstairs.

A taxi took Talbot to Burnham Mansions. Genista opened the door.

"Lindsay tells me you've been bamboozling me," said he bluntly. "I've come to hear all about it."

"Lindsay told you?" she said, and seemed breathlessly incredulous.

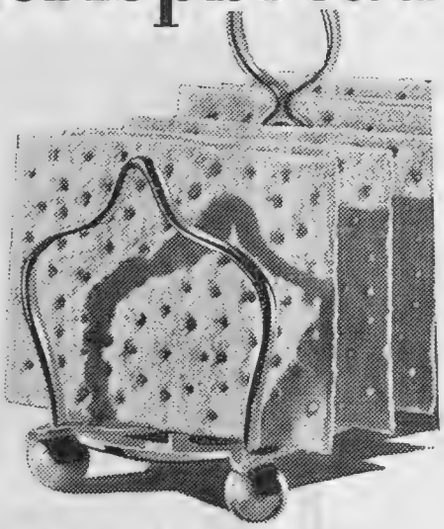
"He did. Counting on the infatuation of a rich pork-butcher's daughter, he let slip some home truths. How far I can believe him, I don't know."

She stood aside and he walked in, made for the drawing-room sofa, and sank down in the corner of it.

"Have you been bamboozling me, Jenny?"

(*Continued on page* 110)

Time *you* started crispbread



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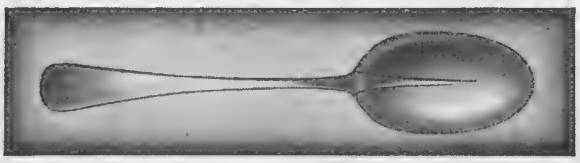

RAT TAIL PATTERN

"Why ask—if he's told you? I cheated at first. He begged me to. He made me. He said you'd never forgive him marrying an actress. He said you were an old martinet, a tyrant, full of iron conventions and taboos and prejudices. He said all your life you'd boasted about the good influence you had over others. He said if you came here and found me loud—vulgar—one of the noisy, flashy actresses that only exist in the imagination of your sort—you'd try to influence me. And you did. But you didn't change me. I only—reverted to what I had been, always have been——"

She broke off. A laugh, obviously irrepressible, escaped her. She pointed to the corner of the sofa.

"Look," she said. "That's the sort I am."

Talbot found himself staring at a pile of stockings, and then at one in particular lying limp over the back of the sofa with a slim needle and a length of shimmering silk in it.

"They're Yvonne's—the girl I live with," explained Genista. "She hates darning. She hates all sewing. She hates cooking—anything like that. She says I'm cut out to be a domestic drudge."

She seemed suddenly to recall the realities of the situation.

"Don't dress me down, Sir Talbot," she said, facing him. "I see quite plainly how low my behaviour's been. I told Lindsay exactly what we'd been. Vile. And I refused to go on. I said I'd got to own up. We quarrelled over that. And that's not quite being candid. We would have quarrelled anyhow. You see I——"

The ringing of the front-door bell made her break off. With a swift "Sorry. Shan't be a minute," she hurried out into the hall. Talbot, eyeing the stockings, heard the murmur of low-toned conversation, followed by silence and then by firm leisured footsteps.

It was Hugh who came in alone.

"Good-morning, sir," said Hugh in the frigid yet urbane tones that Talbot had admired when once he had sat in Court and heard the youngster addressing a jury. "I've been seeing Genista fairly frequently lately—at first willingly because you asked me to; recently most unwillingly—feeling that I was a sweep, because I—just had to. To-day I came hot-foot when the Court adjourned, because I'd heard—what you've heard—all you've heard—all Genista's explanation. I've just asked her a question and she has honoured me by saying 'Yes.' Once you said you'd let me know if she needed counsel for the defence——"

Not since boyhood had Talbot had such difficulty in preserving a severe expression.

"She needs one now," he declared. "You've heard how she's treated me?"

Hugh nodded.

"You've proposed to her?"

Hugh nodded again.

"You're aware you'll get nothing out of me, sir?"

"I've always been aware of that."

"And you don't give a tinker's damn for *my* feelings in the matter?"

"You aren't marrying her, sir," said Hugh, smiling. "And I'm afraid the man who's going to is too selfishly happy to mind very much about anybody's feelings except hers and his own."

"Jenny!" called Talbot.

She came to the door and in her right hand was a mule—a black satin slipper, edged with fur.

"Whack me," she said, "and then—let's kiss and be friends."

Talbot stood up, crossed the room, took the slipper, looked at it, said "Nice and old. Just right," slid it into his pocket and added:

"Let me know the date. I'll throw this after you, Jenny, when you drive away with my heir."

END

VIVID, GAY, UTTERLY CHARMING IS

Lovely Lady Milbanke

THIS IS HOW SHE CARES FOR HER ROSE-PETAL SKIN

"YES, I've travelled a great deal," said Lady Milbanke, "and I've learnt how simple it is to keep one's skin soft and fresh even in a bad climate."

Lady Milbanke is tall and slim like a willow, with soft brown eyes and nut-dark hair. Her complexion has vivid carmine tints that some brunettes are blessed with. Her skin is satiny smooth.

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"And let me give this advice to all women who value their looks—In cold weather—before putting on your special powder in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base. If you do, the powder will look 'just right' and *stay* 'just right' all day."

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TO PROTECT your skin and give it a velvety finish. smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream —the perfect powder base. You can buy Pond's preparations at all chemists, stores and hairdressers.

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"I COULD have killed Tom for saying a thing like that . . . but afterwards . . . I saw just what he meant. . . ."

Don't be too sure that you yourself don't offend by over make-up! Colours that look pretty by themselves may be cheap—garish—tawdry on *your* lips. And that painted look is one thing no man can overlook.

Be safe. Stop using ordinary lipstick—begin now to *Tangee* your lips. Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It changes *on your lips* to the one colour most becoming to you. It brings you new charm and loveliness.

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Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the colour most becoming to you.

Tangee Rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted. And it makes the colour on your cheeks match the colour on your lips.

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Open Letters *to the* "Would-be's" *of the* Theatre

(*Continued from page* 47)

Do not despair because most of it is muck, and few authors have got anything to say. You may jump out of your seat one night over a "Journey's End," or be knocked silly by a "Broadway," or when you do not expect it, you will be dazzled by a first night like "White Horse Inn" or "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Never mind if the theatre managers do not tell you where their theatre is in the advertisements or on the announcements. That helps you to explore London. Never mind if they don't say the leading lady is off that night. It is often better then. Never mind if they overcharge you for muck and if "the pictures" are much better, often, at only half the price.

REMEMBER, when you sit jammed in a Gallery, that you do not go to a theatre because it is comfortable, or because they have just put a new coat of paint on, but because you like the play, or you hope you will. If the play is good, it does not matter where you sit. If the play is bad, well how can an armchair seat improve it?

Do not be kidded by actor managers who swank, or showmen who brag, or paragraphs that lie, or authors who are boosted too much. Try everything once, and, if you like musical comedy, go to it, never mind what I may say. You, remember, are the judge, the jury, and sometimes, I hope, the executioner. If you like tragedy, pay no attention to lowbrow clamour.

Realise that, if you are to be an Audience, you must not only have hope in your breast, but endurance in your soul.

Try a Sunday night. Try a Thursday afternoon. Try a midnight matinee. Never mind if they try you.

But always buy your seat. If somebody gives you one—well, it is worse than that.

Go early, before the play comes off. If you see a play that is good, make your friends go in the first fortnight, or else it will come off before anybody knows. If it is bad, the odds are it will run without your doing anything.

And remember that even the praised plays are good sometimes.

Cheer up, Baby! Do your crying now. If you do it in a theatre, later on, they will throw you out. Eat your pap nicely. You want to get used to it.

Now, smile at the thought of it all, dear—or I will smack you, you little beast.

END

Those Childish Complaints

(*Continued from page* 81)

The above treatment applies with certain modifications and such additions as the doctor himself will suggest to any form of illness. With whooping-cough one has to keep the bowels free (but not by means of purgatives) and the stomach light so that the distresses of heavy vomiting may be avoided. Again I recommend my "Golden Bubbles," kept in a cool place and made fresh weekly.

Whooping-cough is a cruel and devastating disease which does much harm. Extra nourishing food is needed, but it must be light and appetising. It should, by the way, be regarded as infectious until two weeks after the child ceases to whoop. Infinite care must be taken immediately to disinfect in fluid or to burn all sputum.

Chicken-pox may give little trouble, but sometimes it may be complicated by bronchitis and a nasty nasal discharge. However, the child needs nursing and keeping warm in order to avoid this, particularly while the pustules are erupting. To ease the distressing irritation brush the spots with camphorated oil or spirits of chloroform. Keep patients' nails filed and do not have wool next the skin. A blend of sweet almond oil and toilet eau de Cologne is also soothing for the

"CANOE." Single Breasted with Shoulders and Chest Lined Check - - **21/-**

The "ZARAMAC" (Regd.) Waterproofs

are made in London by ZAMBRENE Ltd., Established 1858. Therefore every "ZARAMAC" embodies the concentrated experience of 74 years of Waterproof Garment making.

SIMILAR MODELS from 15/-

"THE FERRY." Double Breasted - - - **21/-**

Please write to:—

ZAMBRENE LTD.,
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(Wholesale only)
for name of nearest stockist.

eruption, and makes an excellent lotion for the feet, back and shoulders. An excellent toilet soap is Wright's Coal Tar, while Gibbs' Nursery Cream, in handy tubes, makes an ideal emollient. Remember that chicken-pox is very contagious while the scabs are casting, and it is infectious until all are off.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DRINKS AND DISHES.—Hot or cold, to taste. Strained orange, lemon and grape-fruit juice. Apple water (soaked peelings and cores) with pineapple syrup. Syrup of cooked fruits such as prunes, loganberries, pears and apricots, with soda water. Orange juice with top milk: delicious through a straw; food and drink. Barley water, flavoured or plain, Benger's Food (sweet or salted), Horlick's, Ovaltine, Allenbury's Diet, Cow and Gate Peptalac, chocolate milk. Veal broth or vegetable broth with egg yolk and few drops of lemon. Beef tea, chicken or mutton broth with isinglass dissolved in it.

A teaspoonful of Oxo in a glass of warm water and milk. Vegetable purées, creamed potatoes, with or without poached egg. White fish steamed between two buttered plates, with lemon juice. Milk jelly, wine flavoured or plain; flavoured blancmanges. Mousseu of fish, chicken or brains.

Egg or brain soufflé. Let the little one chew a rusk or crisp bread so soon as advisable. Butter it well and brush all crumbs out of bed afterwards. Serve small portions of food daintily and milk as food.

END

A Polish *for the* Car

Shell Car Polish ranks high as a polish which really cleans the surface as well as polishes it.

The beautiful hard, glossy finish, which is produced with the least possible effort, protects the body against scratches, finger-marks, etc., and lasts so long that for a considerable period it is only necessary to dust over the surface. This renews the effect of the polish and saves you the job of recleaning your car.

A very few drops on a cloth rubbed into the surface, then lightly polished with another cloth, readily demonstrate the valuable properties of Shell Car Polish. The amazing fact is that the more economical one is with this liquid, the better the result.

Another very welcome feature is that so very little rubbing is required. The dirt-removing properties of this polish make it almost automatic. Whereas most polishes bind on any ingrained dirt or stains which are present, these vanish with a little use of Shell.

Shell Car Polish can be obtained in two kinds—for fabric and coach bodies. There should be no difficulty in obtaining it from your garage at 1s. 9d. per tin.

"Pretty feet... expensive stockings."
"M'm . . . M'm . . ."
"Quite sure you're being British?"
"M'm . . M'm . . ."
"What the dickens does M'm mean?"
"Morley's"

Fully fashioned silk stockings, fine or service weights, with pure silk to welt. The tops and feet are mercerised. Elastic tops and cuban heels. No underfoot seam.

In service weight and fine gauge **3/11 4/11 5/11 6/11**

Dull finish Grenadine silk, with or without lace clox - **6/11**

All these stockings are made in sizes 8½ to 10½

Other Morley qualities 1/11 to 12/6

BUY BRITISH

If you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to I. & R. Morley, 18, Wood Street, E.C.2 for name of nearest retailer.

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the shine that saves

THEY'VE a polish like a well kept saddle, and a colour like fine mahogany. Two years she's had them. And they're as sound and shapely as the day they were bought—*and* better looking.

It's the shine that saves them. Day in, day out, they get their regular polish with Meltonian Cream, the shoe-dressing which does so much more than clean and polish. Meltonian has softened and preserved and *improved* the leather, and given perpetual youth to welts and seams. Meltonian Cream saves money on shoe-bills and adds nothing to the cost of cleaning.

Use Meltonian Cream for all the family shoes. It's real economy. One sixpenny jar, or tube, will clean 100 pairs of shoes. White, Black, Brown, in tubes and jars—6d., 9d., 1/-

MELTONIAN SHOE CREAM

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'OXFORD'

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

The dignified appearance of these well-known improved Sectional Bookcases will enhance the appearance of any room. One of the new improved Sections, with cornice and base, will make a very artistic and useful Bookcase, and forms the foundation for building a larger Bookcase when required.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue To-day.

Wm. BAKER & Co., Ltd.
OXFORD

Eight Year Limit

(*Continued from page* 39)

been here ever since. Just sitting here thinking, Addie."

Her mind switched back once more, snatching at some freakish clue, to the scent of narcissi and the morning sunlight; the morning paper unfolding crisply. "Accident on Broadway . . . young woman removed instantly to hospital . . . identified as Ione Marsh of . . ." She stared down at the laughing girl's face; stared round at the homely room with its litter of books and trumpery things and flowers. Did Sonnie give her that spotted china dog? Had they bought it together some time, laughing?

"I see," she said again.

He sat there, his arms hanging.

"You're a good sport, Addie. Always were! I oughtn't to have dragged you into this, but . . . I guess I'm all shot to pieces. Clean whacked! She must have suffered terribly before she died. It just gets me to think of it, Addie. It just gets me, Addie."

His hanging head was patient, unbearably patient. Her arms were round him suddenly, holding his poor beaten body to her breast, trying to infuse into it some of the tranquillity that had abruptly flooded hers. All the generosity in her warm, generous nature was surging to heal his misery, to cover its nakedness, to hide it away for ever in the merciful dark. He turned his face against her neck, hiding his eyes. He muttered something.

"There!" she said, "Poor kid—poor baby. Don't think of it, honey. There!"

"I don't know what she did to deserve it, Addie. All that suffering. Maybe it was a kind of judgment on me for being every kind of low down bum, but I don't see why *she* had to work it out. It seems so darned——"

"There, honey, don't think about it. Don't think, darling."

For a moment her mind was threaded with an ironic gleam of laughter. Eight year limit! Yes, we've reached the eight year limit, all right! There, honey . . . baby . . . don't think of it, honey . . . .

"You don't know what she gave me, Addie. You don't mind me talking like this, do you, Addie? Kind of gets it out of my crazy head. This place seemed like home, somehow. Something to do with the way she fixed it . . . I could come in here tired, knocked out, and directly I got in the door I felt relaxed. Sort of smoothed out . . . At the apartment—our apartment—there's always so much noise, so many people . . . I don't know . . . ."

"Go on," she said.

"You're a good sport, Addie. All this has never made a bit of difference to the way I felt about you, honey. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes."

She smiled a little. Eight year limit!

"Good sport," he sighed.

They sat there a long time, saying nothing. Sometimes he sighed and his hand tightened on hers. It grew dark. Outside, the slender lighted towers of Manhattan climbed into the spring night. Somewhere, blocks of light and noise away, was the dead girl whose photograph laughed upwards from the floor at their feet. A warm, breathing, laughing creature called Ione Marsh had become just one of the anonymous, indifferent battalion of a city's dead . . .

"Almost time to be going along to the theatre. I'm going to ring up Krantz and tell him you can't go on to-night, Sonnie."

"No, I'll make it all right." He stood up. "You'll have to help me, Addie. If I don't have something to think about to-night I'll——"

She said swiftly: "I'll help you, honey."

He switched on a lamp and looked at his watch.

"We'll have to make it snappy," he said.

"Let's go." She stood up and took hold of his arm. His face, during those quiet moments of darkness, seemed to have filled out again. It looked hardened, older; his mouth and eyes had a mature, wary (*Continued on page* 118)

DOCTORS WHO SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION

Doctors know that most cases of digestive disturbance are due to acidity, so, when they themselves get an attack of stomach pain, they obtain quick relief by neutralising the acid with a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. If you suffer after eating, if food lies like lead on your stomach, causing distress and keeping you awake at night, take 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals, or whenever pain is felt. It will give you almost immediate relief because it instantly neutralises excess acid, stops food fermentation, and heals your inflamed stomach lining. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets from your chemist to-day, and at once you'll say, with the doctors, that this treatment may be cheap and simple, but for indigestion and stomach disorders there's nothing to beat it anywhere, at any price.

AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'**—*"why be vague?"*

"Britannia and Eve's"

NORTHERN FOURSOMES

at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's

By ELEANOR E. HELME

THE winners and runners-up. Left to right: Miss Sloane (runner-up), Miss Beryl Brown and Mrs. Barbour (winners), and Mrs. B. W. Heaton (runner-up)

NORTHERNERS have wonderful tenacity when it comes to defending their own. This was the tenth year of Northern Foursomes, and true to tradition the cups stayed up North, one of them for the second time in the keeping of Miss Beryl Brown and the other with Mrs. Barbour, a sound Scottish golfer who lives at Formby, but has never forgotten how to play the run-up of her own country or to hole doubtful length putts in a high wind on slippery greens. Those were, perhaps, the two most valuable endowments for anybody, because R. Lytham and St. Anne's was treated all through that week to the highest of winds, so that the high pitching shot was almost useless, the run-up quite invaluable. Nobody could put putt after putt stone dead, and accordingly the player who could hole out when they were still very alive was the one to back.

BEATEN in the semi-final. Mrs. Smalley and Miss Justice, who are sisters, were defeated by Mrs. Heaton and Miss Sloane

PROPHECY had been insistent that some of the backmarkers must inevitably come through, such as Miss Elsie Corlett and Mrs. John Heaton, or Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Raymond Cooper, or Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. Brindle, who had eight between them. But in the end Mrs. John Heaton's nervousness defeated her side; the short putts were too much for Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Cooper, and a sudden loss of touch from Miss Fishwick put paid to her side's account. Physical endurance had a great deal to do with it, for anything more exhausting than the gale and the bitter driving rain of the first three days would be hard to imagine. Royal Lytham and St. Anne's is so glorious a course that nothing could spoil the interest of it, and the weather gave amends on the final day with a blaze of sunshine which made it possible to forget how cold the wind was. But they were eight tired golfers who came up for the prizes, and there were even some found in the earlier rounds to give thanks that they had been beaten.

MRS. M. Lewtas and Miss M. Singleton, receiving eight strokes from Miss B. Brown and Mrs. Barbour, were beaten in the semi-final

By way of consolation for those who had struggled on beyond even the 19th hole, and to celebrate the tenth year of the Northern Foursomes, EVE brooches were presented to the four couples who had lost the longest matches. The losing heroines of the 22nd hole were Miss Peace and Miss Margaret Mitchell, of the 21st Miss Proud and Miss Jones, of the 20th Miss Cookson and Miss Hill, as well as Miss Wilson and Miss Marriage.

THE first day was comparatively calm, as the biggest names were evenly distributed through the draw. For really impressive golf you had to watch Miss Elsie Corlett and Mrs. John Heaton (for Miss Corlett is playing truly magnificent golf this spring), or Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Raymond Cooper. If you wanted sticking power you saw Miss Lowther and Miss Fletcher, who had turned four up and lost all that lead, winning at the 21st. At the other end of the scale were Mrs. Panikkar and Mrs. Gorton winning by eight and seven, or Mrs. Billington and Miss Thornhill, who got home by nine and seven.

On the second day, with two rounds to be got through, the weather was utterly villainous. Local savants said it would change when the tide began to go down; but the tide went down, and the wind still blew and the rain lashed, and players' teeth chattered as they struggled in against the gale. There was much to be said for an early win: Miss Nan Baird, the West of Scotland champion, and the Lincolnshire champion, Miss Dorothy Marshall, held the opinion so strongly that they actually won their match on the 10th green, which confirmed the opinion of the world at large that they were the most likely winners, failing any of the even bigger names. At the other end of the scale was the win of Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Roberts on the 22nd green, after being two down and three to play! or Mrs. Merryweather and Miss Rowland, and Mrs. I. S. Thomas and Miss D. Smith, who both won on the 20th. But all these survivors were so soaked and shattered that they went out in the afternoon, Mrs. Walker's side to Miss Baird and Miss Marshall, Mrs. Merryweather's to Mrs. Panikkar and Mrs. Gorton, Mrs. Thomas's to Mrs. Smalley and her sister Miss Justice. That day saw the defeat of Miss Fishwick and Mrs. Brindle, playing level against Mrs. Wood and Miss Ollier, as good a pair as N. Manchester has ever produced. Mrs. Wood was really brilliant with the shots up to the hole, so that a mere Southerner could only wonder that she had not heard more of her before. Miss Corlett's side followed Miss Fishwick's into the ranks of the defeated, at the hands of Miss Howarth and Miss Noble.

The next morning it blew even harder, but the rain was negligible, saving its fury to turn into sleet in the afternoon, just as the matches faced into the teeth of it at the 9th hole. Surprises began in the morning. First of all out went Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Cooper, the giving of seven strokes to Mrs. Gordon Harrison from Woodhall Spa and her sister, Miss K.

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

BRITANNIA AND EVE has much pleasure in congratulating the following players on holing in one.

Mrs. Grounds	8th at Runcorn.
Mrs. Flindt	6th at Hadley Wood.
Mrs. V. Martins	4th at Worthing.
Mrs. A. Forbes	14th at Worthing.
Mrs. Younger	9th at Otley.
Mrs. Gertrude Jones	10th at Crewe.

All entries for BRITANNIA AND EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the Cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no esponsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" GOLF COUPON — MAY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of ..... *of which I am a member.*

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE

MISS D. Marshall, the Lincolnshire champion, and Miss Nan Baird, the West of Scotland champion, who were the fancied winners after the first round

Smith, being too tough a proposition, the sisters' excellent golf improving under the tonic effect of the Cheshire pair being obviously below their reputation and their usual form. The Midlanders won by 5 and 4. Miss Noble and Miss Howarth were beaten by Miss Brown and Mrs. Barbour 3 and 1; the fancied Scottish - Lincolnshire combination went out to a Cheshire pair, Mrs. Hammersley and Mrs. Burton, on the last green, and the Manchester pair who had dismissed Miss Fishwick could not stand up to the length and brilliance of the Welsh sisters, Miss Justice and Mrs. Smalley. Nor could Mrs. Soulby, an ex-champion of Lancashire, and Mrs. Higham, who had romped through their previous rounds, cope with the marvellous putting of Mrs. Gorton and Mrs. Panikkar, to whom they were giving two strokes.

In the afternoon everyone was keyed up to the last pitch, partly by cold, partly by grim determination to reach the magic prize list. A sister pair—such partnerships were all the fashion this year—in Mrs. Lewtas and Miss M. Singleton won on the last green from the Woodhall sisters; Miss Brown and Mrs. Barbour won a desperate struggle from Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Hammersley, though Mrs. Hammersley's recoveries were well worthy of this player, who was runner-up when she was Miss Berry in the first EVE Northern Foursomes ever played. Then Mrs. B. W. Heaton, who is better known in the hunting-field than on the golf course, and Miss Sloane won by four and three from Mrs. Panikkar and Mrs. Gorton (Mrs. Heaton and Miss Sloane giving one stroke). Mrs. Smalley and her sister, Miss Justice, receiving three, won by three and two from Miss Allen and Mrs. Hardicker, a faithful couple who have survived in three successive Northern Foursomes to the Thursday afternoon and no further.

Friday was really sunny though still bitterly cold and windy, making golf extraordinarily difficult. The top semi-final gave (*Continued on p.* 118)

ILLUSTRATED accounts of "Britannia and Eve's" One Day Spring Medal Foursomes at St. George's Hill will appear in the June number

"Britannia and Eve" Ladies'

SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(9th Year) at Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire, JUNE 14 to 17, 1932

Holders: MISS PURVIS-RUSSELL-MONTGOMERY and MISS S. WALKER.

Entries close Thursday, May 26th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. HELME, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, May 26th.

"BRITANNIA AND EVE" reserve the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL AND RAILWAY FACILITIES

The BRITANNIA AND EVE Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Cruden Bay Hotel, Cruden Bay*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive of room, attendance, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, baths, and after-dinner coffee. *Kilmarnock Arms Hotel, Cruden Bay:* Similar inclusive terms, 12s. each per day. *Special cheap railway fares* (a single fare and a third for the return journey) will be available from June 11th to June 27th or intermediately for parties of not less than four travelling together. Apply to the Passenger Traffic Superintendent, King's Cross (L.N.E.R.). London.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Cruden Bay on June 14th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BRITANNIA AND EVE" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Holder of Cup: MRS. VAN MARLE, Inverness.
Entries received on day of play only.

The "Britannia and Eve"

GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the MARCH Monthly Medal Competition

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps namely:—18 and under in the Silver division: 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. Stone	Hockley	84	13	71	75	4 below
Miss Stronach	North Hants	86	14	72	76	4 "
Mrs. C. B. Audley	Greenway Hall	81	14	67	71	4 "
Mrs. Tate	Camberley Heath	90	18	72	75	3 "
Miss Eve Berts	Exmouth	86	18	68	71	3 "
Miss H. S. Walker	Seaton Carew	82	11	71	74	3 "
Miss E. Frith	Warrington	90	17	73	75	2 "
Mrs. D. Hall	Macclesfield	82	10	72	74	2 "
Mrs. E. W. Tanner	Royal Eastbourne	79	16	63	65	2 "
Mrs. Ferguson	Carnarvonshire	85	12	73	74	1 "
Miss E. Horton	Hockley	92	17	75	75	equal.
Miss E. Rive	La Moye	88	15	73	73	"
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	88	14	74	74	"
Mrs. M. Panikkar	Ashton-under-Lyne	79	8	71	71	"
Miss V. Parker	Cowes	86	14	72	72	

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Mrs. S. H. Baker	Wednesbury	89	34	55	71	16 below
Mrs. A. B. Smart	St. Melyd	96	35	61	72	11 "
Mrs. Martin	Swanage and Studland Bay	99	36	63	74	11 "
Mrs. Stephen Phillips	Llandrindod	100	36	64	73	9 "
Mrs. A. M. Haggart	Sand Moor	100	34	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Jeffrey Scott	Moor Park	100	31	69	77	8 "
Mrs. A. Roy Creven	Tollygunge (New Course)	96	30	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Mateer	Shirley Park	103	33	70	77	7 "
Mrs. F. S. Ball	Heswall	103	34	69	76	7 "
Mrs. E. G. Courtney	Shirley Park	102	32	70	77	7 "
Mrs. Murray Spicer	Gorleston-on-Sea	89	24	65	72	7 "
Mrs. E. M. Burrell	Timperley	97	28	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Hargreave	Royal Lytham and St. Annes	92	28	64	70	6 "
Mrs. W. R. Humphrey	Tollygunge (New Course)	93	26	67	73	6 "
Mrs. P. A. Maplestone	Tollygunge (New Course)	93	26	67	73	6 "

The "BRITANNIA AND EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Leading Results for March

Club.	Membership.	No. of Cards.	Percentage.
Tamworth (Winner	70	46	65·71
Langholm	68	37	54·41
Thonock	80	30	37·50
Cowes	58	13	22·41
La Moye	73	7	9·58
Ryde	64	3	4·68
Tollygunge (India)	186	8	4·30
Kingsthorpe	87	3	3·44
Swanage and Studland Bay	30	1	3·33
Macclesfield	63	2	2·56
Chesterfield	78	2	2·56
Hockley	80	2	2·50
Camberley Heath	140	3	2·14
Datchet	60	1	1·67
Exmouth	65	1	1·53
Gorleston-on-Sea	87	1	1·13
Blackpool, North Shore	130	2	1·53
Llandrindod Wells	68	1	1·47
Northampton	144	2	1·39

Club.	Membership.	No. of Cards.	Percentage
Cheadle	80	1	1·25
St. Melyd	85	1	1·18
Rugby	92	1	1·08
Hillside	100	1	1·00
Timperley	107	1	·93
Oakdale	112	1	·89
Tyneside	130	1	·77
Bramall Park	129	1	·77
Worsley	150	1	·68
South Shields	149	1	·67
Warrington	150	1	·67
North Hants	150	1	·67
Ringway	156	1	·64
Wollaton Park	175	1	·57
Bramhall	190	1	·53
Birkdale	168	1	·37
Royal Lytham and St. Annes	300	1	·33
Royal Eastbourne	240	1	·04

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club.	Percentage.
Langholm	69·60
Tamworth	36·66
Thonock	21·66
Cowes	18·27
La Moye	4·67
Ryde	4·16
Camberley Heath	2·61

Club.	Percentage.
Chesterfield	2·56
Kingsthorpe	2·29
Hockley	2·08
Tollygunge (India)	1·60
Northampton	1·36
Swanage and Studland Bay	1·11
Datchet	1·11

CRUDEN BAY — **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM.

To reach Miss Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Thursday, May 26th, 1932.

"BRITANNIA & EVE'S" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Cruden Bay, June 14, 1932, and following days.

Please enter Mrs. / Miss .....

of ..... *Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Cruden Bay with

Mrs. / Miss .....

of ..... *Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

Please notify change of address or partner to Miss Helme as above or after June 10th to her at Cruden Bay Hotel, Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire. Telephone: 3, Cruden Bay. Telegrams: "Helme, Health, Cruden Bay."

Twilfit

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FOR FIGURE BEAUTY

MODEL 01613 BR.
A new Twilfit Corselet for the slim figure made of strong artificial silk satin and lace. Specially cut to give the new contour.
Bust sizes: 32-42 ins.
12/11

MADE IN ENGLAND FULLY GUARANTEED

MODEL 238 BR.
A remarkably good hook-side Twilfit Girdle of handsome pink broche, with good quality silk elastic panels at side and waist.
Sizes: 24-30 ins.
10/6

Write for illustrated Twilfit Corset Catalogue 44, post free on request.

All the latest models can be seen and fitted at:

D·H·Evans

(D. H. Evans & Co. Ltd.)

OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Manufacturers: Leethems (Twilfit) Ltd., Arundel Factory, Portsmouth.

Eight Year Limit

expression. "Yes," he said absently, "Let's go." He took a quick look round the place, straightened his shoulders, and followed her out.

THE orchestra swung into the "hit" number of *Put It There!*

Ain't got nobody
To tell my dreams to,
Ain't got nobody . . .

One stenographer sighed to another: "Isn't he just the stunning-est thing? She's gorgeous too. Would you believe they'd been married eight years? Yeah, I was reading it this morning in Harry Carr's column. And they're still crazy about each other, too. Yeah, eight years! Can you beat that?"

END

"Britannia & Eve's" Northern Foursomes

(*Continued from page* 117)

promise of a tremendous struggle, for Miss Brown and Mrs. Barbour had a matter of eight strokes to give to Mrs. Lewtas and Miss Singleton, and with Miss Singleton holing one chip and putting another stone dead, the match was one up in the latter's favour at the 6th. From that point, however, Miss Brown's side completely dominated the situation, for they took the remainder of the holes in only one over fours, and won by 6 and 5. Mrs. Smalley and Miss Justice were giving one stroke to Mrs. Heaton and Miss Sloane, and it was just more than they could do. They were long and they were brilliant, but the others had the steadiness of rocks, the luck of two stymies was with them, and the sisters went out, fighting bravely, to a grand four at the 18th.

IN the final Miss Brown and Mrs. Barbour had to give five strokes, and for six holes it looked as if they could hardly do it. Again the tide turned for them at the 7th, where they squared the match, and though it was a battle all the way, experience told in the end, Miss Brown's good putt at the 14th and Mrs. Barbour's run-up at the 18th completing a week of really excellent foursome golf.

A new feature this year was Mrs. Dunlop Hill's challenge trophy to raise funds for the National Playing Fields Association by medal rounds, for players beaten before the semi-finals and those on the waiting list. The dire weather was disastrous, for who could face even nine holes in a hurricane of sleet? Even so, £5 8s. was raised, and Miss Esther Black carried off the unique trophy to Hawkstone Park with 37 net after a triple tie, and Miss Nan Baird the scratch prize with 40 after a tie with Mrs. Whitfield. To say that Royal Lytham and St. Anne's were kind is to say the very least. Their kindness was simply overwhelming.

END

The Health Value *of* Vegetables *and* Fruits

(*Continued from page* 84)

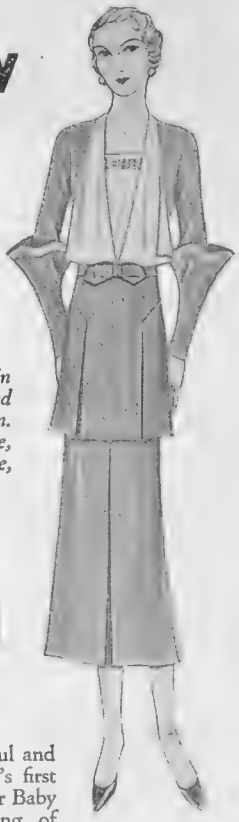
diet is or is not reasonably adequate can be judged with sufficient accuracy from the proportion of the food allowance spent on each class of food. The proportion spent on cereal foods and fats is more or less determined by the family income, being smaller the wealthier the family, but for the average family the food allowance should be divided into four approximately equal parts, one of which should be spent on cereal foods and fats, one on meats and fish, one on milk and cheese, and one on vegetables and fruits. If this is done, the housewife need not worry her head about calorific values, first-class proteins and other factors, which, it must be confessed, are not easy to understand. The good health and *joie-de-vivre* of her family will be a sufficient indication that she is proceeding along the right lines.

END

Prepare for Baby's arrival at TREASURE COT

Treasure Cot are specialists in every need of the expectant Mother, Babies and Children. Expectant Mothers are invited to call at our showrooms or write for Catalogue "A" — the most complete list published of everything necessary for Baby's arrival.

Maternity Frocks



Our new collection, comprising the latest styles and materials especially adapted for maternity wear, is now ready. All models can be expanded as required.

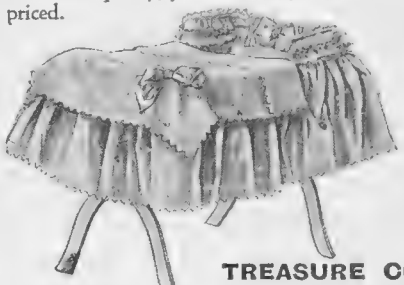
Model 675

Becoming Maternity Frock in fleck Art Boucle. Vest and revers of soft white satin. Saxe / White, Wine / White, Green / White, Navy / White, Black / White.

£3.19.6

Cots and Layettes

A lovely collection of useful and dainty garments for Baby's first layette is to be seen in our Baby Clothes Dept. — everything of the finest quality, yet moderately priced.



25/6

TREASURE COT
The most perfect Cot for Baby—dainty, durable and hygienic.
In Plain wood 25/6 } *Trimmings*
White enamel 30/6 } *extra.*

All Goods may be ordered by post with confidence

EXPECTANT MOTHERS & MOTHERS WRITE FOR THESE CATALOGUES

Choose those you require. Sent free in Plain Envelope.

M.—MATERNITY WEAR *(Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.)*
A.—EVERYTHING FOR THE EVENT *(Layettes, Cots, Baths, Baskets, Accouchement Requisites.)*
B.—EVERYTHING BABY NEEDS (3 months to 3 years) *(Cribs, High Chairs, Play Pens, Clothes, Hats, Shoes, etc.)*
D.—EVERYTHING CHILDREN NEED (from 3 to about 12 years.)
P.—BABY CARRIAGES *(Pram Rugs, Pram Bags, Sun Canopies, etc.)*
X.—CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN.

Agents for Harringtons Squares.

TREASURE COT CO. LTD
(Dept. S.V.28) 103, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
(Flynn's)

Sound sleep to-night . . .
ensures energy for to-morrow

THE amount of sleep required by each individual varies, but scientists have now proved that it is how *soundly* we sleep that matters, not necessarily how *long*. Nevertheless, statistics show that only 3 *out of every* 10 *people get their right quota of sound sleep.*

Eventually, of course, lack of restful sleep takes its toll in "jumpy nerves" and over-tiredness. That is why thousands today are taking this wise precaution — a cupful of hot Horlick's Malted Milk at bedtime.

BRINGS YOU SOUND, NATURAL SLEEP

As you sip this delicious food-drink, its warmth penetrates your whole system. A gentle digestive process is set in action. Tense nerves and weary limbs relax — soon your whole body sinks into a sound refreshing sleep. *And while you sleep, the rich nourishment in Horlick's builds up your system with new stores of energy.*

Start taking Horlick's to-night! You will enjoy its delicious flavour, and you will find you sleep more easily — *more restfully* — so that you wake feeling fit and energetic.

* * *

"A HUSBAND, *two children, a house and a garden to look after keep me pretty busy," says Mrs. Russell, "but I find time also for plenty of strenuous out-door amusements, so I have to make sure that I don't get over-tired. That is why I drink Horlick's at bedtime.* It never fails to bring me the sound, refreshing sleep I must have."

**Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the handy Horlick's Mixer — small size 6d., large size 1/-. With one of these you can develop an extra smooth, creamy drink in just a few seconds. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.*

PREPARE WITH WATER ONLY

The milk is in Horlick's — pure, rich, full-cream milk, which by the manufacturing process is made easier to digest and assimilate — and it is safe in all weathers. You need to add water only to prepare a rich, creamy drink.

HORLICK'S

PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

* *BRITISH THROUGHOUT* *

CELES
(PURE SILK)
LATEST MODELS

5854. A thoroughly practical sports shirt—in stripes, ivory and all plain shades.

3751. A useful and very pretty tennis frock, finished at neck with spot embroidered lapel—in ivory and all plain shades.

3808. Dress and Coatee. The dress finished at neck with white slip and frill—in ivory and all plain shades.

CELES
(PURE SILK)
LATEST MODELS

Cupid, "Cuties" *and* Cuticle.

(*Continued from page* 17)

seated *vis-à-vis* with the selections, who had miraculously materialised.

To avoid misconception, I might say that I personally found my *vis-à-vis* to be speechless and with a face like a mask to all my kind enquiries as to her health and her mama.

Two days after that, the solemn gentleman who had "thrown" that party in that restaurant took me to his magnificent home in New Jersey, where, with entire urbanity, he introduced me to his better half and some of the ill-considered fractions which, from time to time, she had thrown off—a lady with a face that would stop any clock with which I am acquainted.

Why, you know, he didn't even trouble to say: "Not a word to the wife!" Nobody does. It is all understood. A gentlemen's agreement.

THESE be the more hardened and hard-boiled sides of cutiedom and Cupid—not to mention cuticle, that cuticle upon which the female America seems to spend half its golden hours. "For," as Maisie once said to me in a burst of confidence, "what is a 'cutie' without her cuticle?" What, indeed!

Let us behold the tenderer, more unsophisticated sides.

Let us go to that school for the daughters of the Very Rich, the principal of which, in a moment of abnegation, confesses to me that "the little darlings are the delightfulest little dears in the world—but—but—you can't leave them alone in the autos when their boy friends visit 'em from the neighbouring school for the sons of gentlemen!"

Or to that revered educational institution, into the privately owned automobiles of which one of its grave and reverend seignors has recently been poking his electric torch—literally "electric"—to make discoveries which have shocked the readers of one of the gravest and steadiest newspapers in America, which indeed might be supposed to know nothing of such things. Fortunately, there were dictionaries and Freudian terminologies available.

And, still dealing with the more unsophisticated side of cutiedom, viewed psychologically and in detached fashion: "The only trouble with young America is that it doesn't know exactly where soul ends and body begins." (I quote from the head of another seminary of youth.)

And I wish to place it on record that by far the most moral place and moral people I have visited during these last years in America were Salt Lake City and my Mormon friends. For did not one of the "Twelve Apostles" himself say, slightly ironic: "The only difference between the Gentile polygamist and the Mormon is that the former preaches one thing and practises another, whilst the Mormon or Latter-Day Saint practises, or used to practise, what he preaches." For polygamy, alas! that I have to disenchant the gentle reader, has had no existence since 1891 in Salt Lake City.

And that dance of a Very Select Few, apparently dedicated to the divine goddess, at which I saw several dear young things proceeding from the loins of America's bravest and best, shall we say, overcome by the heat and from time to time lifting from scented depths by platinum chain tiny silver flasks containing "milk"—that dance was *not* held under Mormon auspices.

I have just seen a film claimed to be "taken from life," in which various fashionable young couples are to be seen inextricably entwined "all over the shop." "Taken from life" is right. I have seen it myself—a dozen times.

It is always the boast of the New Englander that "these things don't happen in Boston." Boston is America's Plymouth Rock. So let us take a peep at Boston.

Let us, for example, (*Continued on page* 122)

ONCE a woman has worn a belt designed by Roussel - the great master corsetier of Paris - she becomes enthusiastic. She would not dream of wearing any other form of corset. For she has found, at last, comfort combined with elegance - perfect freedom of movement, yet a slim, willowy grace.

Since M. ROUSSEL undertakes a six months' guarantee and free adjustment service, to ensure perfect fitting, belts designed by Roussel are only obtainable at the Roussel Salons.

Prices: Hip-belts from 30/- to 4 gns.
Long-belts from 4½ to 9 gns.

On sale only at

J. Roussel (of Paris)

93, Oxford Street
(Dept. AC) W. 1

A Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue will be sent free on request.

BIRMINGHAM: 6, Midland Arcade MANCHESTER: 6, King St. PARIS: 166, Bd Haussmann

A DOG WITH 2 TALES

The one — a tale of misery, continual irritation and perpetual scratching caused by Fleas and Lice and other unwelcome guests. The other—a tale of

PULVEX
VERMIN POWDER

which not only destroys all parasites but prevents fresh attacks. IT REALLY KILLS. Harmless even to Puppies and free from any objectionable odour. On sale everywhere.

9d. ... 2/6 ... 12/6

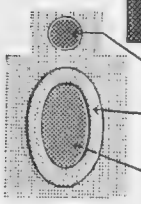
COOPER DOG PRODUCTS

Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd., Berkhamsted.

2043T

CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!



New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!*

Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Cupid, "Cuties" *and* Cuticle!

go to that dance, once given in my honour, in the most straitlaced of American cities.

The word "Boston" (pronounced "Baws-ton") stands in these United States for the last bulwark of Puritanism. For all that is strait and narrow. For the Pilgrim Fathers, the "Mayflower" (from which elastic ark I find that nearly everybody I know in the United States has come), and for what I will call "anti-cutiedom."

Behold Commonwealth Avenue, which would make any Hell-Fire Methodist conventicle look like the Piccadilly of the nineties! Behold the Boston drawing-room where dear ladies, thoroughly stockinetted, still murmur of prunes and prisms! Behold. . . .

Well, behold the Puritan caravanserai in which the ball I have mentioned is to be given.

I have the great gift of always being where I am not wanted, thank God! And so, following a happy little custom which in America I have pursued with gain and delight both to myself and my friends, I walk around that caravanserai an hour before I am expected.

The dance is already going full blast—if that word were not too strong for Bawston. The sound of distant revelry comes to me as I wander seeing what I may see and hearing what I may hear.

A door is open. Where does it lead? Open doors, especially when they are half open like this, are for me a sort of Bluebeard's cupboard with an attraction that cannot be withstood.

I open it a bit more. In the half-light, I see a line of pale little pink things, which remind me of a Slaughter of the Innocents. These little pink things are hanging on a line. What are they?

I venture to touch one. It is silky to the fingers. It is scented. It has *allure*.

And then the fragrant unfrustrated truth bursts upon me.

I am looking on a line of *corsets*.

Belt-corsets. Dear little flimsy things that they tell me (please don't ask me how I know these things) cost a trifle of £10 to £30. I make discreet enquiry.

The lady who is my informant is a scion of one of the oldest houses in the home of the "Tea Party" that once made history.

"You see, there is an unwritten law at these dances that each girl must divest herself of her belt-corset before she dances. Young men will not dance with a girl who keeps her belt-corset on. It is called '*Parking your corsets.*'"

And why do they park 'em? How do I know? I am but an innocent European in a land of vast sophistication.

I will only gently add that I hope Boston, which really has a genuine puritanism and less of the whited sepulchre than any other part of These Disunited States, won't go up into the air when it reads these things. If it does, I fear I shall have to lift the veil a little more—lift Boston's skirts, so to speak—and expose other things which, like that "pair" with which I started this exposition of modern America, had better be hidden.

ANOTHER little cinema reel of impressions drawn from my recent visit to Palm Beach, America's Pleasure Ground, from Chicago, her murder-ground, and from White Fifth Avenue and Black Harlem, New York:

Diaphanous mermaids—mermaids not diaphanous — Potiphar's wife — Joseph — *not* turning the other cheek—bootlegger writing cheque to order of the Anti-Saloon League what time he murmurs to your humble: "Where'd I be, boss, if America didn't remain dry?"—reverend gentleman of a nearly national sanctity being found by my friend Mike the "dick" or hotel detective in bed with a lady, *not* his wife—three reputed "miracles" in fashionable church with three hundred hysterical females adoring —Bathing-Beauties, like America herself, "wide-open"—more bathing beauties—beautiful wife of Latter-Day Saint assuring me with slightly narrowing grey eyes that being a Mormon she wouldn't mind one bit if Joshophat (*Continued on page* 124)

THIS REALLY DOES WAVE!

The Elma was Awarded 1st Prize & Diploma, Hairdressing Exhibition, Paris.

IT CANNOT FAIL

Actual photograph of head self-waved by "ELMA" user.

for every style of hairdressing

EVEN if you have never before attempted to wave your own hair, you will be surprised how beautifully you can do it with an "ELMA" Hair Waver. It makes natural waves automatically and with delightful ease. There is no "catch" about the "ELMA"—it does, and cannot fail to do, all that is claimed. The illustrations show how exceedingly simple and effective Hair-waving is with this brilliant invention. Just place it with combs extended over the damped hair, then gently press combs together. **The latticed combs moving in alternate directions make the desired natural wave formation,** and when the hair is dry beautiful lasting waves will be set all over the head. "Sound Advice on Waving at Home," supplied gratis with every "ELMA." **Every day brings unsolicited testimonials from delighted users,** eloquent testimony to its effectiveness. The "ELMA" combs (non-metallic) are flexible, fitting firmly into the hair to the shape of the head. It is feather light, is washable and will last a life-time in use. **You can count 4/- saved every time you use the "ELMA."** Just think of the money and time saved in years. The very first test will prove all our claims—no waiting for results, so get yours **now!** As a home waver "ELMA" is supreme. Its use will train even the most obstinate hair in the way it should go.

The

Elma

HOME HAIR WAVER

waves the hair all over the head and makes waves regular or irregular, deep or shallow as required. Simple instructions enclosed. There are **four models**—right-hand, centre, left-hand parting, or for hair combed straight back.

State which Model You Require when Ordering.

Price 7/6d. (Postage etc. extra outside U.K.). **Patented and obtainable from**

ELMA MANUFACTORY LTD. (Dept. 100), 231, Oxford Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1, or from Boots, Taylors and most high-class Chemists & Stores.

UAS E. 26

Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it — and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, and nourishing.

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.' Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

4416

striding days . . refreshing ways

Gibbs Dentifrice the ideal accompaniment

This is the windswept generation—out and away in Sun or Rain. Glorying in the joy of cleanness—of physical well-being and fitness—knowing how health and the joy of living depend upon sound, clean teeth. The moderns of today choose Gibbs Dentifrice because they revel in the delicious refreshment it affords teeth and mouth, and they know Gibbs does its job well. They appreciate too, the compactness of the neatly modern Gibbs Dentifrice tablet in its dainty case—so convenient for packing and carrying.

Gibbs Dentifrice cleans teeth thoroughly—polishes them perfectly. The fragrant antiseptic foam sweeps away everything that could harm or may cause decay and leaves the teeth sound, white and sparkling.

Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice to-day. Popular size 7½d; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d.
Gibbs Dental Cream: Tubes 6d and 1/-

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

SEND THIS COUPON FOR GIBBS TRIAL BOX

CONTENTS OF GIBBS TRIAL BOXES

LADIES': Gibbs Dentifrice, Dental Cream, Shampoo Powder, Cold Cream Soap and Cold Cream Foam (*Vanishing Cream*)

GENTLEMEN'S: Gibbs Dentifrice, Dental Cream, Shaving Cream, Shaving Stick and Cold Cream Soap

Gibbs dainty Trial Box, containing 5 useful sized samples, is specially made up to acquaint you with the excellence of Gibbs Toilet Preparations. Send 6d in Stamps or P.O. for each box required, under cover of sealed envelope to :—
D. & W. Gibbs Ltd., (Dept. 28XH), London, E.1.
Please send me.....Ladies'.....Gent's Trial Boxes.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS GD28N

Cupid, "Cuties" *and* Cuticle!

brought into her home the three other wives to which he is entitled—unbeautiful ditto of gent. not by any means a Latter-Day Saint declaring that she'd tear his eyes out if he didn't stop wedding himself to her secretary—Harlem hostess, black as my hat but with a very white soul, taking off her silver shoon as she rubs her poor feet "after every nigger in Harlem has had a constitooshun over them, sah, at ten cents a time"—Ethel Waters, possibly the greatest actress now living and tee-totally black, singing the "Rubsody lady"—fashionable preacher having a drink "on the side" in the vestry with lushy churchwarden—ditto insisting on taking one of his fairer parishioners on his lap (only communicated to me by the aforesaid parishioner, not seen with own eyes)—the original of George McManus's "Bringing up Father"—red hair, top hat and all, telling me how he "pulled down the mazuma" by 'queering' his specifications on building contracts—fascinating gentleman known as Patsy the Plug, wanted for forty-two murders and quite free, he having the right sort of "pull," laughing out of the side of his face when he heard a judge had boasted he'd "get even with Patsy"—hootch train driving through city of Middle West with gents. on bicycles armed with magazine pistols cavorting before other gentlemen armed with sawed-off shotguns, and behind again the train of hootch-wagons—engaging individual approaching my friend Con the cop. and asking sweetly "whether he'd like to be plugged or come across with it?"—forty lovely ladies on "runway" with nothing on but a smile and a whiff of scent gazing benevolently down upon an ocean of bald heads—and, nearly my last memory, the shattering of the windows of my hotel by machine gun fire directed by persons unknown. . . .

There is one more picture in that cinema-film of mine.

It is the picture of the original of Shaw's Mrs. Warren assuring your chronicler that no fault whatever could be found with her profession of supplying Cupid with cuties and the right sort of cuticle. "I know what I am talking about," she said, in the very proper restaurant of a Southern City where I was introduced to her by one of her former clients, now a churchgoer and happily married. "They all come to me on the sly—and when all is said and done I am only supplying what they all want—and if the cops would only let me alone and not suck me dry and the sky-pilots, one or two of whom are clients of my own, would stop ranting about the iniquity of it all, I could continue to satisfy my *clientèle*" (she was an educated woman) "and to carry on my business in a decent and legitimate way."

YES, indeed, gentle reader, the Land of Hope and Glory is the land where King Cupid reigns, with Queen Cupidity.

It is the land where the Strange Woman, who may be Maisie or may be the brilliantly beautiful wife of your next-door neighbour, is engaged day and night in a hand-to-hand struggle with the Legitimate Mate, who finally, yielding the most unequal struggle in this little world, herself takes a gigolo "on the side."

It is a country where, as my friend, the most cosmopolitan living American, himself a writer of eminence, said: "When I visit Paris, poor old Paris, I have to laugh out of the side of my mouth. New York herself alone has forgotten more than Paris ever knew. Babylon was a Puritan joke to Broadway and 'that place' on 125th. And in Paris, old-fashioned Paris, they still separate in actual life and for decency's sake the third of the *ménage à trois* from the other two partners. Here we don't. Sometimes we call it 'companionate marriage.' Sometimes 'twin-souldom.' Sometimes 'freeing from the Freudian complexes.' But here the worship of the oldest and most revered deity in the world goes on day and night and in every section of the community. Give us another generation and (*Continued on page* 127)

Gear-changing? Nothing simpler!

4-DOOR SALOON £285

(Ex Works, Hendon)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £10 extra.

Fixed-head Coupé . . . £295

All-weather Saloon and Drop-head Coupé £325

Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.

FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no 'feeling' for gears, no stalling, no noise—you need never make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9

"WHAT do you think Daddy had the cheek to tell me?" inquired Sheila. "He said he got a Vauxhall Cadet this time so that I shouldn't make a row with the gears. I, mind you! When he himself used to make an awful clatter on the old car!"

"Too bad," responded Peter — always the dutiful fiancé. "Still," he added, thoughtfully, "whether he was studying you or himself, he's picked a winner. I suppose you know this car's got Synchro-Mesh?"

"I didn't—but I'll tell you what I do know. I know that you don't have to double-declutch when you want to change down—you just move the lever, and there you are in second, without making a sound."

"Exactly," chuckled Peter. "That's what Synchro-Mesh does for you — besides giving you a quieter second gear than you've ever known before."

VAUXHALL CADET

(17 H.P. —— SIX CYLINDERS)

It's British

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1

The "Vi-Spring" Overlay Mattress and the "Vibase" Mattress Support

The World's greatest combination for perfect sleep

The Vi-Spring Mattress

The "Vibase" Mattress Support is well upholstered and covered in any of the handsome ticks to correspond with the "Vi-Spring" Mattress. In durability and appearance it is equal to the best supports of the box spring type; yet sells at practically the same price as the best unupholstered supports. Ask your house furnisher to show you this luxurious combination

Sold by all reliable house furnishers.

Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on request to:—

Vi-Spring Products Ltd.

97, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

For over 30 years this famous overlay mattress—the original mattress with pocketed springs—has set a standard of bed comfort that has never been equalled. Such is the reputation of the "Vi-Spring" that it is to-day the mattress which is used to equip the best appointed homes and hotels, and the great luxury liners.

The "Vi-Spring" is the only mattress made by craftsmen with over 30 years' experience in the manufacture of pocketed spring mattresses. That is why the "Vi-Spring" gives such luxurious comfort and such sound service.

Place this famous mattress on

The 'VIBASE' MATTRESS SUPPORT

and you have the world's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

AN OUTSTANDING SUCCESS *at the* Ideal Home Exhibition

4 FT. LIMED OAK SUITE AS SHOWN IN THE LOVELL HOUSE, TUDOR VILLAGE, OLYMPIA.

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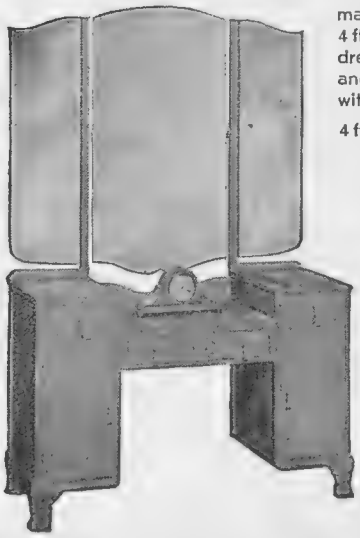

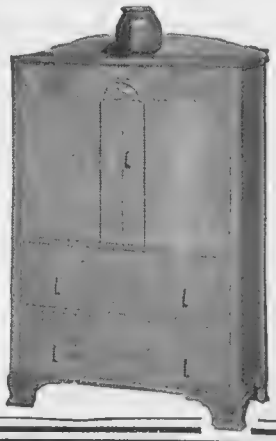

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Cupid, "Cuties" *and* Cuticle!

our grandchildren will have to look up the word 'marriage' in their dictionaries!"

But there is one consolation. The prayers of the chaplain of the House of Congress are so popular that the printing machines cannot turn them out fast enough to meet the omnivorous appetite of the Fathers of their Country, any one of whom, any hour of the day or night, would be prepared to lay hand on heart and say that these things of which I have written, have no existence.

Nevertheless, I am thinking of starting "The New Crusade." The crusade, I mean, for the rediscovery and regeneration of America. If any of my readers of either sex would care to join and will kindly write me care of the Editor, I shall be happy to enrol them at five pounds a head.

I might say as regards that "five pounds," I learned it from my American friends, for in the Land of Dope and Story everything is a "racket"—especially Cupid, "cuties" and cuticle.

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YOU may have a good figure; if so, you want to keep it; or your figure may be a trial to you, in which case you want to help it.

Most of us, when we go to purchase a belt or a pair of corsets, give our hip measurement and, in the case of a long belt, our bust measurement, and go away satisfied with what we have bought, hopefully believing that it will control our figure satisfactorily. That it will

impede our movements somewhat, we admit, but what is a little discomfort where beauty is concerned? Little do we know that, in all probability, it is doing us a great deal of harm.

We were never meant to be laced up tightly for beauty and fashion's sake. Belts, to be hygienic, must fit exactly to the form, must be made of soft, porous material, supple as a glove and yet giving the necessary support. A Roussel belt embodies all these essentials. That is why, if you are wise, you will invest in a Roussel belt without delay.

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Across the Western Ocean

(*Continued from page* 19)

also a shortage of clean towels. She advises those intending making the voyage to provide themselves with a stock of raspberry vinegar and lemonade, and any other little luxuries of the kind, to be kept in reserve in the event of the ship's stores giving out—and this, in the case of a passage lasting forty or fifty days, an occurrence by no means rare with westbound packets, was pretty certain to happen.

As time went on, and more passengers used the Atlantic ferry, the standard of comfort continued to improve, until in the eighteen-forties and onward the newspapers on both sides of the water vied with each other in flamboyant descriptions of the interior fittings of ships. Velvet sofas seem to have been the passenger ship's trump card at that time, and Wilton carpets and lace curtains also figure prominently in their attractions. The summit of eulogy is reached, however, by a writer in the "Boston Evening Post," who, letting his pen run riot among the glories of the "Anglo-Saxon," of Train's White Diamond Line, describes the sofa in the Ladies' Cabin as "so soft and cosy that the Commander of the Faithful, if reposing upon it, might fancy himself already in the regions of Mahomet's Paradise"! "Sez he!"

The up-to-date features of this ship also included "a bathing apartment" for the ladies. Her "great cabin"—a phrase as old as the Tudors—was thirty feet long and thirteen wide, and the staterooms, which opened off it, and had wooden louvres in the upper parts of their doors, were six and a half feet long and eight in width. The ladies' cabin (of the seductive sofa) was thirteen feet square. Both had a table in the middle flanked by reversible-backed chairs, and were heated by patent stoves.

SO far as food was concerned, the Atlantic sailing packets of the mid-nineteenth century do not seem to have equalled the Australian clippers or the Blackwallers, whose saloon menus compare fairly well with those of the steamers in the eighteen seventies and eighties, at any rate during the first week or so of the passage. Breakfast in the "Cornelius Grinnell," one of the most up-to-date of the packets in her day, was at nine, and consisted of porridge and molasses, followed by "dry hash" or ham. At 2.30 came dinner, the chief meal of the day. This consisted of several courses—soup, boiled cod (salt, of course), and potatoes, roast chicken, macaroni, mashed turnips, and "very good fresh bread." In most sailing packets before the eighteen-fifties the staff of life for saloon passengers, as for everyone else on board, consisted of "hard tack," though the consistency of the cabin pantile was slightly less granolithic than of that served out to the steerage and the foc's'le. A sort of "thick tea" or cold supper came on at 6.30, and sardines on toast, before lights out, finished the day.

SO much, then, for the saloon passenger in the sailing packets. His lot, regarded by present-day standards, cannot be regarded as luxurious. But it was Paradise in every way by comparison with that of the honest-to-goodness emigrants.

Their quarters were situated down in the 'tween-decks, a space some six feet high, lighted by portholes which could be opened only in calm weather. In this rows of three-tier wooden bunks had been roughly knocked up by the ship's carpenter. A narrow alleyway ran between each range of bunks, piled so high with the emigrants' humble possessions that, what with tin cooking utensils, musical instruments, babies, bird-cages, and bundles of every conceivable shape and size, to say nothing of their seasick and homesick owners, progress along it was something in the nature of an obstacle race.

In this dark, cramped and ill-smelling place, people ate, drank and slept—washing was all but impossible—died and were born. Sometimes they actually starved, for in the early days the ship (*Continued on page* 130)

Wherever an Englishman Travels—whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A".

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Across the Western Ocean

provided nothing but fire and water, and when, as not infrequently happened, the passage lasted forty or fifty days, an actual state of famine prevailed. People would give all they possessed for a potato or a handful of meal, and in one instance no fewer than seventeen perished of want before the ship reached New York.

The pioneer steamships were no improvement on the sailing packets as regarded accommodation, and even the offer of free champagne every day did not tempt many passengers to avail themselves of the new way of travel. Charles Dickens, indeed, after making the outward passage in the little "Britannia," found the experience so unpleasant that he elected to come back in a ship of the Swallowtail Line. Prejudice against the "steam kettle" was very strong, especially on the American side of the water, and the various disasters which marked its experimental stages further discouraged people from taking advantage of the superior punctuality which it undeniably offered even then. But its appearance was the writing on the wall, and thirty years after the first steamship had crossed the Atlantic the sailing packets had been practically driven from the field.

But even then conditions of ocean travel seem almost as remote from modern standards as in the sailing vessels themselves. I happened the other day to come across a handbook for travellers published in 1870. A few of the names in the Atlantic lists are familiar: more have long since vanished. There is an advertisement of the Cunard Line, showing a barque-rigged steamer with one funnel belching volumes of smoke where the main course should be. There is as yet no White Star Line. Mr. Ismay has not turned his attention to the possibilities of the Western Ocean from the Australian trade in which his lately acquired house-flag has gained so much renown. But the National Steamship Company announces sailings of "New, Full-Powered, British, Iron Screw Steamships," the largest of which, the "Queen," is of 3,412 tons. And the Inman Line, the Cunard Company's great rival before the White Star entered the field, has a long list which includes the "City of Paris," a keen competitor for the Blue Riband with a passage of a little over eight days, and the ill-fated "City of Boston," whose disappearance with all hands is one of the Atlantic's unsolved riddles. Cabin fares range from twelve to twenty-six guineas, this "including Steward's Fee and Provisions, but without wines and liquors." The Inman Line "will not take dogs on any terms"—an echo, probably, of a current rabies scare.

Another notable absentee from the sailing lists is the Atlantic Transport Line, which has always made a speciality of handling pedigree stock, and which also carried what was probably the queerest collection of passengers that ever occupied a liner's saloon. That was when Barnum and Bailey's Circus came over to this country, and the passenger accommodation was occupied by the Freaks. "They were quite all right," said the captain, "but it did give you a queer feeling when the Armless Wonder started to eat with his toes!"

In many ways, though the size and speed of ships continued steadily to increase, life on board did not change much until the beginning of the present century. Cabins were still cabins and not as now merely transplanted bedrooms. The berth was still a berth, not unlike that in which the packet passenger reposed, except for the wire mattress which replaced the unyielding planks. The dining saloon had long tables flanked by swivel chairs so disposed as to allow of sudden flight on the part of the squeamish diner. Its portholes were undisguised portholes, and not Tudor casements with blobby glass in them. And the deck was still a deck, and not something between a roof garden and a ballroom.

IT is a bit of a paradox, when one comes to think of it, that the shorter the passage, the greater is the amount of diversion provided for the passengers. (*Continued on page* 132)

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includes many extremely interesting examples of Bedroom Furniture designed in the modern style. These Suites and Units are in Limed Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, natural Sycamore, Bubinga, Thuya, Amboyna and all the other decorative woods now in demand

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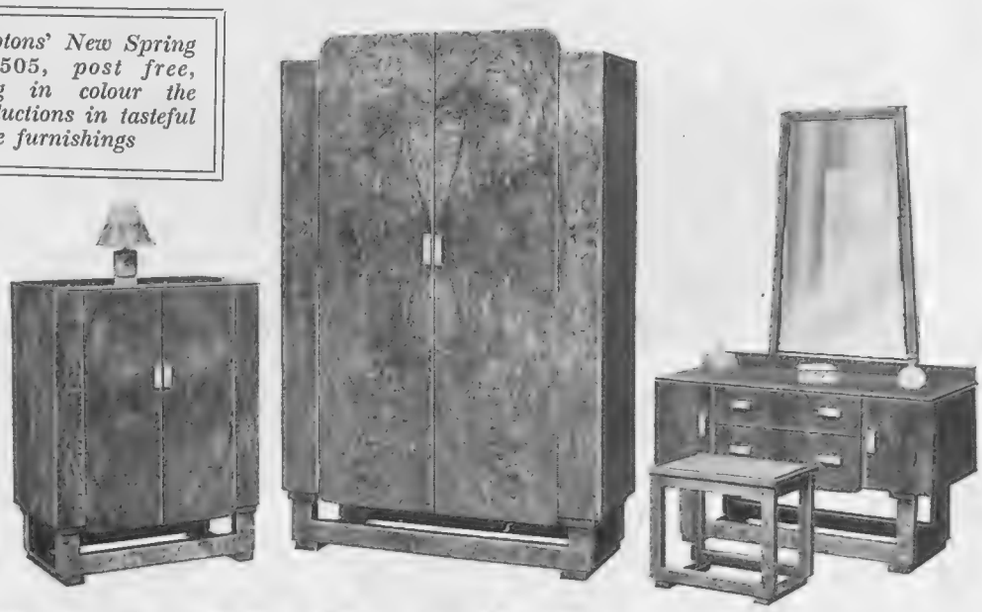
Complete for - **£49 17 6**

Separate Prices:—

Wardrobe - - **£21 10 0**
Dressing Table **£17 10 0**
Cupboard - - **£9 17 6**
Stool - - - **£2 12 6**

Hamptons' No. B.2483. 3 ft. 0 in. Bedstead to match - - - **£8 15 0**

See Hamptons' New Spring Book C.505, post free, illustrating in colour the latest productions in tasteful home furnishings



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No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

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Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

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Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write today to the **Facktative Co. (Suite 19)**, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains.

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Across the Western Ocean

In the old days they had to amuse themselves and, in the sailing packets, found very little to do but count the hours between meals. Poker was a favourite diversion, and the professional gambler found the "great cabin" in rough weather an excellent field for the exercise of his talents. Shovel-board, that traditional diversion which must surely have been invented by Noah to pass time in the Ark, was also indulged in on fine days. Deck quoits, however, seems to have come in with the steamers, and so do the sports which some choice spirits were always sure to start organising about the third day out—egg-and-spoon races for the ladies, a tug-of-war and obstacle race for the men, and a children's race in which the judge—generally the purser—cheated most brazenly so as to give the prize to the smallest and most engaging entrant.

Then would come the concert, at which one young lady passenger would accompany and another give a violin solo or tinkle a blue-ribboned guitar, and someone would be sure to sing "Thora" or recite "Kissing Cup's Race," the while courting couples took advantage of the deserted state of the decks to flirt furiously in dark corners. A very different thing from the concert in a super-liner, with the names of the world's leading singers and players on the programme, and collections for seamen's charities running sometimes into three figures.

If you wanted to buy anything, there was the barber's shop, forerunner of the branches of Bond Street and New York establishments which are to be found in the luxury liner of to-day. The stock was not extensive—hats and caps for people whose headgear had blown away, hairpins for an unshingled generation whose hair kept "coming down," bottles of peppermints, and ashtrays with the company's house-flag on them in enamel.

Altogether, a life infinitely less standardised, less efficient, less luxurious than that of the ocean traveller of to-day, and as remote in many ways as that of the Black Ball packets with their hard tack, hair sofas and darkey stewards.

SECURITY in sea transport during the past hundred years has developed as far, perhaps, as is humanly possible. But the toll of ships on the Atlantic lanes has been a very heavy one.

Ice and fog are the chief perils of the Western Ocean still, as they were in the days of Leif the Lucky. Fire has been responsible for some disasters, and collision for others; and there remain some which have simply failed to arrive at their port of destination until at last doubt became dread, and dread certainty that they had made the great Port of Missing Ships.

What was their fate? Some, no doubt, collided with ice; others may have succumbed to the almost equal peril of half-submerged wrecks; and, in the early days of steam, parts of machinery may have broken loose in a gale and hammered the hull to pieces. There was no wireless then to tell the tale.

One of the strangest cases is that of the steamer "President," which left New York for Liverpool in March, 1841, with 180 souls on board, and was never seen again. There had been very heavy weather in the Atlantic, and quantities of floating ice had been reported, though the time of year seems unusually early for it, and it was at last decided that she had fallen a victim either to a berg or to the gales. The queer thing about her disappearance, however, was the fact that rumours were persistently circulated that she had put in somewhere for repairs, and long after she had been given up relatives of the officers and crew received faked letters to that effect, stating that she was at places so widely separated as Bermuda and the Azores. What could have been at the bottom of such cruel and senseless hoaxes it is impossible to say. But of her, as of so many others of the Atlantic's missing ships, no trace was ever found. The sea keeps his secrets well.

END

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LINOVENT

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Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346 *Strand, W.C.*2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH SERIES.

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *by the first post, May 16th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short song suitable for setting to music, entitled "If Yonder Bird . . ."

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—May 16

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST SERIES.

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *by the first post, May 30th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best quotation from Shakespeare suitable for inscription over the entrance or on the walls of a cinema.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—May 30

Results of 124th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to E. B. Mackeally.

Hon. Mention: G. Pitt, May W. Harrison, Violet Ralph, G. M. Hudson, "M. D.," Charles Constant, David G. Holland, S. C. Straker.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for a poem on any aspect of Leap Year.

Awarded to Marjorie Bose.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," D. Seth-Smith, Charles Constant, D. Mason, M. Scott Morris, F. A. Edinborough, Catherine Lawrence, "Radio."

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Awarded to Sybil Ruegg.

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Awarded to Katie Gandy.

Hon. Mention: Madeleine de Camera, B. Paul, Constance May, Trixie Ford, D. Mason, "J. A. B.," Diana Cutbill.

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Regarding My Lady's Toilet

A LITTLE book which every woman should read, "The New Lady's Toilet Guide," deals simply but very effectively with skin lore and with health and beauty generally.

In these days we all want to look our best, and Philip H. Mason, Ph.C. (author of "Face Massage," "The Hair," etc.), sees to it that we shall.

The toilet guide starts by emphasising the need of face massage, done by oneself or one's maid. The movements are quite simple, and their meaning and usefulness jump to the eye of the reader.

This first and foremost: and afterwards—judicious advice as to skin foods, emollients, astringents, day creams, how and where to apply them, and how to select the right treatment for blondes and brunettes. For Mr. Mason believes that different types of skin need entirely different treatment.

Here is an extract from the book :—

"When choosing a tint of powder to suit the complexion, let the colour, as it lies in the box, match the forehead or neck rather than the cheeks."

Then comes the task of selecting the right type of powder for one's skin.

Mr. Mason realises that the brunette's skin, soft and seductive as it is, is coarser than that of the blonde; it has, however, the advantage of being less subject to the weather, but has one weak point. The pores have a tendency to enlarge. This is a very common defect in many women's skins, and the treatment and care thereof given in this booklet ought to be widely circulated.

Powders are dealt with in detail, and suggestions made as to particular blends and hues which will best enhance the charm of every kind of skin. Powder, by the way, is so important. I have seen an attractive woman's appearance ruined by the use of a variety that suggested her nose was akin to a rolling-pin fresh from the flour bin.

Here are some of the items mentioned on the index page.

Acne, for instance, blackheads, enlarged pores, even a slight greasiness in the hair and complexion—how easily they can mar an otherwise pleasing appearance! But to return to Mr. Mason's index page—Care of the eyes, hair, hands, lips, teeth, eye lashes and brows; care of the feet and figure; how to remove freckles, treatment of grey hair, manicure and care of the hands generally are all dealt with in detail—but the list is too comprehensive to give in full.

The author devotes quite a generous portion of the book to the care and preservation of the hair. First of all, scalp massage, then treatment for greyness, falling hair, dandruff and other scalp ailments, ending with advice as to how to wave and set the hair.

It is suggested that the recent vogue for short hair has been responsible for an alarming increase in the number of cases of severe loss of hair, which is in a large measure due to a slight inclination to discontinue the excellent practice of well brushing the hair night and morning. The treatment suggested is a lotion, cream and soap which enrich the blood and cause a rapid and marked increase in the red corpuscles.

In cases of obesity, one is warned against indulging in a too restricted diet, and taking substances which interfere dangerously with the normal assimilation of food. It is only when excess over the digestive capacity of the system is taken that fatty deposits occur. To counteract this and keep the liver healthily active, small morning doses of Carlsbad-Vichy powder is prescribed.

Local fat tissues may be reduced with the aid of non-greasy *guimauve emulsine* and massage.

My advice to every daughter of Eve is: Keep "The New Lady's Toilet Guide" on your dressing-table. It may be obtained, post free, from Philip H. Mason & Son, Pharmaceutical Chemists and Toilet Specialists, 3, Cathedral Laboratories, Norwich.

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CRUISES TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

13 MAY . . 18 DAYS from **28** GUINEAS
3 JUNE . . 13 DAYS from **22** GUINEAS
17 JUNE . 14 DAYS from **24** GUINEAS

NORTHERN CAPITALS NORWAY, ETC.

2 JULY . . 12 DAYS from **19** GUINEAS
15 JULY . . 7 DAYS from **11** GUINEAS
23 JULY . . 19 DAYS from **30** GUINEAS
12 AUG. . . 22 DAYS from **34** GUINEAS

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New Waist-line Woollies for Golf & Sport

The length of the new Woollies, whether they be Jumper, Cardigan or Coatee, is a matter about which Fashions allow no two opinions. They must finish on the waist-line, neither above nor below. Here Gorringes show three smart styles for sportswomen and a skirt to go with any one of them. Note how moderate the prices are.

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The Nile in Flood—a picturesque and prize-winning snapshot submitted by Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189

NEWS OF THE MONTH

THE contest held recently in the Members' Literature section on "How I Would Run the Salon Competitions" evoked some very interesting papers and suggestions. The majority of Saloners desired no alteration at all in the character of the competitions, but almost everyone expressed the wish that examples of the prize-winning literature entries should make their appearance from time to time instead of quite so much art, etc. This is not so easy to comply with as possibly it may seem, although, as you will see on the opposite page, I have seized an opportunity which has most suitably presented itself to accede to this request. Literature entries, as a rule, are too long to print.

Talking of competitions reminds me that I really must congratulate Graduate members in the Needlework section on the excellence of the work submitted. We all know how interesting and sustained has been the revival of needlework in the years since the war, and the Salon certainly takes its part most worthily in that renaissance. In this connection I should like to add that we are always delighted to send out parcels of such work on approval to any Saloners who would like to have them. All proceeds go to the Salon Cots Endowment Fund.

Frances Jowett, G.C.S. 5172, *very clever with her needle and interested also in literature*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, February 15

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Book Jacket. Prize 10s. Divided between Christabel C. Richens, G.C.S. 4465, and V. Horn, G.C.S. 5496. Hon. Mention: N. Hopwood, G.C.S. 5733; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to C. S. Stamper, G.C.S. 5881. Hon. Mention: Betty Crowther, G.C.S. 5831; Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; Edith M. D. Pitts, G.C.S. 5883.

Needlework Competition.—A Pincushion. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784. Hon. Mention: Grace Binyon, G.C.S. 5901; Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to W. Wilson, M.C.S. 3147. Hon. Mention: Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816; Sylvia Reed, M.C.S. 3108; Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930.

Literature Competition.—An article on a Topical Subject. Prize 10s. Awarded to Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060. Hon. Mention: Marie Hutchinson, M.C.S. 3250.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228. Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Dewsbury, M.C.S. 2724; Margaret Barratt, M.C.S. 3295.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Anything Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Clare Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1190. Hon. Mention: Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227; Dinah Ginsburg, A.C.S. 1515.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Diana Seth Smith, A.C.S. 1225. Hon. Mention: Douglas Burton, A.C.S. 1458.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan Bayly, A.C.S. 1350. Hon. Mention: Peggy Dewsbury, A.C.S. 1283.

Snapshot Competition

First prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903. Second Prize not awarded. Hon. Mention: Peggy Christie, A.C.S. 1456; A. S. Piper, M.C.S. 3085.

Award of Prizes, March 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a well-known Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843. Hon Mention: Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465.

Literature Competition.—A Sonnet. Prize 10s. Awarded to Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846. Hon. Mention: W. H. G. Reed, G.C.S. 5725; Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: W. L. S. Piper, G.C.S. 5880; Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Spring Flowers in a Vase. Prize 10s. Awarded to Virginia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 3258. Hon. Mention: Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816; Kathleen Cokayne, M.C.S. 3331.

Literature Competition.—How I Would Run the Salon Competitions. Prize 10s. Awarded to Arnold Parkin, M.C.S. 2791. Hon. Mention: Norman Bunker, M.C.S. 2683.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Moyra Fraser, A.C.S. 1336. Hon. Mention: Désirée Picton-Seymour, A.C.S. 3262.

Literature Competition.—A Book I Have Recently Enjoyed. Prize 5s. Awarded to Douglas Burton, A.C.S. 1458.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189. Second Prize 5s. Winifred K. Mitchell, G.C.S. 5857. Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS
(May—June)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 16th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, June 15th. A Landscape Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 16th. A Letter to a Friend Announcing Your Engagement. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. A Short Poem, or a paper entitled, "Does Make-up Matter?" No. III. Closing date, June 15th. An Article Appreciating Some Great Leader of the Day.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 16th. A Pincushion. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, June 15th. Anything Embroidered.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 16th. An Illustration to Any Well-known Poem. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. An Out-of-doors Sketch. No. III. Closing date, June 15th. A Poster Advertising a Play.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 16th. Review a Recent Book. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. A Short Story or a Triolet beginning with "The gossips said ——." No. III. Closing date, June 15th. A Paper on any Topical Subject.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, May 16th. A Pencil Sketch of a Tree. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Something Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. III. Closing date, June 15th. A Landscape Study or Street Scene.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, May 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. A Short Poem or a Paper on Butterflies, No. III. Closing date, June 15th. A Letter to a Friend Describing Your Plans for the Holidays.

Open to All: Age Taken Specially into Account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Any Outdoor Scene.

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS
(*February* 15)

G. Christabel Richens.—An interesting example of its type, well designed and handled. I think the "fencing mask" faces are a bit overdone, and that something nearer life would not have robbed the scheme of its style.

M. D. Neilson.—Excellent individual bits, but not very happy composition. A plain frock for the standing figure would have been better against the patterned curtain.

G. E. M. Moss.—Your difficulties with features and hands will soon be overcome if you sketch these from life. You have plenty of talent but it needs backing with knowledge. Excellent in design.

Meg Vere-Hodge.—Cleverly laid in, but the whole thing is on one plane. More subtle values are essential. Very agreeable colour.

Dinah Ginsberg.—Good grasp of essentials, but hands and feet rather weak in drawing. Still, promising work for an associate.

S. Cochrane.—The reeds are not consistant with the perspective of the boat and as they make the strongest line in the composition they are not happily managed. An amusing and sympathetic idea needing more force of colour for the purpose. The lettering should be better and more prominent. Good feeling for style.

Joyce Bidder.—An effective and pleasant design. Brer Rabbit might be more rabbity with advantage and as his pose and expression are the chief features, the red hat would be better if further from the centre. Good in idea and charming in colour.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Excellent in colour and tone but poor in light and shade and modelling. Both horses so near the picture line give an uncomfortably crowded feeling. Make up your mind how things tell against what is behind them and look more for dark and light reliefs.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

and Competition Circles

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

Conducted by
"LEVANA"

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

W. Wilson.—Your extremely formal penwork is explicit, dignified and extremely well drawn but a little chilling in its severity. Useful architectural work and a technical feat of skill.

Kitty Earp.—Made up of brilliant bits but without sufficient impression of volume. A real tour de force much better in light than in shadow. Certainly a very brilliant and daring bit of direct painting.

Peggy B. Tansley.—Plenty of go and fire, but with a cast shadow as shown, brilliant top lighting is needed, but your light and shade is arbitrary. Smooth and polished modelling is secondary to the big effect.

Joan Hunton.—Charming in colour and scheme but a bit timid in light and shade and reflection. A great deal of clever and pleasing work but small effect of solidity. Work that should develop rapidly.

TO A SEAGULL

Flashes of grey upon a sea of green,
O silver gleaming from a deep, clear blue—
Wild spirit of the restless ocean, you
Are full of grace and beauty. I have seen
You glide into the raging storm, between
The angry, leaping crests; or screaming through
Great showers of spray; but when the calm anew
Comes, you are once more peaceful and serene.
So strong, so brave, so free! If I could choose
Some other than this puny human frame,
I would assume your feathered form, and lose
All mem'ries of the sad world whence I came.
Gliding on surging winds, floating on foam,
Calling the ocean and the air my home.

IRENE McCOY.

Awarded the Graduates' prize in the Literature Competition of March 1.

Betty Weir.—Full of clever work and muddled perspective. You see on top of the table but below the mantelpiece, but ceiling and picture rail suggest a much lower horizon and the figures a much higher one. These easily ascertained facts must be right.

Sylvia Reed.—A very amusing drawing with a lot of knowledge and good feeling for colour and design in it, though your folks don't look happy when they're hiking. The best figure is the amused spectator. Lots of promise.

Barbara Booth.—Your pen technique is in advance of your knowledge of the figure, particularly hands and faces. Study tilted and foreshortened heads, and hands in action, you only need a little more fact to do very excellent work.

W. Hopwood.—With a little more skill this would be admirable. The general scheme is first class for its purpose, but details are weak. Lettering could be much better and hands need further consideration.

Gwendoline Allen.—Very well argued, but, what one might term the sensible midway path seems to be the chief stumbling block in this matter, and here you might have ventured to have overthrown that point of view, instead of supporting it.

Mona Fildes.—In a short paper such as this you must keep to one tense. Occasionally this is in the past as well as the "historic present," one to avoid as a rule. Otherwise, very well managed.

Dorothy Guillaume.—Keep your pigment cleaner. The beauty of water colour is its transparency. You can get depth of effect by another wash of colour. Having got so far you can permit yourself to "play" a little more with this lovely medium. The frock is charmingly done. I don't think there is anything to criticise.

D. Burton.—Your simple direct sentences are exactly right, and this narrative runs amazingly well. Presumably you have drawn on your reading for this yarn. I should be interested to see what you can make of a first-hand experience.

Jean Fletcher.—Your argument is very soundly based, although a little wild in one or two directions. It is also well written throughout with one exception, where you repeat a remark already made.

Iris C. Minshull.—If the bottle had been well to the left this would have been far happier as composition. The colour scheme is charming, but I would advise giving the ink well a wash of some pale shade. It is out of the picture at present.

Dora Malfatti.—To get the required effect you must work up the scene where the writer indulges in the prescribed exercises. Cut the first part a bit and concentrate on the other, then this will score much more amusingly.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Peter Recaldin.—I am delighted to see you still continuing to make such steady progress. This is really well drawn. Rule lines both top and bottom to act as guides for lettering.

Molly Roberts.—This was worth doing at rather greater length. I feel you have not said all you could have done, and it would have been interesting to have had it amplified. Very good, so far as it goes.

Isobel McClure.—The lady is almost in a standing position, and the anatomy of the horse is too much modified to take two riders. Charmingly worked and coloured.

Irene McCoy.—"Scene" and "seen" as rhymes are a little weak. Get round this difficulty and supply a better fourth line to the second verse, as this is otherwise a charming effort.

Betty Crowther.—A first rate idea in its way, but somehow the chief moment isn't as impressive and gripping as it should be. Cut the first part a bit to give more room for expanding the scene when the old man appears.

Joan Wyatt.—Daintily written, but the opening of each verse is better than the close. The point made in each case is scarcely important enough.

E. Hallis.—The views of George need further elucidation. If he was as ignorant of the conditions as the rest of the inhabitants of the village, his actual landing might make a fine finish!

C. S. Stamper.—This would be more effective if the beginning and end were cut out and "the writing" left by itself and developed. No comment is needed. Very good indeed.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—With such a subject the treatment requires to be a bit more subtle. Work a little more by implication. Quite an amusing idea, however, although the end is rather weak.

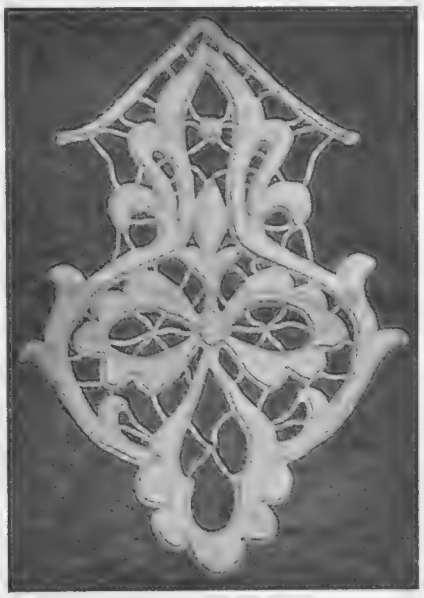
V. Hollingworth.—Well worth recording and neatly done. An advantage in a paper of this type is to introduce a character or two to make it "come alive." Also, the end here comes a little abruptly.

Frances Jowett.—These are certainly the points the famous chronicler would have noted, and for the most part the thing carries conviction. Rather closer attention to the language of the time is necessary to get an exact parallel.

Jem Russell.—What you aim to say is clear, but apart from some felicitous lines this is a bit confused in actual expression. Metaphors need very careful handling.

Olive Dockree.—It would be possible to work out quite a good story on your fundamental idea, but the details of this spoil the underlying framework. Think things out for yourself; don't let current fashions influence you over much.

Janet Roche.—This is attractively written, but the subject-matter is too thin. The arguments lack "bite." This would, however, work up well.



"Richelieu" embroidery is having a big vogue. An interesting piece by W. L. S. Piper, G.C.S. 5880

Peggy Dewsbury.—Not at all badly done for your age. The stitches are very even and neat.

Jane Castle.—Very good as far as it goes, but too short even for an encore; it could easily be developed and is well worth the effort.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—The plot is possibly a trifle too incredible, but with careful treatment, you will be able, I feel, to get round the more difficult corners. Explain Olive's motives more clearly, and let the reader into her secrets, to some extent, at any rate. All the detail good.

M. Joyce Lambert.—The end of the last line in verse three could be better, otherwise this is amusingly done. Considering the topic, you might, however, let yourself go a little more. A bit more extravagance won't hurt.

Stella Bull.—I am not quite sure the problem can be stated so decidedly. Clash of temperaments has to be taken into account. But you have written this well, and it is interesting to see you tackling such matters.

Hettie Greening.—"Bird" is altogether better than "robin" in the line to which you refer. The present effort is a step in the right direction; you might make it even more up to date in feeling. Verses for modern conditions are very badly needed.

(*Continued on page 140*)

The prize-winning entry in the Associates' Circle (Feb. 15). Submitted by Joan Bayly, A.C.S. 1350

Kitty Earp's brilliant sketches are well known to Saloners. Here is a recent example

Corns and Callouses, Sore, Tired, Tender, Swollen, Aching Feet, and any other foot misery. To get rid of these tortures and stay rid of them try the healing, refreshing, *medicated and oxygenated* foot-bath produced by adding 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' to plain water, pronounced by well-known doctors to be by far the best foot treatment ever perfected by science. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be returned without question. Since this remarkably efficient product was first placed on the market many years ago, every packet has been sold under this unqualified guarantee. Could anything be fairer or offer more convincing evidence of its remedial effects?

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The Children's Salon

(Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.)

Norman F. Bunker.—A slight but good effort. Your criticism strikes me as very just all round. And something of the affection the man inspired is cleverly implied.

Olive Lawton.—Very well put. But I think people are aware now of this attitude, even the older ones. One or two remarks need a little qualifying, but as a whole this is good stuff.

S. Curtis.—One sees what you are driving at, but it doesn't quite come off. Another point, concerning a detail, is that museum authorities never, I believe, make a valuation.

Marjorie Griffiths.—If this plot were worked out on more feasible lines it would make a good yarn. You keep the pace going remarkably well, but the detail must be more convincing. The heavy outline of the mountains makes them compete too strongly with the figure. Otherwise well designed.

Marie C. Hutchinson.—A very just criticism. Unfortunately it is the "lowest common denominator" who is catered for. This fact could usefully have been commented upon in your paper.

Nan Sharpe.—Parodies of this original are a trifle overdone, but still, this is very much to the point and —amusing! . . .

Rosa Vine.—In many respects a very great improvement on the present version. "Kind" in front of "goodwill," however, is very weak, otherwise this particular verse is almost the best.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name .....

Address .....

.....

Age, if under 20 .....

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Florence E. McCoy.—You manage the double rhymes very well, but the difficulty of maintaining correct sequences of thought in this complicated verse form is apparent. Work at it again, sometime.

J. Wilkes.—A charming study, but it would be more convincing if the faery element were treated less positively.

S. C. MacLeod.—Written in lively fashion; another time include some of the amusing details referred to at the end. They would help the interest. The jacket is charming in design, but the proportions of the lady might be more natural. Her hands are those of an infant.

Edith M. D. Pitts.—Very original and the metre admirably suited to the theme. Less repetition would greatly strengthen this uncommon effort.

Trixie Ford.—Excellent as advice, but it has been said before. It is better practice to experiment with newer matter, even if you are not so certain of your ground. The pincushion is very dainty.

Evangeline Weir.—A fine piece of colour in every way. A little more variation in the sky is about the only criticism I have to suggest.

(Criticisms held over will be sent through the post.)

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MAY, 1932.

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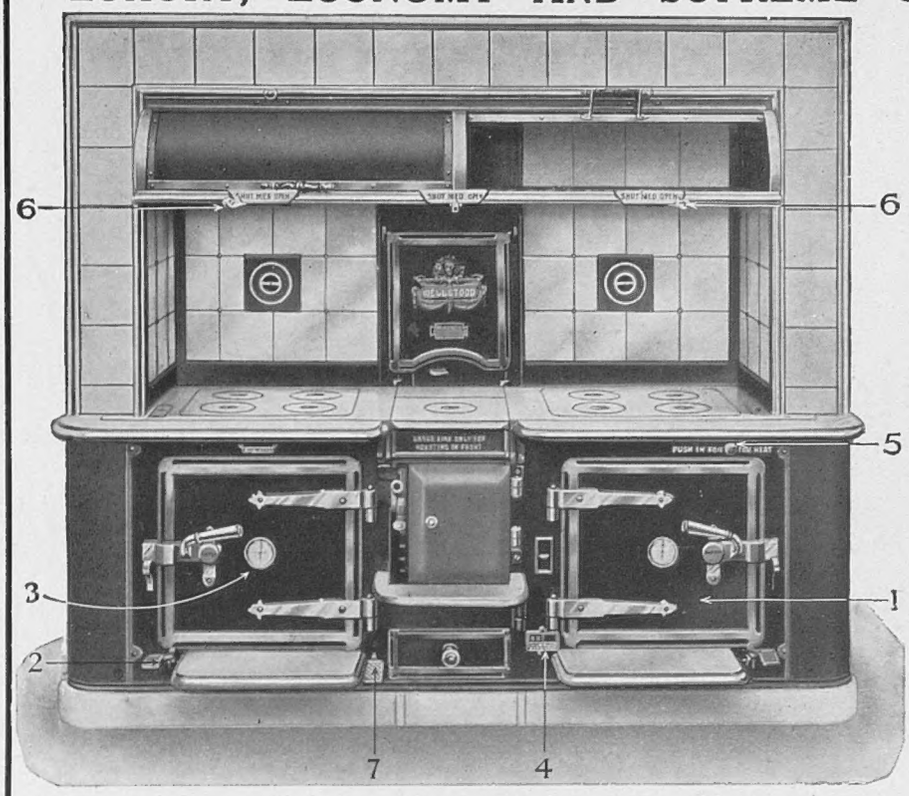

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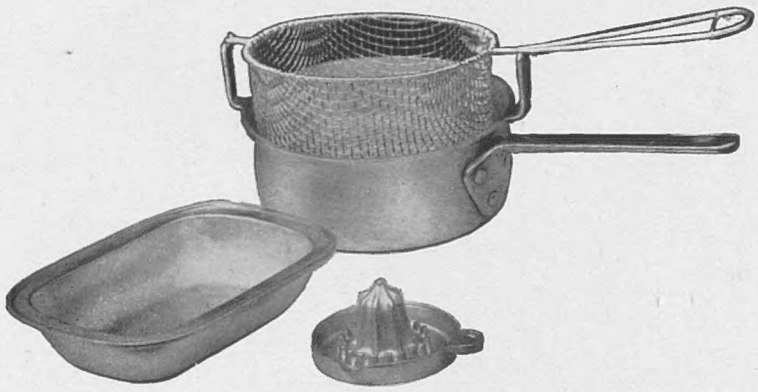

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